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Carlyle's style is the result of the mould of his thought.

The style of the speaker. A sentence once said is modified then remodified etc. (see line 9 pag 1)

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Thomas CARLYLE, 1795-1881

ON HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP, AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY

EDITED BY

ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

GEORGE MUNRO PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, EDITOR OF "SARTOR RESARTUS"

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TO

MY FATHER

WHO FIRST TAUGHT ME BY WORD AND DEED

THE MEANING OF "HEROIC"

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PREFACE

THE task of the commentator on the trail of his facts is like that set the Irish herd-boy in the folk-tale, when he lost the heifers, namely, to search "every place likely and unlikely for them all to be in." The first part of this roving commission, it is possible, with time and luck, to execute; but to hunt the shy allusions, the remote quotations, the deep-lurking bits of information, through every "unlikely" covert, forms a too extensive programme. Indeed, the editor comes at last to a point, when he feels that nothing further can be effected by organized search. It is only by pure chance, when looking for other things, that he can hope to run across the fugitive erudition which will make his commentary as full as it should be. This is sadly true of any one who would edit Carlyle. In annotating *Heroes*, I have aimed at compression, and striven, as in *Sartor Resartus*, to make the author supply the comment on his own work. Some things which would tend to enlightenment I have not been able to find, and I have said so in my Notes, in the hope that better scholars will discover them. Only after many toilsome hours did I give over the pursuit of any one. Fortunately *Heroes* needs little explanation; the difficulties are few.

The text used as a basis is that of the People's Edition, 1871–1874. It has been diligently compared with those of the first three editions, of 1841, 1842, and 1846; and the results of the collation are placed at the foot of the page. In the process of reprinting, year after year, some score or so of printer's errors had crept in. These have been silently corrected; otherwise the text is as Carlyle left it.

In the Introduction, I have tried, by using contemporary evidence, to show what Carlyle was like as a lecturer, and to recover his audience. The whole story is, I believe, told here for the first time. Thanks to a member of the Carlyle clan, it has been possible to establish, also for the first time, the relation between *Heroes*, the lectures delivered, after careful preparation, without notes, and *Heroes*, the elaborated book. As a book, it is, perhaps, the hastiest and slightest of his works, and contains a large number of petty errors which can lessen its value only in the bisson conspectuities of niggling pedants. Still, in the interests of the undergraduate, for the safe-guarding of his literary morals, these errors must be exposed. The young bow too readily to the authority of the printed page. Certain points in the bibliography of *Heroes*, previously obscure, are now made clear. These are the chief results of two years' study.

My thanks and gratitude are due to the many unknown friends who responded so promptly and generously to my note of inquiry in *The Nation*, June 13, 1898; to Dr. Samuel A. Jones of Ann Arbor, Carlylean professed, for aid heartily given forth from his stores of information and his unrivalled collection of Carlyleana; to Professor Kittredge, my Editor-in-Chief, for constant help of all kinds; to Mr. Alexander Carlyle, of 30. Newbattle Terrace, Edinburgh, for his kindness in furnishing extracts from his great kinsman's unpublished letters; and to my friend and colleague, Dr. John Johnson, Professor Emeritus of Classics in this college, for unfailing patience and accuracy in reading proof. In this most difficult art, he hath no fellow.

A. M.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N.S.,
Jan. 22, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION

I

WHETHER or not it is true, that the noblest prospect a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England, many a man of the north country has acted as if it were, ever since James the First set the fashion, and has taken, for good and all, the southward way. In three centuries, the band of exiles has grown large and numbers many famous names, but none more illustrious than Thomas Carlyle. In 1834, in the summer that saw the death of Coleridge and the completed publication of *Sartor*, after a sequestration of six mystic years at Craigenputtoch, Carlyle, on his wife's advice, burnt his ships and flitted, with bag and baggage, to the great Babylon, from which, although he railed against it incessantly, he could no more tear himself away than his hero Johnson. In the suburb of Chelsea, in an old-fashioned house that had stood since the days of Addison, he made his home. There he was destined to pass the remaining seven and forty years of life allotted to him, and to make that humble lodging a point of light in the great murky city, whither, for years to come, the eyes of earnest men and women were to turn with interest, with eagerness, with reverence. There, he did the work appointed him, the building of his three great histories; there, he thought and wrote and triumphed and suffered. That house is known, room by room, from kitchen to sound-proof study, by thousands who never saw it with their bodily eyes. Like the two lives passed within it, that house lies open and

naked to all who wish to explore it. Mean souls are aware of nothing but a cage for spiritual squalor; but others, clearer-eyed, find it, in the prophet's own words, forever venerable. For here lived one who taught, and with authority.

Number 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was a fit home for a man of letters like Carlyle. In a ruined house, a stone's throw away, Smollett, another exiled Scottish author with a temper, wrote *Count Fathom*. Even nearer was the place where More had entertained Erasmus, when he came to England to study Greek. The very coffee-house in which Mr. Bickerstaff saw Pontius Pilate's Wife's Chambermaid's Sister's Hat, and entertained doubts thereon, was still flourishing. In Chelsea once lived Bolingbroke, the friend of Pope and teacher of Voltaire; and earlier still, the Count de Grammont. Not far away, at 4 Upper Cheyne Row, lived Leigh Hunt, the lampooner of the Regent, — he spent two years in prison for calling a prince "a corpulent Adonis of fifty"! — the peculiar friend of Byron, the original of Harold Skimpole, the enviable hero of *Jenny Kissed Me*. The windows afforded glimpses of the Thames, Turner's own river, of Westminster Abbey, even of the ball and cross above Wren's monument, and, at nights, far away in the west, of the lights of Vauxhall. Here, friends, neither too many nor too few, Mill, Hunt, Sterling, Taylor, Allan Cunningham, gathered round the man and woman of genius; they never wanted friends; and the letters of that time show that it was a time of peace.

As soon as he was settled in his new home, Carlyle set to work, with good heart, upon his first great book, *The French Revolution*, itself, as he says, a kind of French Revolution, labored over it late and early, lost the first book by the negligence of Mrs. Taylor's maid, according to the famous story, rewrote it, and then, at the end of two years' work,

found that the London booksellers were willing to publish it on the munificent half-profits system, which meant that they got everything and the author, nothing. Three publishers besieged Harriet Martineau in her own house for her book on America; but, for the history that is among the others, as a living man among corpses, no one would offer a shilling. Carlyle made literature his crutch, not his walking-stick, and it served him ill. His letters show depression, natural enough. Of his genius there could be no doubt, still less, of his infinite capacity for taking pains; his achievement was already great and solid; he was thrifty with Scottish thrift and proud with Scottish pride; and yet he had turned forty and had not grasped success. With all his gifts he could not, with the most strenuous efforts, do what a hundred thousand tradesmen in London were doing, make his home secure against poverty. It was in this crisis that his friends found for him a way of escape.

From the first, all who knew him were struck with Carlyle's power of the tongue. For a long time, it was greater than his power of the pen; and when he did master that difficult instrument, his very originality, the thing the world clamors for and when found, abuses, stood in the way of his success. The Edinburgh address almost makes us wish that he had obtained, in time, one of the positions he applied for. Thomas Carlyle, Professor of History, of Moral Philosophy, of Literature, of Things in General, would have been a force in any university; he might have been the kind of inspired teacher he hoped as a lad to find in Edinburgh, Blackie, Jowett, and Fichte in one. He might still have written all his books and have been a happier man, for having an assured livelihood, and regular work, and the constant inspiration of young disciples. As it was, in the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, the year in which 'her little majesty' and *The French Revolution* began to reign together, Carlyle

came before the world as a teacher by word of mouth. His friends found for him a new profession, which he was to follow, for four years, with complete success. This was lecturing.

As early as the year of Carlyle's hegira to London, "to seek work and bread," Emerson, his spiritual son, who had sought out the nook-shotten philosopher in the wilds of Dumfries, suggested his coming to America to lecture; and, for six years, the prospect was not without allurement for him. Spurzheim and Silliman, he was told, had made their thousands by lectures; and 'the surprising Yankees' who bought his books would, no doubt, have supported the lecturer as loyally as they rallied to the struggling author, for whom his own country had not recognition, and scarcely bread. There was warrant for such an undertaking. The poet of *The Ancient Mariner*, who followed Johnson and preceded Carlyle himself in the office of literary dictator, oracle, and prophet, had given the world his criticisms of Shakspere and Milton, first, in the form of lectures; and the young De Quincey had then seen the street in front of Count Rumford's Royal Institution blocked with the carriages of women of distinction. Hazlitt had lectured on the English poets; Sydney Smith lectured; Owen, Airey, Faraday gave popular courses of lectures. Chalmers was to lecture in London at the same time that Carlyle gave his second course. Emerson was to follow him, and Froude was to hear Carlyle's loud but not unkindly laugh at the 'rather moonshiny close' of one of his discourses. Thackeray, when he damned the four Georges to everlasting fame, occupied the very room in which Carlyle gave his first course; and it is computed that he talked to the tune of about a guinea a minute. The first half of the nineteenth century, now dead and buried, was, in fact, the Golden Age of lecturing. Carlyle, too, became a lecturer, but he never saw America.

The launching of the lecturer was effected by purely human methods. At first, the Royal Institution was thought of; but their pay was small and their programme was full for the winter. Then came a bolder conception. Instead of giving a winter course, under the wing of any institution, Carlyle should come forward as an independent lecturer, in the height of the London season. His friends left little to chance. They circulated a prospectus, opened a subscription book at Saunders and Ottley's, printed tickets, price one guinea, and used their personal influence to gather an audience together. Looking back upon this period, from the time of his great sorrow, Carlyle does not remember clearly whether there were three courses or four, but he does recall the names of those who helped him. These were Miss and Mr. Thomas Wilson of Eccleston Street, "opulent, fine Church of England people," deaf Harriet Martineau, a successful authoress in the first flush of her popularity, fresh from America and the Abolition riots in Boston, Frederick Elliot, and Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artavelde*. On March 24, 1837, Carlyle writes to his brother John in high spirits. The Marchioness of Lansdowne and honorable women not a few have put down their names for his course; he is to have an "audience of Marchionesses, Ambassadors," "all going like a house on fire." The prospect is so bright that he inserts a brief ejaculatory prayer against "the madness of popularity." This, perhaps, Carlyle might have omitted, had he known how diligently his friends were drumming up recruits for him. A characteristic letter from Spedding shows how these little things are managed. On April 4 he invited Monckton Milnes, the "Cool of the evening," the "beautiful little Tory," who, Carlyle thought, should be "perpetual president of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society," to come up to London and help him to roll a log. "I take the opportunity of writing to make you know, if you

do not know already, that Carlyle lectures on German literature next month; the particulars you will find in the enclosed syllabus, which, if it should convey as much knowledge to you as it does ignorance to me, will be edifying. Of course, you will be here to attend the said lectures, but I want you to come up a little before they begin, that you may assist in procuring the attendance of others. The list of subscribers is at present not large, and you are just the man to make it grow. As it is Carlyle's first essay in this kind, it is important that there should be a respectable number of hearers. Some name of decided piety is, I believe, rather wanted. Learning, taste, and nobility are represented by Hallam, Rogers, and Lord Lansdowne. H. Taylor has provided a large proportion of family, wit, and beauty, and I have assisted them to a little Apostlehood. We want your name to represent the great body of Tories, Roman Catholics, High Churchmen, metaphysicians, poets, and Savage Landor. Come!"[1] The only phrase here that may not be plain is a "little Apostlehood"; it refers to the brilliant circle of Cambridge men, of which Arthur Hallam was the centre. He had been dead four years. The others were Tennyson, James Spedding himself, Milnes, Trench, future Archbishop of Dublin, Alford, John Sterling, F. D. Maurice, Venables, Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar, Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean war, and the two Lushingtons. How many of these Spedding induced to attend, is not known; but the fact remains that the friends of Carlyle worked well, and when the hour came and the man, there was an audience awaiting him.

Carlyle's preparation for the course was not so thorough. Up to the day before the lectures began, he was busy with the proofs of *The French Revolution*. Besides, his wife was ill; he could hear the cough on the other side of the wall,

[1] *The Life of Lord Houghton*, I, 192. N.Y., n.d.

as he sat up to the ears in books and pamphlets. However, he had large stores of knowledge long laid up, and he chose to draw upon the largest and richest of all. For years, he had been studying, translating, and writing essays on German literature. The extent and intimacy of his knowledge surprised even Goethe, who pronounced him to be "almost more at home in our literature than we ourselves." [1] He proposed to cover the whole field of German literary history from Ulfilas to Jean Paul, beginning with the origins of the Teutonic people and ending with forecasts of literature to come.[2] One thinks of Huxley giving a whole lecture on a piece of chalk, and wonders at the distance traversed in a single address; but discursiveness was the note of lecturing then; one of Coleridge's courses included "Architecture, Gardening, Dress, Music, Painting, and Poetry." There was one great advantage, however. Judging from Spedding's letter, Carlyle was to break up virgin soil. He was to have the rare privilege of addressing an

[1] Eckermann, Oct. 11, 1828.

[2] These were the topics of the six lectures:

1. On the Teutonic People, the German Language, Ulfilas, the Northern Immigration, and the Nibelungen Lied.

2. On the Minnesinger, Tauler, Reineke Fuchs, the Legend of Faust, the Reformation, Luther, Ulrich von Hutten.

3. On the Master Singers Hans Sachs, Jacob Böhme, Decay of German Literature, Anton Ulrich Duke of Brunswick, Opitz, Leibnitz.

4. On the Resuscitation of German Literature, Lessing, Klopstock, Gellert, Lavater, Efflorescence of German Literature, Werther, Goetz.

5. On the Characteristics of New-German Literature, Growth and Decay of Opinion, Faust, Philosophy, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Art and Belief, Goethe.

6. On the Drama, Schiller: Pseudo-Drama, Klinger, Kotzebue, Werner: Romance, Tieck, Novalis: Pseudo-Romance, Hoffmann: Poetry and German Literature, Herder, Wieland, the Schlegels, Jean Paul: Results, Anticipations. *C.L.L.* I, 105.

audience on a subject, about which they knew nothing, and he knew everything.

There were minor difficulties. He was resolved not to read his lectures, but to speak extempore, an ordeal doubly dreadful to a nervous man and one inexperienced in the art. Another cause for apprehension was that he, the peasant scholar, was to address an audience of fashionable and titled people at Almack's, the gathering-place of London society. One of his lady admirers was afraid he might even sin against the conventionalities, perhaps go so far as to begin with "Gentlemen and Ladies," instead of the usual formula. His wife knew that he was more likely to open fire with "Men and Women," or "Fool creatures come hither for diversion." As his nervousness increased with the approach of the fated day, Carlyle, to keep up his mother's spirits and his own, drafted the humorous valedictory which, after all, he did not need to use: "Good Christians, it has become entirely impossible for me to talk to you about German or any literature or terrestrial thing; one request only I have to make, that you would be kind enough to cover me under a tub for the next six weeks and to go your ways with all my blessing." A more important matter was punctuality. By putting on all the clocks and watches, Mrs. Carlyle knew that she could insure his being at "the place of execution" at the appointed time. How to stop him at "four precisely" was something harder. One device that suggested itself was to lay a lighted cigar upon the table just as the clock struck the hour. Happily all these fears and apprehensions were groundless.

May the First, 1837, was a notable day. In the afternoon, Carlyle lectured at Almack's; and in the evening Macready produced young Mr. Robert Browning's *Strafford*, for the first time, at Covent Garden. Hallam, of the *Middle Ages*, "a broad, old, positive man, with laughing eyes," was chairman

and brought the lecturer face to face with his first audience, the two hundred holders of guinea tickets. It was made up of the elements referred to in Spedding's letter. Learning, taste, nobility, family wit and beauty were all represented in that assembly; "composed of mere quality and notabilities," says Carlyle. It is easy to figure the scene; the men all clean shaven, in the clumsy coats, high collars, and enormous neck-cloths of the period, the ladies, and there were naturally more ladies than men, following the vagaries of fashion in "bishop" sleeves and the "pretty church-and-state bonnets," that seemed to Hunt, at times, "to think through all their ribbons." We call that kind of bonnet "coal-scuttle" now, but Maclise's portrait of Lady Morgan trying hers on before a glass justifies Hunt's epithet. The lecturer was the lean, wiry type of Scot, within an inch of six feet. In face, he was not the bearded, broken-down, broken-hearted Carlyle of the Fry photograph, but the younger Carlyle of the Emerson portrait. Clean-shaven, as was then the fashion, the determination of the lower jaw lying bare, the thick black hair brushed carelessly and coming down low on the bony, jutting forehead, violet-blue eyes, deep-set and alert, the whole face shows the Scot and the peasant in every line. It was a striking face, the union of black hair, blue eyes, and, usually, ruddy color on the high cheek bones, "as if painted . . . at the plough's tail," Lady Eastlake remarked, and she was an artist. Harriet Martineau notes that he was "yellow as a guinea," but this would be due to some temporary gastric disturbance.[1] He was very nervous, as was most natural, and stood with downcast eyes, his fingers picking at the desk before him. At the

[1] Mr. Crozier remarked the ruddiness of Carlyle's face, even in extreme old age. See John Beattie Crozier, *My Inner Life*, p. 383, Lond., 1898; and also *Memoirs of Lady Eastlake*, cap. vii, p. 115, Lond., 1895.

beginning, his speech was broken, and his throat was dry, drink as he would; but his desperate determination not to break down carried him through. The society people were "very humane" to him, and the lecturer had a message for them; his matter was new, his manner was interesting; he knew his subject. The rugged Scottish accent came like a welcome draught of caller air from the moorlands of Galloway, to the dwellers in London drawing-rooms; and "they were not a little astonished when the wild Annandale voice grew high and earnest."

No report of this course has come down, but Carlyle admits in a letter to his brother John, that "they went off not without effect." His wife's postscript puts the matter in the true light: "I do not find that my husband has given you any adequate notion of the success of his lectures; but you will make large allowance for the known modesty of the man. Nothing he has ever tried seems to me to have carried such conviction to the public heart that he is a real man of genius and worth being kept alive at a moderate rate." Mrs. Carlyle knew, for she was well enough to attend the last four lectures and "did not faint." The result in money was £135 after all expenses were paid, and they were heavy; and this sum put the Carlyle household beyond the fear of want. Long after, Carlyle remembered the pleasure of coming home from the first lecture and handing his wife and her mother a gowden guinea each, like a medal struck to commemorate his triumph.

The success of their bold enterprise encouraged Carlyle and his friends to try again; and the following year they undertook a course, double the magnitude of the first. Instead of six lectures, the author of *The French Revolution*, a book which was beginning to be talked about, was to give a course of twelve, at a charge of two guineas a head,

instead of one. The theme was the History of Literature,[1] or, as the lecturer himself put it, unofficially, "about all things in the world; the whole spiritual history of man from the earliest times to the present." Carlyle was sometimes in doubt, his wife tells us, as to whether his audience thought he was giving them enough for their guinea; but surely such a programme must have satisfied the greediest.

This time his preparation was careful. Although he had not made up his mind, even as late as February, what he should lecture on, he was reading Dante daily and hoped "to give a sharp lecture on him for one." A fortnight later, he tells Aitken that his main business is getting something ready in the shape of lectures; and when he announced to Mrs. Aitken the success of the first of the series, he couples the "much preparation" with the "trembling" that always went before, and was, in part, the secret of his success. He rubbed up his Thucydides and Herodotus, and found profit in the labor; but much less in reading Niebuhr and Michelet. A better lecture-room than Willis's, quiet, lighted from the ceiling, properly seated, was secured at 17 Edward St., Portman Square. In March, Wilson and Darwin are again busy, engineering; but there seems to have been little difficulty in getting an audience. As the time drew near, Carlyle grew nervous, as usual, but he felt that this was "the harvest of the whole year," and he was not going to allow mere panic to keep him from filling his garner.

[1] These are the subjects and dates of the various lectures, as given in Professor Greene's edition of Anstey's reports:

Lecture I. *April 27th.* First Period. Of Literature in General — Language, Tradition, Religions, Races — The Greeks: Their Character in History, Their Fortune, Performance — Mythologies — Origin of Gods.

Lecture II. *May 4th.* First Period — *continued.* Homer: The Heroic Ages — From Æschylus to Socrates — Decline of the Greeks.

Portman Square was not so convenient as Almack's for the fashionable people; but the fashionable people came again. It was a notable gathering. The *Times* reporter, who may have been Thackeray, observed "the cultivated and intelligent aspect of the audience, of whom an unusually large proportion appeared to be of a high order, both as to station and education, and in whom there was consequently a great number of pleasing and expressive countenances." In the raffish *Examiner*, Leigh Hunt "suspects" "it would not be easy to match the audiences which this gentleman has brought together, either on this or the former occasion, for a union of what is usually called respectability with

Lecture III. *May 7th.* First Period — *continued.* The Romans: Their Character, Their Fortune, What They Did — From Virgil to Tacitus — End of Paganism.

Lecture IV. *May 11th.* Second Period. Middle Ages — Christianity; Faith — Inventions — Pious Foundations — Pope Hildebrand — Crusades — Troubadours — Niebelungen Lied.

Lecture V. *May 14th.* Second Period — *continued.* Dante — The Italians — Catholicism — Purgatory.

Lecture VI. *May 18th.* Second Period — *continued.* The Spaniards — Chivalry — Greatness of the Spanish Nation — Cervantes, His Life, His Book — Lope — Calderon — Protestantism and the Dutch War.

Lecture VII. *May 21st.* Second Period — *continued.* The Germans — What They Have Done — Reformation — Luther — Ulrich von Hutten — Erasmus.

Lecture VIII. *May 25th.* Second Period — *continued.* The English: Their Origin, Their Work and Destiny — Elizabethan Era — Shakespeare — John Knox — Milton — Beginning of Scepticism.

Lecture IX. *May 28th.* Third Period. Voltaire — The French — Scepticism — From Rabelais to Rousseau.

Lecture X. *June 1st.* Third Period — *continued.* Eighteenth Century in England — Whitfield — Swift — Sterne — Johnson — Hume.

Lecture XI. *Friday, June 8th.* Third Period — *continued.* Consummation of Scepticism — Wertherism — The French Revolution.

Lecture XII. *June 11th.* Fourth Period. Of Modern German Literature — Goethe and His Works.

selectness of taste and understanding." The lecturer himself is of the same opinion. "My audience was supposed to be the best for rank, beauty and intelligence, ever collected in London. I had bonnie braw dames, Ladies this, Ladies that, though I dared not look at them lest they should put me out. I had old men of four score; men middle-aged, with fine, steel-grey beards; young men of the Universities, of the law profession, all sitting quite mum there, and the Annandale voice gollying at them." The lecturer's wife is not to be described as gushing; but she goes beyond even Carlyle himself. "The audience is fair in quantity (more than fair . . .), and in quality it is unsurpassable; there are women so beautiful and intelligent, that they look like emanations from the moon; and men whose faces are histories, in which one may read with ever new interest." Maurice was of this audience and confessed himself more edified by the lectures than by anything he had heard for a long while.[1] Monckton Milnes wrote to Aubrey de Vere of the interest they aroused. "He talks as graphically as his *French Revolution;* his personality is most attractive. There he stands simple as a child, and his happy thought dances on his lips, and in his eyes, and takes word and goes away, and he bids it God speed, whatever it may be."[2] Handsome George Ticknor, enjoying himself very much in London, found time to look in at the tenth lecture, just before he took ship for the United States; he was only moderately pleased with Carlyle. He thought him ugly and his accent unpleasant; but he remarked the careful preparation, although the lecturer spoke without notes. "He was impressive, I think, though such lecturing could not very well be popular; and in some parts, if he were not poetical, he was picturesque. He was nowhere obscure, nor were his

[1] *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*, I, 250. Lond., 1884.

[2] *Life of Lord Houghton*, I, 220.

sentences peculiarly constructed, though some of them, no doubt, savored of his peculiar manner."[1] The success of the course was most unmistakable. At the last, Carlyle had some of his audience, ladies undoubtedly, weeping; others, undoubtedly men, wanted to give him a dinner to express their sense of obligation; but he declined the honor. More lasting than "the glory of Portman Square" was the net result in money, nearly 300 guineas. The London season and the cosmic programme for 1838 included, as two of their chief events, the coronation of the girl queen of nineteen and the lectures of Thomas Carlyle.

Of this course, we know more than of any other, except *Heroes*. Thackeray, we may be almost sure, attended the first lecture, and wrote the fine compliments in the *Times*, which pleased Carlyle so much. Leigh Hunt reported him in the *Examiner*, after a fashion that pleased him much less. Instead of giving a clear summary of what was said, Hunt argued in print with the lecturer and disputed his various propositions. The most characteristic thing is his disallowing Carlyle's praise of thrift, after borrowing two of Carlyle's hard-earned guineas. The *Examiner* reports have a distinct value and interest; but there is an even fuller account to be had. Sterling laughed with Caroline Fox over the ladies who attended Carlyle's lectures and took notes, not of the thoughts, but of the dates, "and these all wrong"; but there was another taker of notes at this course, who worked to some purpose.

In 1892, Professor J. Reay Greene edited, with preface and notes, "Lectures on the History of Literature Delivered by Thomas Carlyle April to July, 1838."[2] The account the editor gives of them is not quite clear; we would gladly

[1] *Life of George Ticknor, sub dat.* June 1, 1838.

[2] Significant extracts had been published, in an article by Professor Dowden, in *The Nineteenth Century*, April, 1881.

know more. Apparently they were taken down in shorthand, by Mr. Thomas Chisholm Anstey, a Roman Catholic barrister, who became M. P. for Youghal. How the manuscript travelled to India is not explained; and no notice is taken of an instructive statement of Mrs. Carlyle's in regard to it. Writing to her husband on Sept. 10, 1838, she says of *Sartor Resartus*, then in its first English edition: "The individual most agog about it seems to be the young Catholic, whose name, I now inform and beg you to remember, is Mr. T. Chisholm Anstey. He sat with me one forenoon, last week, for a whole hour and a half, rhapsodising about you all the while; a most judicious young Catholic, as I ever saw or dreamt of. . . . He has written an article on you for the 'Dublin Review,' which is to be sent to me as soon as published, and the Jesuits, he says, are enchanted with all they find in you. . . . I told Mr. Chisholm Anstey I could not give him the lecture-book as I was copying it. 'You copying it!' he exclaimed in enthusiasm; 'indeed you shall not have the toil; I will copy it for you; it will be a pleasure to me to write them all a second time!' So you may give him the ten shillings; for he actually took away the book, and what I had done of it, *par vive force*." [1] From this, it is reasonable to infer that Mr. Anstey had written out his notes in full, shown them to Carlyle, who wanted to keep them and employed his wife as copyist. This proceeding throws light on Carlyle's publication of *Heroes*. With the exception of the ninth lecture, which Mr. Anstey was too ill to attend, these reports are complete. All Carlyle's lectures occupied an hour, seldom more; and, compared with *Heroes*, these of '38 fill only half the space in print. They are valuable for aiding us to understand the last course; and, as showing the difference between Carlyle the speaker and Carlyle the writer.

[1] *L. and M.* I, 107.

Between the meagre reports of Leigh Hunt and the fuller accounts of Anstey there are curious and significant discrepancies. For instance, Anstey makes Carlyle call Philip of Macedon "a strong active man"; while Hunt says "a managing, diagrammatic man." The merest tyro can decide which is the real Carlylese. Again, Anstey reports Carlyle as saying in regard to the Greeks: "They recognised a destiny, a great dumb black power, ruling time, which knew nobody for its master, and in its decrees was as inflexible as adamant, and every one knew it was there." Hunt's version is: "The Greek religion which he looks upon as originating in the "worship of heroes" ultimately "shaped by allegory" with Destiny at the back of it (a great dumb black divinity that had no pity on them, and they knew not what it was, only that it pitied neither gods nor men)." Here, it seems to me, Hunt comes nearer to what was actually uttered. Instances might be multiplied to show that Anstey's reports must be taken with great caution as representing the very words spoken by Carlyle in 1838. This was the longest of the four courses, and the best paid; and by the end of the year Carlyle was looking forward to a third course, which should bring him "board-wages" for another twelvemonth.

In April, 1839, he was able to tell Emerson that he was richer than he had been for ten years; but, though he was no longer driven to it by poverty, he was again to lecture. His subject was chosen: "The Revolutions of Modern Europe." The place was again Portman Square; the hour, from three to four on Wednesdays and Saturdays, beginning on the first Wednesday in May; the number of the lectures, six.[1]

[1] As to the subjects of the lectures, I have been able to find little beyond Carlyle's own statement that Protestantism, Puritanism, and the French Revolution were to have two apiece. See *E.-Corr.* I, 230.

Of this course we know the least of all. Leigh Hunt was very late for the first lecture, because his omnibus ran a waiting race with another; and he reports it in one vague sentence. The second, on "Protestantism, Faith in the Bible, Luther, Knox, Gustavus Adolphus," he reports at some length;[1] and one of Mrs. Carlyle's lively letters[2] deals with some of its aspects. The two are worth comparing. Hunt notices his manner and its effect on his audience. "There is frequently a noble homeliness, a passionate simplicity and familiarity of speech in the language of Mr. Carlyle, which gives startling effect to his sincerity, and is evidently received by his audience, especially the fashionable part of it (as one may know by the increased silence), with a feeling that would smile if it could, but which is fairly dashed into a submission, grateful for the novelty and the excitement by the hard force of the very blows of truth." One of the passages which had this effect was Carlyle's denunciation of the degenerate Papacy. The heartiness of the speaker's convictions, uttered in simple, truthful words, had full weight with his audience. "Every manly face . . . seems to knit its lips, out of a severity of sympathy, whether it would or no; and all the pretty church-and-state bonnets seem to think through all their ribbons." Hunt was plainly a most sympathetic listener, sensitive to moods and impressions. One paragraph of commendation and summary is given to the account of Luther, which shows much the same treatment as in *Heroes*.

Mrs. Carlyle is not concerned with the matter of the lecture, but with its effect. Writing to old Mrs. Carlyle at Scotsbrig on May 6, she says: "Our second lecture 'transpired' yesterday, and with surprising success — literally surprising, for he was imputing the profound attention with

[1] The *Examiner*, Sunday, May 12, 1839.

[2] *L. and M.* I, 112.

which the audience listened, to an awful sympathising expectation on their part of a momentary break-down, when all at once they broke into loud plaudits, and he thought they must all have gone clean out of their wits! But, as does not happen always, the majority were in this instance in the right, and it was he that was out of his wits to fancy himself making a stupid lecture, when the fact is he really cannot be stupid if it were to save his life." She did not think he was talking his best; but she heard "splendid," "devilish fine," "most true" "heartily ejaculated," on all sides. "The most practical good feature in the business was a considerable increase of hearers — even since last day; the audience seems to me larger than last year, and even more distinguished." As in the days of Coleridge, the whole street was blocked with carriages of people who maintained servants in livery. The English aristocracy are the most open to light of any class Carlyle has to do with, thinks Mrs. Carlyle; and gives an instance of their openness to truth. "Even John Knox, though they must have been very angry at him for demolishing so much beautiful architecture, which is quite a passion with the English, they were quite willing to let good be said of, so that it were indisputably true. Nay, it was in reference to Knox that they first applauded yesterday." The whole letter shows sincere elation at her husband's success.

Hunt's notice of the third lecture,[1] the first on Puritanism, is a mild rebuttal of Carlyle's special pleading for Cromwell. To blame Charles for deception, while protesting that Cromwell could not get on without it, seemed inconsistent. Hunt is very careful to qualify his disapproval, in such a way as this: "Had Mr. Carlyle taken pains to draw a distinction he might doubtless have done so." Or else he softens his remonstrance with compliments like this. "Not that Mr. Carlyle

[1] The *Examiner*, Sunday, May 12, 1839.

is ultimately intolerant to this victim of a father's king-craft and the rising light of the age. He never is to anything in a hard inhuman sense. He is too wise and kind a man. But as we have just observed, we think it due from him to his audience to explain himself on occasions like these, and not to run the chance of their going away with mistaken impressions." The chief impressions which Hunt himself carried away from this lecture were Carlyle's freedom from prejudice in depicting Puritanism, "which would have made this world a planet all over brambles," his portraiture of Prynne and Laud, his doing more than justice to Strafford, and his complete silence on Vane and Milton. He notes that the audience seems to increase at every lecture; and quotes characteristic sentences, such as "Both sides mean something that is right in all battles" and "All revolutions are the utterance of some long-felt truth in the minds of men." It is plain that Carlyle is once more traversing well-trodden ground.

The *Examiner* for Sunday, May 19, contains a brief apology for omitting to notice the lectures, and promises to report them next week, when they are over. The promise is well kept, and the report given is one of Hunt's best.

He again apologizes for having missed the greater part of the fourth lecture, but he preserves the title, "The English Restoration, Europe till 1789, Voltaire and Arkwright." His recollections are hazy. The lecturer, for one thing, broke up "the wretched administration in France under Cardinal Du Bois, like so much tinsel paper, or an old bonnet, or rather like an old hair-powder box, in which the powder was poisoned, — at once the lightest and guiltiest thing in the world." He defends Voltaire against Carlyle's charge of being "a mere scoffer" by adducing his "sympathies with the pleasurable and the good-natured," and mentions his service to the Calas family. He does not deny that Voltaire

was a "Frenchman all over," but urges in extenuation of this offence, that "a Frenchman, with all his faults, has infinite social virtues, and is no small constituent part of the great human family," — surely a reasonable plea. Arkwright, he does not recall, but he cannot forget what Carlyle said of the melancholy spectacle of a human being willing to labor but forced to starve, — "a thing not endurable, or which ought not to be endurable, to human eyes"; and such a calamity as does not occur to a beast of the field.

The *Examiner* reports of the last two lectures are so full, and preserve so many of Carlyle's characteristic sayings, that they are given here except for the omission of various Skimpolean disclaimers, as originally printed.

"The fifth lecture (on the "French Revolution, Faith in the Rights of Man, Girondism, France till 1793, Mirabeau, and Roland") was "full of matter." A new Duke, as good and wise as he of *As You Like It*, would have been glad to "cope" with our philosopher on this subject. The French Revolution he described as the catastrophe of many past centuries, the fountain of many that are to come, the crowning phenomenon of our modern time. Bayle said of himself, that he was a Protestant "because he protested against all beliefs"; Mr. Carlyle is a Protestant of a very different sort from that; he protests only against pretended beliefs; and he considers the French Revolution, much and bitter fault as he has to find with it, as a consummation of Protestantism in that respect. Luther, he says, protested against a false priesthood; Cromwell (putting, we suppose, the man and the *sword* for the spirit of the time that wielded it) against a false priesthood and kingship; the French Revolution against a false priesthood, kingship, and noblesse. It was the general fearful protestation of a great nation against whatsoever was false in its arrangements, and a determination to have them rectified. "A great price it was," — cries

our candid, out-speaking *man of no party* (for such he is, and let his great truths be listened to accordingly); — "a great price it was, but for a thing absolutely needed; for cost what it may, men must, and will return to reality, — to fact and truth; they cannot live upon *shams*." The French Revolution began appropriately in bankruptcy. "When a *delusion* has no money in its purse, it *must* die. No one will pull a trigger, or write a pamphlet for it. Nature has said, — Go!" Unfortunately the French thought that a Constitution was a thing, not to grow, but to be "made." The faith in that extempore, full-grown creation of new habits, ideas, and securities was the product of a sceptical logic on the one hand (believing in very proportion to its notion that it believed nothing), and of a sentimental political-economy on the other (taking the self-complacency for the deed). But it was the universal faith of France; the soul of that great movement. Hope was the universal feeling; all men believed that a millennium was at hand, if one constitution were "made." The Federation of the Champ de Mars was "a strange outbreak of child-like hope in this sort"; the constitution *was* made, "and sworn to, as no made constitution can ever hope to be again, and it lasted simply eleven months." This is the reign of Constitutionalism, called more strictly Girondism. The "Girondists" were analogous to the Presbyterians, the "Montagne" to the Independents, of Cromwell's time. There are two similar parties in all revolutions. The character of Louis was that of a man "innocent and pitiable, but inert, without will; incapable of being saved." The lecturer gave a slight sketch of the progress of things under him, till the Bastile fell, "and the women brought him to Paris." The "strongest man" of the eighteenth century was Mirabeau, — "a very lion for strength, — unsubduable, — who could not be beaten down by difficulty or disaster, but would always rise

again : — *an instinctive man*, — better than a premeditative ; your professional benefactor of mankind being always a questionable person." Mirabeau would have been the Cromwell of the French Revolution had he lived. "A gigantic heathen was he, who had 'swallowed all formulas'; — a man whom we must not love, whom we cannot hate, and can only lament over, and wonder at." Up to this point, concluded Mr. Carlyle, the French Revolution resembled the English in its course ; but the rest of it was altogether peculiar, unlike anything in history for a thousand years and more."

"The concluding lecture (on "Sansculottism, France till 1795, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Napoleon, Results and Prospects") added little new to the one just noticed, but was perhaps the most interesting of the series, from the number of portraits painted. Mr. Carlyle excused the French emigrant noblesse, as men who could not think otherwise than they did in domestic politics from habit and breeding, but strongly condemned them for calling in foreign aid and quitting their country. If they were compelled in this, it was only by their want of patriotism. Claiming to be worthy, they should have shown how they could still interest their country and stand by it ; "if unworthy, and nobody would stand by them," they had, to be sure, "nothing to do for it, but to go." He defended the Queen, who was accused of being the centre of all the intrigues, and thought her life the most tragical on record ; — a mistake of memory surely. Most touching was Mr. Carlyle's story of the needle she borrowed of the gaoler's wife the night before her death, that she might mend [1] her clothes and be decently dressed at the scaffold. The lecturer, we think, was too hard upon the Girondists, in accusing them of being actuated, in their "elegant extracts" of constitutionalism, by nothing but

[1] This incident impressed Carlyle. See *Memoirs of Lady Eastlake*, Marcl 3, 1844. Lond., 1895.

vanity. Not the less, however, do we believe with Mr. Carlyle, that the sterner virtues of such men as Danton were required, in the then state of France, to overawe interference and give a conscious strength to every man that had an arm; and so well did the lecturer defend that homely old hero of the Revolution, one of its supposed "wretches," that his audience, though, from their fashionable aspect, supposed to be three parts Tory, heartily responded to the manly call upon their sympathies. "*Poor* Marat" also, even he, with all that was repulsive in him, found sympathy, because he himself was not without it; and justice was done to the supposed reprobate but real "formalist" and moral pedant, Robespierre, who was nevertheless ultimately given up as a "miserable screech-owl fanatic," that had a face which Mirabeau described as that of a "cat lapping vinegar." "Let my name be blasted," said Danton, "so that France be free." "That is a virtue," said Mr. Carlyle, "which goes higher than many a lauded virtue. Clean washed decency may stand rebuked beside it." We wish we could agree as heartily with what he said respecting "sin" and "God's judgment." Napoleon was depreciated in proportion, because he seemed to have "no sympathies"; qualities, truly, in which great soldiers have never been apt to abound. Napoleon's healthy bronze at all events enabled him to play a much grander part than the dreary, bad blood of Cromwell. But we should do great injustice to these lectures if we did not conclude by saying, that where Mr. Carlyle piqued the understanding to differ with him now and then, through its very desire to have the pride and pleasure of agreeing with him in all things, he obtained its admiration a hundred-fold at all other times; nor can we now take leave of the series of lectures this year, without wishing there was an autumn as well as a spring course, to set the heads of his hearers thinking, and their hearts swelling with the love of truth and their species."

As usual Carlyle was glad when the course was over, though he might have been satisfied "with tolerable *éclat*, and a clear gain of very nearly £200." "My audience," he tells his brother John, "was visibly more numerous than ever, and of more distinguished people; my sorrow in delivery was less; my remorse after delivery was much greater. I gave one very bad lecture (as I thought); the last but one. It was on the French Revolution. I was dispirited — in miserable health. My audience, mainly Tory, could not be expected to sympathise with me. In short, I felt, after it was all over, like a man who had been robbing hen-roosts. In which circumstances, I, the day before my finale, hired a swift horse, galloped out to Harrow like a Faust's flight through an ocean of green, went in a kind of rage to the room the next day, and made on Sansculottism itself very considerably the nearest approach to a good lecture they ever got of me, carried the whole business glowing before me, and ended half an hour beyond my time, with universal decisive applause sufficient for the occasion."[1] Our lecturer was not a man to brag: but the facts are almost too strong for his modesty. His grudging admissions are set in their true light by his best critic, his keen, clear-headed wife. Writing to his mother, there is no reason why she should restrain her pride. "The last lecture was indeed the most splendid he ever delivered, and the people were all in a heart-fever over it; on all sides of me people, who did not know me, and might therefore be believed, were expressing their raptures audibly. One man (a person of originally large fortune, which he had got through in an uncommon way, namely, in acts of benevolence) was saying, 'He's a glorious fellow; I love the fellow's very faults,' etc., etc.; while another answered, 'Aye, faith, is he; a fine, wild, chaotic chap,' and so on all over the whole room. In short

[1] *C.L.L.* I, 171, corrected.

we left the concern in a sort of whirlwind of 'glory,' not without 'bread.'" She notes a carriage with the Royal arms and liveries, which had brought a court-official to Portman Square; and, in sad contrast to her triumph, the widow of Edward Irving sitting opposite in her weeds. As a girl, she had loved Irving herself: this woman had taken him from her; Irving had had his brief day of glory, and now he was beyond it all. The letter ends sadly; the sun has gone under a cloud. Even clearer testimony to the success of this course is given by Carlyle himself, unconsciously. Ten days after it was ended, he wrote to Emerson much as he had to his brother; but he has discovered that public speaking is an art, and he thinks of learning it by practice. "Repeatedly it has come into my head, that I should go to America this very Fall and belecture you from North to South till I learned it."[1] This shows how Emerson's invitation still tempted Carlyle; and the temptation lasted until the publication of *Heroes*. America remained Carlyle's Carcassonne.

II

These three courses were but the three steps by which he ascended to his last and greatest triumph, the course *On Heroes*. Every year he gained in mastery over himself and his subject and the art of public speaking; every year his audience was larger, more distinguished, and more enthusiastic. His last course was his best, and he forsook his "new profession" at the very moment of his greatest success. He looked upon his performance on the platform as a "mixture of prophecy and play-acting"; felt the taint of insincerity which seems to haunt oratory; and, as he could live without it, he gave it up.

[1] *E.-Corr.* I, 252.

Heroes took shape in Carlyle's mind within four days, between the 27th of February and the 2d of March, 1840. On the first date he writes to his brother John: "I am beginning seriously to meditate my *Course of Lectures*, and have even, or seem to have got, the *primordium* of a subject in me, — tho' not nameable as yet." On the second date he is able to give the course in outline: "My subject for Lecturing on ought hardly yet to be *named;* lest evil befall it. I am to talk about gods, prophets, priests, kings, poets, teachers (*six* sorts of men); and may probably call it 'On the Heroic.' Odin, Mahomet, Cromwell, are three of my figures; I mean to show that 'Heroworship *never ceases*,' that it is at bottom the main or only kind of worship." On All Fools' Day he calls on Emerson to sympathize with him on his "frightful outlook" in having to give a course of lectures "'On Heroes and Hero-Worship,' — from Odin to Robert Burns"; and on April 8, he announces the title in its present form, except for one word, and calls it "a great, deep, and wide subject, if I were in heart to do it justice."

Just how he prepared for this course has never been made quite clear. Neither Mr. Traill[1] nor Mr. Gosse,[2] his latest editors, explain the matter, or establish the relation between the spoken lectures and the written book. That it is now possible to do both is due to the courtesy of Mr. Alexander Carlyle, who has made for the present edition extracts from his great kinsman's unpublished letters, which place the matter beyond a doubt.

Froude gives a hint, quoting from Carlyle's own journal for April 23, 1840: "I have been throwing my lectures upon

[1] *Thomas Carlyle, On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History* (Centenary ed.), *Introduction*. Lond., 1897.

[2] *On Heroes and Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History*. By Thomas Carlyle. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Nineteenth Century Classics. *Introduction*, p. x. Lond., 1896.

paper — lectures on Heroes. I know not what will become of them." [1] Precisely what the process of throwing lectures on paper was, this passage would not by itself make clear; but, taken with another bit of Carlyle's own inimitable description, now printed for the first time, the process flashes to our eyes. "I splash down (literally as fast as my pen will go) some kind of paragraph on some point or other of my '*Course*' that has become salient and visible to me; paragraph after paragraph, till at least four pages daily are full: in this way I put down legibly, if not something that I shall say, yet something that I might & should say. I can clip the paragraphs out and string them together any way I like. I am independent or nearly so of Reporters. I shall be better able to *speak* of the things written of even in this way. It seems the best I can do." [2] Such a method of composition is the reverse of orderly; but it is thoroughly natural. The salient points dashed down, as each is fresh in the mind, and arranged in coherence afterwards, ensure freshness and interest. Carlyle wrote a neat, minute, vertical hand, a great many words to the page; and 'at least four pages daily' would soon grow to a heap of close-wrought manuscript. It is fair to infer that the lectures were written out in great part before they were delivered; written out and left at home, just as many a preacher prepares his sermon.

The lectures were given in the month of May, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at Portman Square, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The audience was, as usual, aristocratic in rank and intellect, between two and three hundred in number and, — significant fact, — grew larger after the first lecture. Carlyle expected to clear £200 by the venture and was not disappointed. In reporting, we miss greatly Leigh Hunt

[1] *C.L.L.* I, 192.
[2] Letter to Dr. Carlyle, 19th April, 1840.

and Mrs. Carlyle. The *Letters and Memorials* are an absolute blank for this period; why I do not know, except that Mrs. Carlyle hated letter-writing. Leigh Hunt's silence is explicable. On the morning of May 5, Antoine Courvoisier, the Swiss valet of Lord William Russell, cut his master's throat, and set all London agog. The *Examiner* has column after column on this crime; but not a word for the lectures. These two are silent; but others take up the tale.

The first lecture was not the best of the series. Carlyle's qualifications for dealing with Norse mythology were not so plain as in other cases. He had not written or spoken on the subject before; nor is there any record of when or how he read upon it. Carlyle had time to keep his mother[1] informed of his lectures. On the day following the delivery of the first, he gives her cheering news. His lecture-room is fuller than ever before, of "—the bonniest and brawest of people." He was not well, had been awake since half-past four, could not unfold more than a tenth of his meaning; and yet "the beautiful people" seemed content and sat silent, listening to her boy's words, as if they had been gospel. Trench[2] writes to Wilberforce in May, begging him "to string a few of Carlyle's choicest pearls and send them to us unfortunate people who cannot gather them as they drop from his lips." He hears that the first lecture, "notwithstanding the many delightful things in it, was partially a failure; as indeed they always are, unless he works himself up into true Berserkr fury, which on that occasion (though it would have been one of the meetest) he certainly failed to do."

[1] Carlyle is among the literary men whose filial devotion to their mothers is a strong feature in their character; Pope, Cowper, Gray, Johnson.

[2] *Richard Chevenix Trench, Archbishop, Letters and Memorials*, I, 248. Lond., 1848.

With the second lecture it was far different. He was looking forward to the opportunity of speaking on the subject, for he felt he had a message on Mahomet, "not a very intimate friend to any of us." The subject was new to the lecturer himself. He had made its acquaintance only the year before. He notes in his journal, October, 1839, reading "Arabian Tales by Lane," and this was the first edition. His comment gives the kernel of the lecture. "No people so religious, except the English and Scotch Puritans for a season. Good man Mahomet, on the whole; sincere; a fighter, not indeed with perfect triumph, yet with honest battle. No mere sitter in the chimney-nook with theories of battle, such as your ordinary 'perfect' characters are. The 'vein of anger' between his brows, beaming black eyes, brown complexion, stout middle figure; fond of cheerful social talk — wish I knew Arabic."[1] In its printed form, the lecture shows that Carlyle had also used Sale, and especially Gibbon, which he had read greedily, in Irving's copy, twelve volumes, at the rate of a volume a day, when he and his friend were two unknown village schoolmasters, at Kirkcaldy, twenty-four years before.

The fame of this lecture penetrated even to Botley Hill, where Trench heard that it was good. Carlyle himself was pleased for once with what he said, although he paid for his earnestness with a sleepless night. He had learned that success in public speaking depends on luck, a thousand things producing the fit emotional state; and on this occasion he was thoroughly in tune. The audience was larger than ever; "bishops and all kinds of people" were his hearers; they heard something new, and "seemed greatly astonished and greatly pleased. They laughed, applauded, &c. In short it was all right, and I suppose it was by much the best lecture I shall have the luck to give this time."

[1] *C.L.L.* I, 187.

"I vomited it forth on them like wild Annandale grapeshot." "I gave them to know that the poor Arab had points about him which it were good for them all to imitate; that probably *they* were more of quacks than he."[1] Macready took this afternoon as a holiday, between rehearsal and performance, and "was charmed and carried away" by the lecturer. The professional speaker notes that the amateur "descanted" on his theme "with a fervour and eloquence which only a conviction of truth could give."[2] Here he met Browning; but his opinion is not recorded. One dissenting voice is heard, the voice of Frederick Denison Maurice.[3] He admired Carlyle, attended his lectures, but felt what was the fact, that Carlyle did not like him. He and his sister Priscilla attended this one together. Both the Bishop of Salisbury and Wilberforce spoke to him of the lecture with interest, although the lecturer had said things to shock "the shovel-hatted." Mrs. Denison asked his opinion, which he had not time to give; he had an errand to Westminster. The audience seemed willing to pick the wheat from the chaff, the truth from among his inconsistencies. Maurice is distinctly critical in his attitude. "The miserable vagueness into which he sometimes fell, his silly rant about the great bosom of Nature, which was repeated in this lecture several times, which, as you observed, he would laugh to scorn in any other man, together with the most monstrous confusions both moral and intellectual, even while he wished to assert the distinction between right and wrong, convinced me whither his tolerance would lead in any mind in which it was not corrected, as it is in his, by a real abhorrence of what is base and false, and by a recklessness of logical consistency, if so be he can bring out his different half-conceptions

[1] *C.L.L.* I, 193. See also *E.-Corr.* I, 319.
[2] *Macready's Diaries, sub dat.* May 8, 1840.
[3] *Life of F. D. Maurice*, I, 282. Lond., 1884.

in some strong expressive language." His objections are natural enough in a clergyman; for the lecturer regarded the supernatural heart of the Christian religion as myth. Maurice adds his testimony to Carlyle's eloquence. "The lecture was by far the most animated and vehement I ever heard from him. It was a passionate defence of Mahomet from all the charges that have been brought against him and a general panegyric upon him and his doctrine. He did not bring out any new maxim, but it was a much clearer and more emphatic commentary than the former lecture upon his two or three standing maxims; that no great man can be insincere; that a doctrine which spreads must have truth in it; and that this particular one was a vesture fitted to the time and circumstances of the common truths which belong to all religions." Dr. Garnett mentions a very different kind of dissenter, who created a mild "scene" at this lecture.[1] I find no record of it elsewhere, and it shows Carlyle's hold over his audience. John Stuart Mill, the logician, the calm Mill of the *Autobiography*, was guilty of interrupting his friend the speaker. Carlyle could not abide utilitarianism and, led away by his own vehemence, "without prior purpose," denounced Bentham's ethics compared with Mahomet's as "the beggarlier and falser view of Man and his Destinies in this Universe."[2] As he uttered "beggarlier," Mill rose to his feet with an emphatic "No!" The lecture evidently struck contemporaries in quite different ways; but all agree as to the force of the impression.

On the Hero as Poet, Dante and Shakspere, Carlyle had special right to speak. Everything he says of Shakspere

[1] *Life of Carlyle*, p. 171. Great Writers Series. Lond., 1895. It is a pleasure to call attention again to the solidity and humorous wisdom of this, the best "short view" of Carlyle, and surely one of the best brief biographies ever written.

[2] See *Heroes*, 87 19.

shows insight and warm appreciation;[1] he made a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon in 1824, and some lines, like the famous "cloud-capped" passage in *The Tempest*, he is never wearied of quoting. Knowledge of Shakspere may be assumed in the case of all the great ones. He had already lectured on him in the course of '38,[2] when the treatment and general plan were much the same as in *Heroes*.[3] When Carlyle began Italian, I cannot find; but he and his wife were both studying that language in 1834, after they were settled in their London home, and used to walk together at evening along the river and past Chelsea Hospital. He was then reading Dante, as he was in the winter of 1837. In the course of '38, he devoted an entire lecture,[4] the fifth, to Dante; and here again, he was going over the same ground. A second time he succeeded in giving a "sharp lecture" on the passionate Florentine.

This lecture had the strange fortune to be reported in the *Times* next morning, by some one who spelled the lecturer's name 'Carlisle.' His account may be accurate, but it is not emotional. "There were present a great number of persons, principally ladies. The lecture was on the characters of Dante and Shakspeare, and the effect which their productions had produced on society, and the estimate which posterity had made of their abilities. The lecturer began with showing the connexion between the prophet and the poet, and by comparing the characteristics of the two. The prophet taught what was good; the poet what was beautiful. He then proceeded to expatiate on the genius of Dante, and gave a short account of his history. Dante's excellence he described to consist in intensity. In every relation of his

[1] See *C.E.L.* I, 244, and *Historical Sketches*, 22, 76, 103.
[2] See *L.L.* 147–152.
[3] See *Notes* for confirmation.
[4] See *L.L.* 80–100.

life he was intense; in his love for Beatrice he was intense; in his political career at Florence he was intense; and in his poetry his intensity was concentrated. The *Divina Commedia* was a mirror of the catholicity of the age in which he lived and was valuable as a record of the modes of thinking on the spiritual subjects of the ten centuries by which he was preceded. Mr. Carlisle then proceeded to give his notions on the character of Shakspeare, whom he considered the man of the greatest intellect of any age; he exemplified the grandeur of his ideas by the words inscribed on his tomb, taken from his own writings, 'The cloud-capped towers &c.,' and described him as the historian of the practical world, as Dante was of the spiritual. The lecturer concluded by saying that no Englishman would resign Shakspeare for any price whatever; he would sooner give up possession of the Indian empire than part with the great poet of his country." Carlyle is hardly recognizable in this guise; but, wooden as it is, it shows that Carlyle followed a plan which is the same in the spoken address as in the book form. The reporter remains outside the sphere of Carlyle's influence, and finds little to praise. He notes the applause at the close, but seems to think it hardly justified. "The lecture, though it contained little that was particularly novel in idea, was enforced with a rugged simplicity of thought and diction that occasionally became eloquent, and secured the attention and perhaps the admiration of his audience."[1] Maurice was again in attendance and again in revolt. He felt that the time was critical, and that the guiding lights were leading astray; and he too reported the lecture next day, to a limited public, his wife, in these terms: "I know not how to tell you what apprehension I sometimes feel at the thought of what is coming to this generation. I feel it at Carlyle's lectures, especially in such wild pantheistic

[1] For this reporter's correction of Carlyle, see *Notes*.

rant as that into which he fell at the close of yesterday's. And then I wonder how I can ever indulge in little bickerings and childish pettiness when such perils are threatening some of the noblest and best spirits in the land."[1] By joining the two statements, it is plain that the audience was attentive and appreciative, and that the lecturer was equal to himself, even if he did not rise to the height of his great argument on Mahomet.

Of the fourth lecture, I have not been able to find anything either in the way of record or impression, beyond Carlyle's statement that his wife thought that it and the fifth were among the very best he ever gave. He is always nervous and anxious until they are delivered at the appointed time; but suffers "no excessive shattering" of himself to pieces in consequence. His heart is in his subject, and his interest gives vigor to his words. "I am telling the people matters that belong much more to myself this year." Luther and Knox "belonged" to him. At one time he contemplated writing a life of Luther, and he had lectured upon him in every one of the preceding courses. On Knox, he could also speak with authority; and he had given the substance of what he said now, in '38 and in '39.

In the audience that heard the last two lectures sat a Quaker girl of twenty-one, from Cornwall, deeply religious, cultivated, alert, belonging to a wealthy family well known in the Society of Friends, by name Caroline Fox. The provincial world into which her charming *Journals* bring the lucky reader is as delightful, as the London world, which Carlyle and Thackeray and Harriet Martineau saw and lashed, is hideous. It is a sane, kindly, unaffected world, with broad, unselfish, human interests. Caroline Fox was the friend of Carlyle's friend, John Sterling; she had long known and admired Carlyle's books, and came up to

[1] *Life of F. D. Maurice*, I, 283. Lond., 1884.

London at the time of the May meetings, fresh from reading *Chartism*, which had not "lessened the excitement" with which she anticipated seeing and hearing the author. She had eager eyes and a ready pen, and she makes such good use of them, recording much in her diary, but never a mean or ungenerous thought, that the professed Carlylean sighs to think she was not able to attend this whole course.

At "The Hero as Man of Letters," on May 19, she sat beside Harriet Mill, who introduced her next neighbor, the lecturer's wife. In the audience she "discovered" Whewell, the great Cambridge don, Samuel Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam"), and his beautiful wife. The audience was "very thoughtful and earnest in appearance." Her first impressions of the lecturer himself must not be given in any words but her own. "Carlyle soon appeared, and looked as if he felt a well-dressed London audience scarcely the arena for him to figure in as a popular lecturer. He is a tall, robust-looking man; rugged simplicity and indomitable strength are in his face, and such a glow of genius in it — not always smouldering there, but flashing from his beautiful grey eyes, from the remoteness of their deep setting under that massive brow. His manner is very quiet, but he speaks like one tremendously convinced of what he utters, and who had much — very much — in him that was quite unutterable, quite unfit to be uttered to the uninitiated ear; and when the Englishman's sense of beauty or truth exhibited itself in vociferous cheers, he would impatiently, almost contemptuously, wave his hand, as if that were not the kind of homage which Truth demanded. He began in a rather low and nervous voice, with a broad Scotch accent, but it soon grew firm, and shrank not abashed from its great task."[1] This, one feels, is the true view of Carlyle and his audience. It was no ordinary young lady noting the dates, "and these all

[1] *Caroline Fox, Her Journals and Letters*, I, 182 f.

wrong," who could so quickly penetrate the spirit of the gathering, catch the speaker's accent of conviction, divine his many reticences, and preserve and interpret that characteristic little gesture. Perhaps no one in the room was more delicately attuned to a lecture on the cult of the hero, when he comes as man of letters.

Her outline of the lecture is too long to quote in full, but it shows the same course of thought, in many cases the same words are used as in the book. More important are the differences. The phrases which she jotted down that very day, when they were still ringing in her ears, and which do not appear in *Heroes*, the book, are striking. For example: "Some philosophers of a sceptical age seemed to hold that the object of the soul's creation was to prevent the decay and putrefaction of the body, in fact, a rather superior sort of salt." Or again: "Before others had discovered anything sublime, Boswell had done it and embraced his knees when his bosom was denied him." The spoken account of Rousseau differed from the written, apparently, both by omission and addition. The entry in the diary for this day makes no mention of the de Genlis anecdote, for example, and does record Carlyle's private view of the most infamous of autobiographies. "The Confessions are the only writings of his which I have read with any interest; there you see the man as he really was, though I can't say that it is a duty to lay bare the Bluebeard chambers of the heart." From the future writer of the *Reminiscences*, the editor of the *Letters and Memorials*, this is unconscious irony. The accuracy of the reporter being assumed, this part of the lecture differed widely from the final form. The characterizations of Johnson and Burns, on the other hand, must have been substantially the same, as in the printed *Heroes*. This may be easily accounted for. Carlyle's essays on Johnson and Burns are documents of great and permanent value; and in the process of their

making, his ideas regarding both heroes had become fixed and crystallized; and he would inevitably give them forth again and again in the original order and proportion. With Rousseau he was not so much at home, and might very well draft and say things about him which he would not think good enough to print. In Mrs. Carlyle's opinion, this was one of the very best of his lectures, and the lecturer was inclined to agree with her.

If the final lecture did not succeed, it could not be for want of adequate preparation. From 1822 he had been reading on the history of Puritanism, beginning with Clarendon, and had meditated a history of the movement. The fragments of that work, edited with pious care by Mr. Alexander Carlyle, show us what we have lost. As he read and thought and wrote, the conviction grew on him that the traditional view of the great central figure in the rise of Puritanism, upheld by every historian for nearly two centuries, was grotesquely absurd, a deliberate putting of black for white. The two hundred and odd holders of guinea tickets that Friday afternoon, May 22, 1840, had the privilege of being the first to learn a great historical truth. For Napoleon, Carlyle also had special knowledge. He was a man of twenty, out of college, in the Waterloo year, and had learned the Corsican's history in the process of making. He had already lectured twice on the French Revolution, and, although his great prose poem on the time ends with the "whiff of grape-shot" at the beginning of Napoleon's career, he had read largely on the subject. The lecture is out of proportion; the rehabilitation of Cromwell leaves little room for the wonderful man, whose daimonic power has enlarged the world's conception of the possibilities of the human spirit.

Caroline Fox's report shows the same course of thought as in the book; and, in spite of a couple of slips, such as

noting 'nymph,' for 'imp,' probably, in Cromwell's reputed vision of his coming greatness, and giving the anecdote of Cromwell's mother to Napoleon's mother, it impresses the reader with its essential accuracy. One note at least could be ill spared, her impression of the climax. "After many other effective touches in this sketch, which compelled you to side with Carlyle as to Cromwell's self-devotion and magnanimity, he gave the finishing stroke with an air of most innocent wonderment. . . . 'And yet I believe I am the first to say that Cromwell was an honest man!'" Carlyle's very words are reproduced: "Cromwell comes before us with a dark element of chaos round him," is unmistakable, as is the Scotticism in "but I *doubt* that this vision was only the constant sense of his power to which a visible form was given." The lecturer was not above allusions to contemporary politics, which would lose their point in print, and would be made general. The passage on Cromwell's great difficulty runs, "Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Pombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held; but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned*," but it has another complexion in the *Journals*, "He was in a position similar to the present Ministry — he could not resign." Again, what Caroline Fox heard regarding the education of Napoleon is different in form, though not in idea, from the passage in *Heroes*. "Napoleon was brought up, believing not the Gospel according to St. John, but the Gospel according to St. Diderot," is hardly recognizable in, "He had to begin, not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor sceptical *Encyclopédies*."

From the lecturer himself we get the performer's point of view, very different from the spectator's. "On the last day — Friday last — I went to speak of Cromwell with a head *full of air;* you know that wretched physical feeling; I had been concerned with drugs, had awakened at five, etc. It is

absolute martyrdom. My tongue would hardly wag at all when I got done. Yet the good people sate breathless, or broke out into all kinds of testimonies of goodwill; seemed to like very much indeed the huge ragged image I gave them of a believing Calvinistic soldier and reformer. 'Sun-clear, nucleus of intellect and force and faith, in its wild circumambient element of darkness, hypochondriac misery and quasi-madness, in direct communication once more with the innermost deep of things.' In a word, we got right handsomely through."[1] The last sentence is significant; he can conceal the fact neither from his brother nor himself. "The lecturing business went off with sufficient *éclat*. The course was generally judged, and I rather join therein myself, to be the bad *best* I have yet given."[2] He reluctantly confesses his success in his diary. "I got through the last lecture yesterday in very tolerable style, seemingly much to the satisfaction of all parties; and the people all expressed very genuine-looking friendliness for me. I contrived to tell them something about poor Cromwell, and I think to convince them that he was a great and true man, the valiant soldier in England of what John Knox had preached in Scotland. In a word, the people seemed agreed that it was the best course of lectures, this."[3] All this is, of course, the thoroughly Scottish under-statement.[4] The best course of the four ended in a blaze of fireworks, people weeping at the earnest tone in which they were addressed. As the audience grew, year by year, in appreciation of the speaker, the speaker grew in appreciation of his audience. The "dandiacal," "Dryasdustical," "superfine" people were at last the

[1] Letter to Dr. John Carlyle, May 26, 1840, *C.L.L.* I, 195.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *C.L.L.* I, 194.

[4] Compare *The Cunning Speech of Drumtochty*, and *A Window in Thrums, passim.*

"humane," the "good," the "beautiful" people. His attitude towards his audience is as different as possible from Ruskin's, for instance; his appeals to "your candour," his sharing "our" Shakspere contrast strangely with the fierce invectives of "The Crown of Wild Olive"; and the courtly compliment, with which he took his leave, was true and came from his heart. Success, popular success, after long years of waiting had come at last. Only, he had waited for it too long, and now he found it short in measure. What youth desires, age has in satiety.

It is hard to resist the conclusion that there were few better investments for a guinea that May in London than a ticket for Mr. Carlyle's course, *On Heroes*. It is not every season that one can, by any payment of money, hear a lecturer who makes people, least of all a mob of London society, knit their brows in thought, makes them laugh, makes them cry, makes them applaud, makes them forget their trained self-repression in cries of 'devilish fine!' 'splendid!' 'most true!' who rouses them to the point of wanting to dine him, a lecturer who does this for four years in succession. The Carlylean professed would almost be content to stand on the threshold of the wonderful new century, a doddering octogenarian, if so, in his hot youth, Fate had deemed him worthy to be numbered in the ranks of those who beheld those "emanations from the moon," and sustained gladly the salvos of "wild Annandale grapeshot."

III

Heroes, the series of lectures, is one thing, and *Heroes*, the printed book, is quite another. Even without the evidence of Caroline Fox's *Journals* and of the letter to Dr. Carlyle, both containing good things which do not appear in the authorized version, the briefest reflection shows that

it would be absurd to expect the two versions to be exactly the same. Carlyle did not recite lectures previously committed to memory, but he spoke extempore, after careful preparation.[1] His memory was amazing, but even his memory would not be equal to the task of recalling the very words he used in the heat of impassioned harangue. Nor would he think of trying to do so. But he did think that somebody else might do this for him.

Carlyle, curiously enough, entertained singular hopes regarding reporters, remembering, no doubt, the devotion of Mr. Anstey in 1838. Before the lectures begin, he congratulates himself on the fact of having written them out; he will thereby be 'independent or nearly so of reporters'; but the phrase shows that he considered a report of them a possibility. While they are in progress he writes[2]: "There is no newspaper that I know of hitherto which gives any Report of my Lectures this year.[3] . . . A reporter of Fraser the Bookseller's does attend, and make a kind of Note or Draft of the business; a diligent, intelligent man; but what can any reporter do? I have seen his 'First Lecture,' and would not have it printed with my name to it for any hire whatsoever. My only chance . . . will be to work the subject up by myself, and print it by and by as a kind of book."

[1] Mr. Moncure Conway states that Carlyle brought a manuscript and found it much in the way; and that on the "next evening" he brought some notes, but these tripped him till he left them. *Thomas Carlyle*, p. 24. N.Y., 1881. The statement is vague, no authority is cited; and the mention of evening is a slip, for Carlyle lectured in the afternoon. In any case, the last four lectures were delivered extempore, as those of the first three courses certainly were. Finding the MS. in the way would account for the comparative failure of the first lecture, which Trench heard of.

[2] Letter to Thomas Ballantyne, May 11, 1840, copied by Mr. Alexander Carlyle for the editor.

[3] Being full of the Courvoisier murder.

Carlyle had evidently thought it possible for a merely human reporter, let him be diligent and intelligent, to catch the 'wild Annandale grapeshot' as it flew, and present it in a shape which he himself would recognize and acknowledge. Of course, the vaulting ambition of Fraser's hack was foredoomed to failure. Carlyle had to be his own reporter, and he says as much on the title-page of the first edition.[1] There the sub-title runs, "Six Lectures. Reported with Emendations and Additions. By Thomas Carlyle."[2] In other words, the author himself wishes it to be understood that the relation between the finished book and the eloquence of Portman Square is really faint and far away.

How he managed to

"recapture
The first fine careless rapture"

of those winged words that set the fine, prim southron bodies laughing and crying and clapping their hands, is a question easier to ask than to answer. One thing is certain; he could not sing his song twice over. The thing written to be read differs widely from the thing written to be spoken. The eye is a more exacting critic than the ear; and the spoken word that stirred the blood often looks pitiable enough in cold print. The thing to be read must have finish, if it is to be read more than once; but finish tends to make the spoken thing ring hollow. Besides, as every one knows who has tried it, the process of recasting a lecture into an essay is slow and disagreeable. Carlyle felt that the 'subject' must be 'worked up,' and, as he labored *Heroes* through the heat of a London summer, he found it

[1] Also in the second, 1842, and the third, 1846.

[2] Sir Frederick Pollock, in recommending *Heroes* as a new book (April 16, 1841) to a friend, draws the natural inference and writes: "They are printed from shorthand notes." See his *Reminiscences*, I, 172. Lond., 1887.

'toilsome to produce.' He was, however, not without aids. His main reliance must have been the rough draft, the paragraphs 'splashed down,' and then 'clipped out' and 'strung together' in logical order; for it is plain that the thought followed the same course in the lectures that it does in the book. In 1838, he had gone over much the same ground, and he still had, in all probability, Anstey's copy of the lectures to borrow from. We know that in *Sartor* he used old printed and written material freely; and it is natural to suppose that he might do so again. The notes to this edition show a good many parallels drawn from the *Lectures on Literature;* and in every case the advantage in finish lies with the phrase of *Heroes*. The necessity of 'emendations' is plain enough. Even if he had been reported by shorthand or phonograph, Carlyle would not print the result as it stood. Comparison, wherever possible, indicates what might be reasonably expected; that the richer more elaborated phrase is not what he spoke in his haste, at the rostrum, but what he meditated, pen in hand, in his quiet study. If we assume, for instance, that Anstey's report gives the very words spoken by him in 1838, the book, as *Lectures on Literature*, shows thin and anæmic beside the full-blooded *Heroes*. Many things he would no doubt remember. The spurt at Benthamism that roused Mill was unpremeditated, spoken 'without prior purpose'; but Carlyle retains both it and the apology. And this could hardly be the only case. On some of his heroes he had repeated himself in lecture twice or thrice already; on some he had made elaborate studies; and his mind was full of them. As for 'additions,' one single fact shows that they must have been very great. All Carlyle's lectures lasted one hour, and they rarely exceeded[1] these limits. Anstey's reports give about twenty

[1] The last and best lecture of the 1839 course lasted an hour and a half. See *C.L.L.* I, 171.

pages to each lecture; but each lecture on *Heroes* fills more than forty. Even if Anstey did not catch or record every word, the difference is striking.

But while insisting on the differences between the book and the lectures, it is possible to make too much of them. The two modes of expression, the lecture and the essay, of necessity, differ widely;[1] the "emendations and additions" were many; and it is plain that there were omissions; but in both the general plan is the same; that is plain from the reports of Caroline Fox, and whenever there is the chance of comparing the versions of different hearers. The deliverances at Portman Square served as framework, which he built upon and filled in and finished.

In the Carlylean chronology, 1840 is the year of *Heroes*. Eight months out of the twelve went to the shaping of it. In February came the conception, the serious meditation of the course, when Carlyle seemed to himself to have attained to the primordium of a subject. By the end of March he records his intention of writing his lectures down, "and then flaming about over both hemispheres with them." That is, he has in mind Emerson's invitation, now six years old, and composes his course with an eye to the American platform. In April he was splashing down, in paragraphs, as fast as he could write, his rough first draft, then cutting it up and stringing the slips into orderly succession. May, from the fifth to the twenty-second, was taken up with the delivery of the lectures, and at the end of the month the work of writing them out began. The first two were composed in June. About the twenty-third of August, Carlyle writes that ten more days will see him at the end of his wearisome task, and, by the end of September, he is able to announce to Emerson that the work is done. "On the whole, I have written down my last course of lectures, and

[1] See Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, (second) *Preface*, fourth paragraph.

shall probably print them; that will be the easiest way of lecturing in America." But even earlier, he had given up the project of a lecture tour abroad. His success had been so complete that he had thought of perfecting himself in the art of public speaking and repeating the course outside of London. "In the fire of the moment I had all but decided on setting out for America this autumn and preaching far and wide like a very lion there. . . . Thus did I mean to preach, on "Heroes, and Hero-Worship, and the Heroic"; in America too. Alas the fire of determination died away again: all that I did resolve was to write these Lectures down, and in some way promulgate them farther." [1] In the last quarter of the year various attempts were made to publish them, but without success. Saunders and Ottley offered £50 for the book, while Fraser would definitely offer nothing. Carlyle learned, with surprise, that a man might be famous and yet not be regarded favorably by booksellers. His mood was one of indifference; he was reading for his *Cromwell*, and he felt that, if the book were worthy, it would sooner or later see the light.[2]

What terms Fraser did offer at last I have not discovered, but an edition of a thousand copies appeared with his imprint, during the first quarter of 1841. By May 21, he paid Carlyle £150 for *Heroes* and *Sartor*, which the recipient regards as a miracle.[3] The *editio princeps* is a comely duodecimo, plain in type, strong in paper, modest in binding, at all points such a vesture for his thought as the Lover of the Verities would not be ashamed to own. Through Emerson's brotherly kindness, America had been for Carlyle, El Dorado. It was through him alone that *Sartor*, the *Miscellanies*, the *French Revolution* had been published in the United States,

[1] *E.-Corr.* I, 319 f. July 2, 1840. [2] *C.L.L.* I, 214.

[3] The first edition of *Heroes* sold for 10s. 6d.; the second and third for 9s.

to the greater glory of their author, and to the plenishing of his purse. Naturally, Carlyle hoped to profit by this book also, and sent the advanced sheets to Emerson by one of the early Cunarders, to be bound up and sold, as the other works had been, for his benefit. But his growing fame was a distinct disadvantage in the brave days of old, before international copyright was thought of. Let Emerson tell the tale.[1] "I am sorry to find that we have been driven from the market by the New York Pirates in the affair of the Six Lectures. The book was received from London and for sale in New York and Boston before my last sheets arrived by the *Columbia*. Appleton, in New York, braved us and printed it, and furthermore told us that he intends to print in future everything of yours that shall be printed in London." And he begs his friend to send him a duplicate manuscript of the next book he intends to publish, and promises, in that event, "to keep all Appletons and Corsairs whatsoever out of the lists." He mentions, besides, a curious instance of Carlyle's popularity. "The New York newspapers print the book in chapters, and you circulate for six cents per newspaper at the corners of all the streets in New York and Boston, gaining in fame what you lose in coin."[2]

The early bibliography of *Heroes* has been up to this time obscure. Even Mr. Anderson, with the resources of the British Museum to draw on, makes no mention of the second and third editions, in the most complete bibliography of Carlyle yet published.[3] Of the early American editions

[1] *E.-Corr.* I, 348 f. April 30, 1841.

[2] *E.-Corr.* I, 349. April 30, 1841.

[3] Garnett's *Thomas Carlyle*, Great Writers Series, *Appendix*. It would be a boon to all Carlyleans, if Dr. S. A. Jones, of Ann Arbor, could be induced to publish his bibliography of Carlyle. It contains at least a hundred items more than Anderson's.

and their relation to the English editions, there is, to the best of my knowledge, no printed information. It will, therefore, not be amiss to offer some explanations. Two first and two second editions of the same book, to say nothing of the one 'third' edition appearing four years before a second 'third' edition, are rather puzzling.

Appleton's reprint, the first American edition, appeared very shortly after the original London edition. It is also a duodecimo, much the same in appearance as the honest book; imitating the title-page, but adding to the name of the author the names of two of his best known works, *The French Revolution* and *Sartor Resartus*. Carlyle found the copy sent to him, "smart on the surface; but printed altogether scandalously." Towards the end of 1841, Fraser died, and Carlyle transferred his business to the firm which still prints his works, Chapman and Hall. The second English edition was called for in the following year. It was a time of distress for Carlyle. Mrs. Welsh, his wife's mother, died in March, and he was obliged to spend some time at Templand, winding up her estate. Mrs. Carlyle was for a long time prostrated by the blow, and probably Carlyle had not the time to give the book the thorough revision which he gave later. He was very sensitive as to all printer's errors; and the careless printing of the American pirates angered him more than their high-handed spoiling of his goods. In this second edition, some slips in matters of fact were corrected and some interesting additions made.[1] The largest change was in the passage relating to Cromwell's vision, on page 243, which was twice revised before it suited the author. The Cromwell part of Lecture VI bears so many marks of the file, because Carlyle was now at work

[1] See various readings at foot of pp. 5, 74, 78, 98, 108, 144, 153, 162, 172, 179, 197.

upon the *Letters and Speeches*. An unauthorized "second edition" appears with Appleton's imprint in the same year. It is not the same as the first edition, but is set up by a different printer,[1] and contains a greater number of pages, all of which goes to prove that the American as well as the English "first editions" were exhausted within the year of publication. Both American editions deserve Carlyle's abuse for bad printing, and both take liberties with his text. It may interest students of American spelling to know that this "second edition" of Appleton's is more old-fashioned than Carlyle, correcting 'chemistry' to 'chymistry,' and resolving his revolutionary 'forever' into the two words of our rude forefathers. I have by me also an American "third edition," so-called, of this year, bearing the imprint "Cincinnati: Published by U. P. James, No. 26 Pearl St." This is simply Appleton's second edition, with another title-page, which bears, however, Appleton's cut of the Aldus dolphin and anchor, with the proud motto 'Aldi Discip. Americ.' The real third edition did not appear until 1846. In that year, Chapman and Hall published *Heroes* in a small, handsome, nine-shilling edition, a well-made book in all respects. This, Carlyle had leisure to revise carefully; and the text is practically the same as that of the present edition. At some later period, he broke up his long paragraphs into short ones, and illustrated the agglutinative theory of language by dropping the hyphen in words he had joined by this tie, while other people still keep them asunder; for example, 'such like' is first 'such-like' and then 'suchlike.' This love of hyphens grew upon him, for in these first three editions, 'widely-distant,' 'shining-down,' etc., are still distinct words. None of these editions contains either the summary or index. The third American edition was issued also in 1846, by Wiley & Putnam,

[1] The first American edition was set up by H. Ludwig, 72 Vesey St., and the second by F. C. Gutierrez.

in their "Library of Choice Reading," by an honorable arrangement with the author.[1] Four other English editions appeared during Carlyle's lifetime. The fourth and last separate edition appeared in 1852; and the three others, in the collected editions, known as the "Collected Works" (1856–1858), bound with *Sartor Resartus*, the "Library" (1869–1871), and the "People's" (1871–1874). In the "People's Edition," *Heroes* has been selling for more than twenty years at the rate of 5000 copies per annum, faster than most novels. Of the various editions since his death, both in England and in the United States, I am unable to give here a complete account. Since the expiration of the copyright, the separate editions swarm. Few books written in the first half of the nineteenth century still live, fewer still have been more widely diffused.

IV

"Nothing which I have ever done pleases me so ill. They have nothing new, nothing that to me is not *old*. The style of them requires to be low-pitched, as like talk as possible." In this, his private view of *Heroes*, Carlyle sums up and forestalls much later criticism. He was not easily pleased with men or things, with himself, or his work. In *Sartor* there were, in his opinion, only some ten pages "rightly fused"; the article on Scott was "a long rigmarole," "deserving instant fire-death," and *Heroes*, "a wearisome

[1] On the reverse of the title is printed "Imprimatur. This Book, 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' I have read over and revised into a correct form for Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, of New York, who are hereby authorised, they and they only, so far as I can authorise them, to print and vend the same in the United States. Thomas Carlyle." For the story of the negotiations with this firm, see *E.-Corr.* I, 119 ff. In spite of Carlyle's care, it is not impeccable and contains such misprints as 'Woutan' for 'Wuotan' twice, and 'Neutonic' for 'Teutonic.'

triviality." He revised this verdict when he read the book in print ; but this first impression deserves closer scrutiny.

From the beginning, the style of Carlyle was a rock of offence to the critics ; and their remonstrances or abuse forced him to consider it. His manner of expression was unique ; it had grown with his growth ; it was not a coat to be put on and off, to be cut and changed, at the demands of fashion ; it was his skin, in which he must live and die. In *Heroes* he had taken thought of this matter, and worked to attain certain ends. "The style requires to be low-pitched, as like talk as possible." This requirement he had striven to satisfy. That is, Carlyle's ordinary style, the genuine Carlylese, was, for once, consciously modified by the author.

In my examination of what is generally recognized as Carlyle's distinctive manner, the manner of *Sartor Resartus*,[1] the chief marks of it were found to be the constant impression of an audible voice, the wealth of allusion, and love of the concretely picturesque. Next in importance were three other traits, the stern, strenuous tone of that voice sounding through it, the tone of one with whom *Ernst ist das Leben* was a favorite saying, the departure from Johnsonian tradition, which De Quincey and Macaulay maintain, in the looser structure of the sentence, and the employment of humor, the genial juxtaposition of things remote. Further analysis revealed certain formal peculiarities ; a habit of grouping words, phrases, and sentences in threes, a triadic or pyramidal device which is found in all literature ; a freer use of capitals than now obtains, making Carlyle's page resemble a page of old-fashioned German, or of Addison's *Spectator ;* a strong tendency to join words by hyphens, and even to run them together without any connecting link, a practice which subtly modifies the meaning ; a fashion of

[1] *Sartor, Introduction*, § vi.

jingling words by means of rhyme or alliteration; a bewildering way of quoting from his own works without reference, and a trick of reducing proper nouns to the ranks, by making them plural for the sake of picturesque effect.

All these marks of his style, all these mannerisms are present in *Heroes*. The tone is even more consistently earnest than in *Sartor;* it is the tone of the preacher, who feels that he stands between the living and the dead. In consequence, the flow of humor is under restraint, for these two are contrary, the one to the other. There is nothing in *Heroes* like the "Miscellaneous-Historical," "Adamitism," or "Tailors" chapters of *Sartor*. Almost the furthest length our author goes in this direction is the mild reference to 'Conservative' and 'Reform' in the tale of King Olaf's encounter with Thor. Nothing could be further from his nature than to sow his discourse with jokes, after the ordinary lecturer's fashion, *ad captandum vulgus*.

Allusion is a schoolmaster's trick, and must be always more or less puzzling. In popular discourse the device must be used sparingly, and it must not be far-fet, or it will perplex and obscure, instead of aiding and enlightening the understanding. In *Heroes* the references, open or veiled, to things the speaker and the audience both have in common are, as compared with those in *Sartor*, few and scanty. They are generally references to what educated Londoners might be supposed to know, or to matters dealt with in the earlier lectures of the course. The allusions to the Bible are perhaps the most frequent.

What is true of allusion is true of metaphor. In this book, where the effort is made to be plain and popular, Carlyle's natural tendency to utter his thought in parable and picture is kept well in hand.

Again, if through the close-woven texture of *Sartor*, the written thing, the tones of a human voice sound clear in

mirth, in wail, in passion, in sadness, how much more in *Heroes*, the spoken thing. The abrupt roughness, the want of finish, the sudden turns of impassioned harangue are all given back here to the life. Pitch, emphasis, accent are all indicated; all the devices of the printer, capitals, italics, dashes, marks of exclamation, are lavished lest the reader should miss a shade of meaning. It requires no force of imagination to hear through all the lines, as one reads in his quiet study, the high, earnest Annandale voice barking once more, as it barked at the breathless Londoners, at Willis's and Portman Square. The words are winged words, instinct with life; they ring in our ears and haunt the fine chambers of the brain; they insist on the memory, and will not be put aside.

Carlyle achieves in *Heroes* a difficult feat, the artistic rendering of oral speech. For these are not really six essays, but six glorified versions of the six lectures, in something like the ideal form Carlyle would have liked to give them, had time and the art of public speaking been fully at his command. Now, all these things, restraint in the use of allusion and metaphor on the one hand, and the approach to the diffuse, direct, plain manner of oral speech on the other, make for popularity and help to explain why the book sells better, year after year, than most novels. In *Heroes* the strong wine of Carlyle's style is allayed and softened to the general taste, after the fashion of the temperate Greeks.

Nothing distinctive is given up; the minor peculiarities are all retained. The triadic structure is perhaps even more pronounced than in *Sartor*, as it is a favorite device of orator and preacher for securing emphasis and a satisfying rotundity of tone. The triads may be threefold groups of adjectives, as 'The *Pilgrim's Progress* is an Allegory, and a beautiful, just and serious one'; or of nouns, as 'mere quackery, priestcraft and dupery'; or of nouns and their

adjectives, as 'sheer falsehood, idle fables, allegory aforethought.' These are by far the most common. More rarely the triads consist of absolute phrases, as 'Battles with the Koreish and Heathen, quarrels among his own people, backslidings of his own wild heart'; or of present participles, as 'fighting, counselling, ordering.' Occasionally the verbs heap up according to this rule; for instance, 'The number *Twelve* . . . which could be halved, quartered, parted into three, into six,' where the last verb is not really needed. And again, three sentences may form a symmetrical group, as, 'what was done, what is doing, what will be done.' This triadic structure is modified by lengthening or varying one of the three members; and sometimes an entire passage may be affected by it. In the short portrait of Dante in black and white, there are five triads.

The picturesque capitals are here, though not sown with as free a hand as in *Sartor*. Only important words are so singled out. Allied to this is the trick of making proper nouns plural, to denote vividly things like them; for instance, 'delivering Calases,' 'its Councils of Trebisond, Councils of Trent, Athanasiuses, Dantes, Luthers,' 'our own Blakes and Nelsons,' 'the Shakspeares, the Goethes,' 'Shakspeares, Dantes, Goethes'; but such plurals are not frequent, these five being the only examples in the first lecture. Nor is the hyphenation of words, with the corresponding shift of accent, quite so frequent; but it occurs and has its uses. In such a phrase as 'that strange island Iceland, — burst-up, the geologists tell us, by fire,' the hyphen is necessary; 'burst-up' conveys a shade of Carlylean meaning, which 'burst up' would not convey. The rhymes and alliterations are not many; but there are plenty of quotations from himself.

One distinctive and peculiar mark of Carlyle's style, both here and elsewhere, is his free use of the subjunctive, especially of 'were' and 'had' without the sign of the

subjunctive; for example, 'That great mystery of TIME, were there no other,' etc.; 'much would have been lost, had not Iceland been burst-up from the sea.' Sometimes they are combined with more usual forms; as, 'Were there no books, any great man would grow *mythic*'; 'Had this lasted, Lope would have grown,' etc. He even writes 'let him live where else he like, in what pomps and prosperities he like.'

"The style requires to be low-pitched, as like talk as possible." By keeping this in mind, by refraining from too great elaboration of his first sketch, Carlyle succeeded in making his style more popular, more readable; but he went too far. In some respects the style of *Heroes* is pitched too low, and is too much like talk.

Carlyle's work has stood the test of time; the years have not impaired its solidity. The battle of Leuthen from *Frederick* is the best text-book the German military schools can put into the hands of young officers; the pettiness and the futility of the younger historians' attacks upon the *French Revolution* is one of Mr. Saintsbury's constant joys;[1] and even the boldest iconoclast has not raised his hammer against the *Cromwell*. In spite of its name, the texture of *Sartor* is closely woven and firm; but it is not so with *Heroes*. Compared with the masterpieces, it is almost flimsy. It is an ungrateful task to discover the skirts of the master; but a critical edition is like Iago, nothing if not critical. Wherever errors in matter of fact have been discernible, they have been brought to book in note or various reading, and, as far as possible, corrected. The curious may find them in the proper places; they are not few; but they shall not be mustered and paraded together by the present editor. Comparison with the earlier texts shows that Carlyle, like any other man working at speed, would blunder now and then. He was capable of misquoting, of

[1] See *Corrected Impressions*.

mistaking one word for another, of confusing Plato with Aristotle, and 'euphuism' with 'euphemism.' He was not in advance of his age, in his knowledge of Norse, for instance; he is fond of convenient etymologies, and supports and opposes the fancies of Grimm in no scientific fashion. Sometimes he fails in matter of fact. Most of these mistakes he corrected himself; but some he overlooked, like his misdirection of the Hegira. Besides, in repeating himself in his lectures from year to year, his memory played him a familiar but scurvy trick. Every one who gives a course of lectures knows how familiar material, by dint of frequent handling, loses its freshness, how the sharp angles and clear lines are worn down and worn out, until the fact which looks the same, and seems to be the same as of yore, has become by imperceptible degrees not the same. Carlyle worked fast, trusted to his memory, and did not take pains to verify every reference.

The errors in matters of fact are not really important. They do not detract from the value of the book as a whole, or modify in any way its teaching. But there is another class of error which cannot be passed over so easily. Carlyle was anything but a worshipper of use and wont; and it is therefore not surprising that in *Heroes* he takes liberties with the code of usage we call English grammar. In an edition of this kind, intended chiefly for readers in their pupilage, when the authority of print is rarely questioned, it becomes a plain duty to note such deviations from rule.

Intentionally pitching the style low, and trying to make it "as like talk as possible," Carlyle becomes colloquial. His *Letters* show that he was fond of the common illegitimate use of 'get'; and it frequently blemishes the text. Such examples as 'when one soul has . . . *got* its sin and misery left behind,' 'Luther could not *get* lived in honesty for it,' 'it will never rest till it *get* to work free,' can hardly

be justified. He is fond of such expressions as 'this of,' 'that of,' 'the like' and 'suchlike'; for example, 'It has always seemed to me extremely curious this of Voltaire.' Although in general his force of phrase rivals Shakspere's, he is not always happy or exact in the use of single words; for instance, 'it is *competent* to all men,' 'so *circumstanced*,' 'there is no *vocation* in them for singing it,' 'by which man *works* all things whatsoever.' From haste or carelessness, he is guilty at times of downright awkwardness, a disagreeable huddle of words, which he would not wait to set in fair order. Such collocations as 'what the kind of thing he will do is,' 'the sure precursor of their being about to die,' 'till they had learned to make it too do for them,' 'It lies there clear, for whosoever will take his *spectacles* off his eyes and honestly, look to know' must be surrendered to the literary executioner without a protest. How Carlyle would justify or defend them, I do not know. Even Johnson's defence of the way he defined 'fetlock' is barred him.

Again, in hurried, eager speech, imperfections in the structure of the sentences may not only be forgiven, they may even be welcomed, as tokens of sincerity. The speaker is so intent upon his meaning that he will not stop to pick and choose his words, and build his sentences by rule. But when he sets forth his burning words in ordered and deliberate prose, he must submit to the laws that govern that method of expression. But these laws Carlyle, in *Heroes*, cannot, or, more probably, will not obey. The gerund-grinder finds, on laying the ordinary measuring rod of grammar to Carlyle's sentences, that many are, properly speaking, not sentences at all, but the unorganized material for sentences. There is inner coherence; the meaning is clear; but too often they are bundles of phrases from which sentences are made. For example, the third sentence of the first lecture, though conveying a plain enough meaning, conforms to no grammatical

definition: "A large topic; indeed, an illimitable one; wide as Universal History." Such fragmentary, abrupt, irregular, exclamatory sentences abound. Perhaps the climax in abruptness is the last sentence in Lecture V, on Burns. Of the nine sentences which make up the portrait of Dante's face and soul, four contain no verb, assert nothing. The picture will not out of the memory, and yet a fundamental law of usage is violated. The gerund-grinder feels his conventional world of grammar crumbling around him.

It almost looks as if Macaulay were right about the London prentice. Jealous for the fame of the master, but still faithful to the craft whereby he has his living, the poor gerund-grinder falters where he firmly trod. He can only conclude that the laws of grammar are no more binding on genius than the laws of morality; and that Carlyle's injuries to Priscian's head are to be condoned, like the great Goethe's *amours passagères*. Another form of apology suggests itself. Our author defended Mahomet, on good Goethean grounds, namely, that restriction in one direction excuses greater indulgence on all other sides; and the argument fits the matter in hand. Carlyle restricted himself on many sides; but he took his license in the fields of, — grammar.

But all such blemishes are no more than spots upon the sun, hardly seen by the unassisted eye, and in no way hindering the radiation of light and life.

V

In *Heroes* the series of lectures, as well as in each separate discourse, the plan is simplicity itself. Ruskin's lectures, on the other hand, are elaborate. His subject is gradually unfolded, touch upon touch, surprise after surprise. Sometimes the main theme is apparently abandoned midway, and the speaker turns passionately to something more

important, as in *Kings' Treasuries*. Generally, he begins low in tone and rises in emotion from height to height to the final supreme lyrical appeal, as in *Queens' Gardens*. There is little or nothing of this "wanton heed" in Carlyle.

His heroes are of six kinds, simply and solely because he was booked to give two lectures a week for three weeks, half a dozen being a sort of sacred number in this respect. If he had been required to give seven lectures he might have included Heyne and Copernicus under the head of the Hero as Man of Science; or if eight, he might have dared, in his ignorance of art, to discourse on Michael Angelo as the Hero-Artist. His classification is not supposed to be complete; and it is nothing to say that he has left niches in his Pantheon unfilled, when he was strictly limited by such a commonplace fact as the length of the lecture course, as established by convention. In the order of the lectures we are conscious of a descending scale; the hero is first a divinity, then a prophet, then a *vates*, poet-prophet, then a reforming priest, then the man of letters, who is both priest and poet, if necessary, and finally, in the words of Byron,

The Hero sunk into a King.

Such a plan may be called artificial, but it is as plain as a diagram.

The same is true of each lecture. In the interests of the wayfaring man, apparently, Carlyle made a summary for this book; but it is not really needed. There is nothing Emersonian about the plan of each division. In the phrase of the pulpit, each discourse falls naturally under three heads. First comes a general introduction; the subject is put forward nakedly, without any artifice, or else the lecture is linked to the previous one by a brief recapitulation. In cases where the facts were not generally known, the proper preface is a luminous account of the hero's environment, the

country and the people from which he sprang. Such a review would be especially necessary in approaching Odin and Mahomet. Next in order is a brief account of the hero's life and labors. If the biographical facts are generally known, as in the case of Shakspere and Napoleon, or discreditable, as in the case of Rousseau, they are passed over lightly. Then in the third place, a characterization of the hero's activity, or a summing up of his achievement, or an explanation of his significance, or, in the case of Cromwell and Mahomet, a warm-hearted defence of men misunderstood, rounds out and ends the lecture.

Two recent editors of *Heroes*, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. H. D. Traill, feel compelled to adopt an apologetic or patronizing air towards the book, for which the *manes* of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh must feel grateful. Mr. Gosse finds a contrast between the "squalid egotism" of Carlyle's character and the heroic doctrine he preached, though this opinion is not maintained until the end of his preface. It is time to enter a protest against this facile disparagement of a great man. His books may be bad or good; his doctrines may be true or false; but the man, Thomas Carlyle, deserves the respect of his kind. The main authority for his life is Froude. Not only is his general view of Carlyle's character perverse and distorted, as of a "concave-convex mirror," but he cannot be depended on to tell the truth about the simplest fact; he cannot even copy a letter.[1] He has, however, the public ear and by means of a readable style has succeeded in blackening every blot in his friend's character. But in spite of all he has done, when all is known and after the

[1] See David Wilson, *Mr. Froude and Carlyle* (Lond., 1898), for a complete demolition of Froude, though the book cannot be commended without reserve for tone and temper. It would be most desirable if Professor Norton would write *the* life of Carlyle, or at least publish his personal reminiscences of him.

worst has been said, the real Carlyle is emerging, growing clearer and greater in sight of all who have eyes and will use them. As to Mr. Gosse's charge of want of heroism, of his life being a sad contrast to the high and passionate thought of *Heroes*, Carlyle's own words are his loudest accusers. Over against the wild and whirling words, set one action which puts them all to silence. Let a man who lives by his pen, and who puts his heart and his life-blood into his work lose the best manuscript he ever wrote, the unborn book that is to bring him fame and gold, as Carlyle lost the first volume of *The French Revolution*, and let him bear the loss as Carlyle did. He will then have earned the right to cast the first stone at him for want of fortitude, but not before. The judgment of the gentle natures, of men like Leigh Hunt,[1] of women like Mrs. Browning, who knew him closely at different periods of his life, is unanimous, and is at least to be set over against second-hand opinions, mere echoes from the most misleading of biographies.

Mr. Traill is also disparaging and warns off intending readers. His short introduction shows uncertainty of touch, as well as downright error; but it brings up objections to *Heroes* which at least deserve consideration. He goes so far as to admit that there are, "of course, some fine and striking things in the volume"; but he finds that the main idea has now become a commonplace. There is, besides, "endless repetition"; the subdivisions of subject are "obviously

[1] "Thomas Carlyle, one of the kindest and best, as well as most eloquent of men . . . I believe that what Mr. Carlyle loves better than his faultfinding, with all its eloquence, is the face of any human creature that looks suffering and loving and sincere." LEIGH HUNT, *Autobiography*, III, 227–231. Lond., 1850.

"All his bitterness is love with the point reversed." "You come to understand perfectly when you know him, that his bitterness is only melancholy, and his scorn sensibility." *Letters of Mrs. Browning*, II, 25, 27. Lond., 1897.

artificial"; and "a sixfold classification of the various forms of the heroic . . . has only been accomplished by dint of varying the definition of the word." There is undoubtedly something in these charges, especially the last two counts in the indictment. Carlyle himself foresaw such an objection; he felt that the "shapes" his heroes "assume" are "immeasurably diverse"; and he ascribed the immeasurable diversity to the world's reception of them. Whether he proved his point, may be questioned. It is first necessary to examine the main idea of the book.

The theory of *Heroes* is as simple as the plan; the main idea is in Hume. In his discussion of polytheism, the great sceptic says: "The same principles naturally deify mortals, superior in power, courage, or understanding, and produce hero-worship." After dealing for three years as a public teacher with some of the most important "mortals superior in power, courage, or understanding," Carlyle, in meditating his fourth course, thinks that he has attained to some general truth regarding them, that he has discovered a new category, within which the most diverse personalities may be ranged. This generalization was reached, not by a process of reasoning, experiment, deduction, but by, apparently, a flash of insight, which, though it came suddenly, had been long in preparation. The seed-thought had been lying in his mind, unregarded for years. In his essay, *Goethe's Works* (1832), he quotes several long extracts from the work of a "continental humorist" called Teufelsdröckh, in whose book, *Die Kleider, Ihr Werden und Wirken*, is to be found a chapter, "On the Greatness of Great Men." None of the passages quoted are to be found, in the form there taken, in the completed *Sartor*, but they may well be parts of the rejected *Fraser* article, which was afterwards expanded into that famous book. But whether the extracts are what they pretend to be, or are made for the occasion, they contain *Heroes* in embryo.[1]

[1] *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 160.

"And now," continues the Professor, . . . "is there not still in the world's demeanour towards Great Men, enough to make the old practice of *Hero-worship* intelligible, nay significant? Simpleton! I tell thee Hero-worship still continues; it is the only creed which never and nowhere grows or can grow obsolete." He repeats the idea in his essay on *Boswell*,[1] published in the same year. The devotion of Boswell to Johnson is "A cheering proof . . . that Loyalty, Discipleship, all that was ever meant by *Hero-Worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom." Hero-worship is undoubtedly an offshoot of Teufelsdröckhian philosophy. The chapter *Organic Filaments* in *Sartor* sets forth clearly the main tenets of the cult. The primary thought is that the great man, of necessity, calls forth the homage of his fellows, and is made a hero, or demi-god, by them. The extended application of the word comes later.

In 1840, "hero" meant, most probably, to nine Englishmen out of ten, a general officer who had served in the Peninsula, or taken part in the last great fight with Napoleon, and who dined year by year with "the Duke," at Apsley House, on the anniversary of Waterloo. To most people "hero" means simply "soldier" and implies a human soul greatly daring, or greatly enduring. At the very least, the idea of moral excellence is attached to it; and for good reason. To apply the term to a wretched impostor, the founder of a false religion, to two great poets, one an Englishman, the other an Italian, to a German monk, to a Scottish preacher who was rude to his queen, to an English Puritan rebel who killed his king, to the pompous maker of a dictionary, to a miserable immoral Frenchman, to the Corsican fiend who nearly destroyed England, must have seemed at first blush to Carlyle's public, monstrous or unintelligible. In Maurice, as we have seen, he had at least one hearer he could not

[1] *Essays, Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 82.

convince. And Mr. Traill, in thinking that the term "hero" can apply to Carlyle's six classes only by constantly varying its meaning, is not alone.

The critic who cavils at Carlyle's choice might well go further. If the sphere of heroism is widened to include the world of letters, for example, is not the "great and gallant Scott" a truer hero in that kind than Goethe, or Johnson, or Burns, or Rousseau? Does he not meet the requirements of Greek tragedy, — the just man, for some flaw in character, struck down by Fate in his prosperity, and moving all who behold the spectacle to terror and pity? If Carlyle wanted a hero, surely "the old struggler," who was so true to the fighting Border blood he came of, and died like one of his own spearmen at Flodden, for honor, in the lost battle he would never own was lost, is a nobler figure than the comfortable *Hofrath*, the weak-willed gauger, the "dusty, irascible pedagogue," or the half-mad mate of the cretinous Levasseur. If "hero" implies ethical dignity and lofty bearing in time of deadliest trial, Scott deserves the title. And Carlyle has slight excuse for passing him by. He had been a witness of his great career, he had followed out the loving and masterly record of his life; he had even the privilege that Tennyson longed for, he had seen the white-faced, shaggy figure limping down Princess Street. But the mountain stood too close to his own door; he lived too near it to see its true proportions.

Dismissing, however, for the moment the notion that the little critics must necessarily be right, let us consider the startling alternative. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that Carlyle may not be wrong. There is at least a bare possibility that his conception of heroism may, after all, be greater than ours; and that there may be a definition, other than the popular one, which will apply, that will embrace personalities "so immeasurably diverse."

Carlyle did not really live at Cheyne Row ; his home was in Teufelsdröckh's attic in the *Wahngasse*, or higher still, on Pisgah. He lived upon the heights of life, and saw, from his eyrie, the vision of the world pass before him. It was an unsubstantial pageant, frail as the cloud-wreath ; but it was also the manifestation of God, and the seer's mind was filled with unceasing wonder at the terror and splendor of it. He saw more of it than we purblind dwellers in the valley, and he saw more clearly ; he had what we call insight. He has tried to tell us what he discerned to be the fact. Among the undistinguished ant-like masses are "representative men," "men of light and leading," "mortals superior in power, courage, or understanding." The history of mankind is the biography of these, its great men. Their moral character may be imperfect, their courage may not be the main thing ; but they are "superior," and their fellows do follow them, admire and obey them to the point of worship. Carlyle simply states the fact. Is such a use of the term altogether wrong ? Take the most unlikely "hero" of all, poor demented Rousseau. All that ordinary eyes perceive is the moral squalor of his life ; but Carlyle sees further, and discerns the horrible anti-climax of such a life. The creature starves in a garret ; but his thought goes out from him and touches man after man and converts him ; he has fire enough in his brain to set France ablaze. The governors of the world could do nothing for him ; but he could not be hindered from sending a great many of them to the guillotine. By virtue of his "understanding," he, the one "superior" mortal, wrought on his fellow-mortals to do this thing. In their hero-worship, they offered human sacrifices.

For a clear definition, we have, as usual, to go to France. As early as 1850, Emile Montégut framed one which is worth consideration. "Heroes," he says, "are those men who draw up into themselves and concentrate the qualities and

thoughts of masses of men, who sum up an epoch or create it, and so render themselves immortal by making themselves the masters of their time." Carlyle's heroes are all "masters of their time."[1] It is hard to see to which of them this definition does not apply, and why "hero," in this sense, may not be regarded as a lawful extension of the idea, as it presented itself first to Carlyle's mind in the phrase of Hume. It is not so far removed from the popular idea of the hero, the soldier soul, greatly daring or enduring greatly. Courage is an outstanding trait in almost all. Even Rousseau must have needed resolution, before he

> . . . dash'd his angry heart
> Against the desolations of the world.

Nor is the idea of moral excellence omitted; Carlyle's comprehensive term for it is sincerity.

This, then, is the central thought of the book. The corollaries are perhaps more open to question. Not only were these "diverse-looking" characters all heroic, but they were all of the same essential stuff; and that essence is sincerity. "Sincerity," in the Carlylean sense, implies superior insight. These "heroes" did really see into the heart of things, and they acted "sincerely" on the conviction thereby produced. By this, they moved and moulded whole masses of the race, and left their mark upon their time. Sincerity is his great theme. There was sincerity in paganism, sincerity in Mohammedanism, in the doctrine of Rousseau, in Napoleon's early support of the principles of the Revolution. That the "hero" might have taken any shape, that the warrior might have been a poet, and the poet

[1] "Les individus qui concentrent et absorbent en eux les qualités et les pensées des masses, qui résument toute une époque ou qui la créent, et qui se font ainsi immortels en se faisant les maîtres du temps." *Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 722, 1850.

a statesman, is a harder saying. Carlyle says he *might;* and there is much virtue in the word; it certainly leaves ample room and verge enough for possibility. The versatile men of the Renaissance might be brought forward in support of this position. If any one wishes to insist that the hero must have been what he was and nothing else, it is a pretty quarrel, but it cannot be settled by a sentence or two in a preface. Another cardinal doctrine is that "hero-worship," this reverence for "mortals superior in power, courage, or understanding" exists always and everywhere. In proof, he chooses his "heroes" from widely different ages, races, and religions. In the sixty years that have elapsed since the lectures were given, such men as Kossuth, Garibaldi, Gladstone, Lincoln, Bismarck are further proofs that the history of races is to be read in the biographies of their great men.

Another basal idea was not new. It had been uttered by him in many shapes before, and was, perhaps, the deepest of his convictions. This was the unreality of the things seen. He felt not only that the things that were seen were temporal, but that they were spectral, the mere shadow of a vast hidden Unnamable Reality, to which old-fashioned people had no hesitation in giving a name. This is not with him a literary pose, an effective philosophy for the purposes of book-making: it is his constant thought, alone with hill and sky, among the crowd, in his pensive citadel. The thought runs through all his correspondence, giving it distinction and melancholy grace, and finds its most eloquent expression in the famous chapter on *Natural Supernaturalism* in *Sartor*. It is, as he points out, a very old thought. It haunted him all his life. Closely allied to it is his conception of the cosmos, not as a vast whirligig, a well-contrived, immeasurable orrery, but as a vital, changing, growing unity; not a machine, but a tree. A third

important idea is that "Nature is a just umpire." This is not very unlike the more familiar formula, "survival of the fittest," which in turn is not unlike the old phrase about "the finger of God in history." The Carlylean statement that every system that was ever firmly held had an element of truth in it is more widely recognized since the theory of evolution has been applied to the history of religion.

In one respect, the true Carlylean doctrine of hero-worship has been much misunderstood. Mr. Traill speaks of Carlyle's "exhortation to hero-worship." And the general impression is that Carlyle wishes us to worship his heroes by imitation, and it is pointed out that this is impossible or undesirable. Carlyle preaches no such absurdity. He insists on the necessity of sincerity, and, for once an optimist, holds out the alluring prospect that all have the power to be sincere, and so forming a believing nation, a nation of heroes. But the notion that the mass of mankind must worship these heroes, by imitating them, by doing their deeds, is diametrically opposed to Carlyle's main thesis, that the history of the race is the history of its great men.

VI

It is curious to notice how early the first aim and purpose of *Heroes* dropped out of sight. From the outset people accepted hero-worship "with open mouth and flashing eyes," says Mr. Gosse, as a new gospel. Maurice, to his disgust, found men "ranting and canting after Carlyle in all directions." In other words, there was at once wide recognition of the ethical appeal in the book, but the first intention was not really ethical. Carlyle's aim, as set forth in his own words, was "to afford some glimpses into the very marrow of the world's history." It is true that he speaks of "the divine relation . . . which at all times unites a Great Man to

other men," and of the profit to be got by the company of the great, giving the idea the prestige of words borrowed from the story of the Transfiguration. But he wants, first and foremost, to interpret history and to force upon a theory a sixfold application.

The value of history as the first requisite of culture is too well known to be insisted on. Mr. Mallock's pleasant argument in *The New Republic* leaves little to be added. History gives us background, perspective, prevents us from being merely temporal people, living only in the present, and so helps to form the broader, more open mind, which marks the man of true cultivation. There is, then, a great and manifest advantage in going to a teacher who professes to give us, not the flesh and outward coverings, much less the dry bones, of history, but the "very marrow" of it. If he is able to fulfill his large promises, he will not only shorten the time of learning most difficult lessons, especially if we come to him early in our intellectual rise and progress, but he will make us "lords of truth," by which we shall live and grow. Few things can be better worth knowing than the inner meaning of what the race has done upon this planet.

As Carlyle reads history he finds that the "marrow" of it is the heroism of the "mortals superior in power, courage, or understanding." This he advances, not with hesitation as a working hypothesis, but confidently as a final generalization. Even if it be granted that it is only a working hypothesis, the history of every department of human knowledge is largely an account of excellent hypotheses, which served their day and helped to advance the science one stage further. That this is an exploded theory, however, the critics do not contend. Mr. Frederic Harrison thinks[1] that *Heroes* is "apt to seem obvious, *connu*, the emphatic

[1] *Studies in Early Victorian Literature*, 54 f. Lond., 1895.

assertion of a truism, that no one disputes." He further asserts that "nearly all the judgments" Carlyle passes in this book "are not only sound, but now almost universally accepted."

To call *Heroes* an introduction to the study of history would be an injustice. The name suggests the dry, cautious handbooks of the specialists, intended for the use of students; but an introduction to the study of history it is none the less. It is meant for all classes whose reading extends beyond the newspaper and the novel. For all but the severe student its value must long be undiminished. Errors it contains of the lesser kind in matters of fact; but they spring from haste and over-familiarity with the subject, never from ignorance or shallow study. Carlyle never takes your breath away, as Emerson does when he makes Chaucer borrow from Caxton.[1] The results in *Heroes* were gathered slowly through long years of study; and the student brought to his work the patience of the scholar and the strange endowment we call genius.

Even Mr. Traill, the least enthusiastic of recent editors, confesses that there are "fine and striking things" in *Heroes*, a statement which is quite safe. Among the purple passages must be reckoned the sketch of Arabia and the Arabs, the portraits of Dante and Luther, the paragraphs containing the essence of the *Koran*, the *Commedia*, and the *Tischreden*, the story of Francesca da Rimini, the defence of Luther, beginning, "I, for one, pardon," the defence of Knox, beginning, "It seems to me hard measure," the praise of the new power of literature, the view of Shakspere's kingship over the Anglian world, the perorations on Mahomet and Cromwell, and almost the whole account of Burns. To

[1] "But Chaucer is a great borrower. Chaucer, it seems, drew continually through Lydgate and Caxton, from Guido di Colonna." *Representative Men, Shakspeare*, I, 356. Lond., 1876.

appreciate the power and freshness of such a book, we must put ourselves in the place of Carlyle's audience and his first readers. To them every one of Carlyle's heroes was presented in a new and startling light. There was, first, the outstanding feat of completely reversing the general estimate of Mahomet and Cromwell. The consecrated verdict of centuries was shown to be utterly false; and the tide of public opinion was turned back and set flowing in the contrary direction to that which it had followed so long. Only a Hercules could perform two such labors. In his essay on Burns, in 1828, he had really set the outside world right about Scotland's darling poet, and here he follows up his work by giving the essay in brief. Both he and Macaulay wrote articles on Croker's *Boswell*, and, without question, Carlyle's treatment of the great doctor and his biographer is the wiser and kindlier of the two. In *Heroes* he repeats himself with marked effect. The world has gone with Carlyle, not with Macaulay. At this time Knox was unknown or misunderstood; Carlyle gives him at least his due. In 1840 neither the glory of Norse literature nor the power of Dante was rightly valued; but Carlyle is their first great interpreter. To have done these separate feats would have made the fortune of half a dozen books of half a dozen authors; Carlyle combines them all within the covers of one small duodecimo. Nor does the book lack the good word of specialists. Vigfusson notes with warm approval Carlyle's insight in reading aright the tale of Olaf's meeting with Thor, whereas the pedants had been content to point out that the incident was spurious. Again, Syed Ameer Ali[1] ranks Carlyle with Sedillot, Œlsner, Deutsch, and Barthélemy St. Hilaire, as those to whom the world owes right ideas regarding Islam.

[1] See *A Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed*, v, viii. Lond., 1873.

Perhaps the twentieth century may remember Carlyle only as the inimitable portrait-painter[1] of his age. Emerson praised his "portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes," and his power in this art is beyond dispute. When he sets himself to work deliberately, as in the full-length portraits, body, soul, and spirit, of Wordsworth or Southey, in the *Reminiscences*, the result is hardly more admirable than when he dashes off his careless sketches in a familiar letter, as when he limns to the life Dickens and Lord and Lady Holland in a page.[2] He is a master of the adjective and can render a face, figure, and character in half a line.[3] Who can forget the refractory juryman, "a thick-set, flat-headed *sack*" — who "erected himself in his chair," and owned "a head all cheeks, jaw, and no brow; of shape somewhat like a great ball of putty dropped from a height"? *Heroes* may be regarded as a portrait gallery; but the sitters were not merely men; they were also great movements of the race. The roll of names is long and august; Odin, or better still, in Carlyle's own phrase, the type-Norseman, and one aspect of primitive religion, for fear played as great a part as wonder in the making of it; Mahomet and the rise of Islam; Dante, "the voice of ten silent centuries," and mediæval Catholicism; the Reformation, with Luther and Knox as its priests and Cromwell as its soldier; Johnson and Burns, as representing the new literature of power, which is doing the work of church, and university, and parliament; and finally the French Revolution, with Rousseau for its evangelist and Napoleon for its champion. To go to *Heroes*

[1] Cp. "For many reasons I prefer his biographies. I do not think that he can do any more effectual work in the field of philosophy or morals: but I enjoy an occasional addition to the fine gallery of portraits he has given us." H. MARTINEAU, *Autobiography*, I, 291. Boston, 1878.

[2] See *C.L.L.* I, 189.

[3] See also the characterization of Hallam, *ante*, xviii, foot; and "Rogers (an elegant, politely malignant old lady)." *C.L.L.* II, 238.

for minute, solid, moderate statements, as one would go to Gardiner or von Ranke, is a mistake; but for suggestion, and stimulus to seek further into the spiritual history of the race, there is simply no one book like it. The whole theory of hero-worship may be thrown overboard without really injuring the book. Where else between two covers, within such narrow compass, can be found so many starting points for thought on the story of mankind? *Representative Men* is like it, and a book of value in its way, but plainly derived from *Heroes*. Rich as it is in thought, it does not kindle, it does not convince, notably in the case of Swedenborg. The tone is contemplative; the writer does not seem to care whether you take his teaching or leave it. *Heroes* is charged with emotion which carries the reader along with it; it has the accent of one who is in deadly earnest and believes every word he says.

This, the first intention of *Heroes*, readers and critics have, with one consent, allowed to take second place; and one and all pay its author the compliment of taking him not for a teacher of history but a teacher of righteousness. The question of some critics, "What are we to learn from all this?" need not remain long unanswered. Much every way. There are three ways of regarding the book. It is a new interpretation of history, or a vantage ground for fresh points of view, or a new gospel of and for the individual. At lowest, the argument of Matthew Arnold for Byron, that the mere spectacle of such splendid energy of heart and brain at work strengthens the beholder, applies more aptly to Carlyle. His view of history is distinctly religious; to him history is an "inarticulate Bible"; and it is natural and just to recognize in him the English moralist of the nineteenth century, as in Addison the moralist of the eighteenth. The ethical appeal of *Heroes* is felt throughout; but there is

surprisingly little of direct "exhortation to hero-worship" in it. The exhortation is unspoken, implicit.

Some adverse opinions demand attention at this point. One of the latest appreciations of Carlyle is by Mr. Frederic Harrison.[1] He considers *The French Revolution* to be his masterpiece and puts *Heroes* next, an opinion in which he probably stands alone. After commending *Heroes* for good work done, especially on its first appearance, he offers two objections. First, the "whole idea" of *Heroes* is "perverted" because it finds room for no Catholic chief or priest. Mr. Harrison mentions Dante, but seems to forget that he is, in the world of literature, the grand spokesman of the Old Faith, and that to appreciate him aright is to appreciate aright the religion for which he stands. Our critic forgets also that when *Heroes* appeared the Oxford Movement and the "no Popery" cry were engaging the mind of England. Carlyle goes out of his way to speak of these in his lecture on the great schismatic, Luther, and he certainly does Catholicism justice. Every reference to it is marked by moderation. This is an imperfect world; and when an Ultramontane or a Comtist, for that matter, estimates Puritanism as fairly, it will be time to quarrel with Carlyle, the born Presbyterian, for his "unjust hatred of the Catholic religion."

In the next place, Mr. Harrison rebukes Carlyle for "incoherence" in calling Burns "the most gifted British soul" of the eighteenth century, and says further, "Perhaps the whole cycle of Sartorian extravaganza contains no saying so futile as the complaint that the British nation in the great war with France entrusted their destinies to a phantasmic Pitt, instead of to 'the thunder-god, Robert Burns.'" It is well in some cases to verify your references. Carlyle belongs to a nation noted for its caution. The statement

[1] *Studies in Early Victorian Literature*, 53–58. Lond., 1895.

of Burns's natural endowment he offers tentatively; and the second he did not make at all. A reference to the lecture will show that what Carlyle did say was that he could not rejoice at the spectacle of a Europe on the verge of a French Revolution, and finding no use for a Robert Burns except in gauging beer. The "incoherence" is not Carlyle's. Indeed, "incoherence" is hardly the term for such an error; but it is thus that criticism is written.[1]

Matthew Arnold "never much liked Carlyle." "He seemed to me to be carrying coals to Newcastle, as our proverb says; preaching earnestness to a nation which had plenty of it by nature."[2] In the lecture on Emerson, he disposes of Carlyle in the high Arnoldian fashion we know so well. There he defines the articles of the true Carlylean faith as four, — the dignity of labor, the necessity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams, — and uses them to upset Carlyle's thesis that happiness is not the main thing.[3] Against his first statement it is sufficient to set the opinion of Harriet Martineau, who certainly knew her world. "He has . . . infused into the mind of the English nation a sincerity, earnestness, healthfulness, and courage which can be appreciated only by those who are old enough to tell what was our morbid state when Byron was the representative of our temper, the Clapham Church of our religion, and the rotten-borough system of our political morality."[4] Compared with the second statement, Mr. Leslie Stephen's view is much more satisfactory. In his

[1] A similar error which tends to throw doubt on all that is good in the book is the egregious statement "that no one of Shakspere's plays was published with his name in his lifetime." *Choice of Books*, 60. Lond., 1886.

[2] *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, II, 191.

[3] *Discourses in America*, 199. Lond., 1896.

[4] *Autobiography*, I, 292. Boston, 1878.

opinion, Carlyle's essential teaching is, first, that morality or justice is the one indispensable thing; justice means the law of God; the sole test of any human law is conformity to the divine law; and, last, "all history is an inarticulate Bible, and in a dim, intricate way reveals the divine appearances in this lower world."[1] In other words, Carlyle discerns as ultimate truth a moral order in the universe; and nowhere does he preach this doctrine more directly and emphatically than in *Heroes*. It is this, rather than "exhortation to hero-worship," which explains the ethical appeal of the book.

The parents of Carlyle chose wisely in bringing him up for the ministry. Though he never wagged his pow in an orthodox pulpit, he was a preacher of righteousness all his days; and he succeeded better than most in the matter of practice. The very "repetition" Traill objects to is part of the preacher's art; Landor's heroine beat her words in upon her nurse's knee; and Arnold himself favors an iteration that sometimes deserves the epithet Falstaff fitted to Prince Hal's. Years before his power was generally recognized, Goethe saw this preaching gift in his obscure Scottish translator and correspondent, and spoke a prophecy or ere he went. "Carlyle is a moral force of great significance. He has a great future before him, and indeed one can see no end to all that he will do and effect by his influence."[2] Goethe died without seeing more than the dawn of that influence; but now, across the gap of seventy years, we can see how true a word that was.

To estimate rightly Carlyle's influence, it is necessary to revert once more to his first audience and the ideas of 1840. The England of that day had just passed through the bloodless revolution of the Reform Bill, which shifted the power

[1] *Hours in a Library, Carlyle's Ethics*, III, 285. Lond., 1892.
[2] *Eckermann and G. Corr.* (July 25, 1827), 54.

once for all from the aristocracy to the middle class. There was further revolution brewing in the spread of Chartism. Undue value was set on the new machinery of government by ballot-box; and undue importance was attached to the action of the masses. The prevailing social ideals were not earnest, Matthew Arnold notwithstanding. They were limited and conventional. It was the era of the dilettante and the dandy. *The Book of Snobs* was unwritten; but the snobs were all ready to be caught and caged and exhibited in the famous *snobbium gatherum*. The prevailing tone of English society as given by Jane Austen is the same as in *The Newcomes* and *Vanity Fair*. Harriet Martineau indicts in plain terms the London she knew, literary London, for flattery, flirtation, insincerity, selfishness, and supports each count with very strong evidence. Tennyson, who had not yet come to his own, was finding reasons for cursing "the social wants that sin against the strength of youth," as well as "the social lies." Dickens and Kingsley were gathering knowledge and experience to be used in their crusades. The London of the Fraserians, of D'Orsay and the Countess of Blessington, of Bulwer, of "Black Bottle" Cardigan, of Theodore Hook, of the various "Circumlocution Offices," the drinking, duelling, practical-joking London of the day, for which the aristocracy set the tone, was not unduly earnest. London society was then small; at a much later period, Lady Palmerston was able to write the invitations for her parties with her own hand. It was from this small upper class that Carlyle's audiences were drawn; and it is his triumph that with everything against him, nationality, accent, manner, and, most of all, his message, which ran directly counter to the tendencies of the time, he not only secured a hearing but engaged a host of enthusiastic followers. The two great voices of the time were Newman and Carlyle; the one insisting on the value of the oldest clothes, and the other, on getting rid of

them. Now Newman appeals chiefly to a church, to a literary remnant; but Carlyle still speaks to the mass of men.

Heroes made itself felt as an influence at once. Maurice's complaint shows how soon the leaven began to work. Nine years later an acute foreign observer notes how far it had spread through the whole lump. "This rehabilitation of the hero is to-day of all Carlyle's ideas the most widely spread, and the one which has made head most rapidly. At the present time it is to be met everywhere in England. You cannot open a book dealing with philosophy, or read an ordinary review article, without encountering it, at one time combated, at another celebrated with enthusiasm. This idea is the basis of Emerson's philosophy, and has inspired all his essays on confidence in oneself, and the power of the individual."[1] The last part of this assertion is, perhaps, too strong, but the idea of *Heroes* influenced Emerson without doubt. One biographer of Ruskin is inclined to set down his early resolution to *do* something, and to *be* something, to having read *Heroes*.[2] Professor Allen traces a similar influence in the case of Phillips Brooks. If Carlyle through *Heroes* had done no more than teach these three teachers of men and to touch through them the thousands who have felt the power of their written or spoken words, his service to the race would be quite incalculable. But these are not the only three mighty men; and the book still sells by thousands of copies every year. In spite of critics' sneers or faint praise, in spite of the anxious followers of literary fashions, the book still lives and works. Publishers do not distribute their wares out of pure love of humanity, nor do the thousands of annual purchasers put their copies of *Heroes* away unread.

[1] Emile Montégut, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Tom. ii, p. 314, 1849.

[2] W. G. Collingwood, *The Life and Work of John Ruskin*, I, 94. Lond., 1893.

"The field is the world." Hume cast a chance word carelessly into the great seed-field. In the fullness of time it found lodgment in the brain of a brother Scot, and bore fruit in a new thought about history, a new impulse to earnest life. The new thought was given by word of mouth to a handful of people in a London room. It was spread abroad the next year and the next in the form of a printed book. From England it crossed the sea to New England. It helped to shape the lives of at least three great men who had power to teach their fellows. And year by year, the readers spread abroad in ever-expanding circles. Such is the history of *Heroes*.

"It is a goustrous determined speaking out of the truth about several things," was the final judgment of Carlyle on the work of his hand. True words spoken with determination do not lose themselves in the air. Carlyle appeals to the young and to the young in heart. His trumpet call is what the unspoiled nature eagerly responds to ; for whoever else bids crouch, he bids aspire.

ON

HEROES, HERO-WORSHIP,

AND

THE HEROIC IN HISTORY

LECTURE I

THE HERO AS DIVINITY. ODIN. PAGANISM: SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY

[Tuesday, 5th May 1840.][1]

We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they have shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did; — on Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance; what I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs. Too evidently this is a large topic; deserving quite other treatment than we can expect to give it at present. A large topic; indeed, an illimitable one; wide as Universal History itself. For, as I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *Date set above title.*

to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realisation and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these. Too clearly it is a topic we shall do no justice to in this place!

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; — in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood for a while. These Six classes of Heroes, chosen out of widely-distant[1] countries and epochs, and in mere external figure differing altogether, ought, if we look faithfully at them, to illustrate several things for us. Could we see *them* well, we should get some glimpses into the very marrow of the world's history. How happy, could I but, in any measure, in such times as these, make manifest to you the meanings of Heroism; the divine relation (for I may well call it such) which in all times unites a Great Man to other men; and thus, as it were, not exhaust my subject, but so much as break ground on it! At all events, I must make the attempt.

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] widely distant

which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion;* or, it may be, his mere scepticism and *no-religion:* the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-World; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, What religion they had? Was it Heathenism, — plurality of gods, mere sensuous representation of this Mystery of Life, and for chief recognised element therein Physical Force? Was it Christianism; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of Force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty and inquiry whether there was an Unseen World, any Mystery of Life except a mad one; — doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial? Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their

thoughts: it was the unseen and spiritual[1] in them that determined the outward and actual; — their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them. In these Discourses, limited as we are, it will be good to direct our survey chiefly to that religious phasis of the matter. That once known well, all is known. We have chosen as the first Hero in our series, Odin the central figure of Scandinavian Paganism; an emblem to us of a most extensive province of things. Let us look for a little at the Hero as Divinity, the oldest primary form of Heroism.

Surely it seems a very strange-looking thing this Paganism; almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusion, falsehoods and absurdities, covering the whole field of Life[2]! A thing that fills us with astonishment, almost, if it were possible, with incredulity, — for truly it is not easy to understand that sane men could ever calmly, with their eyes open, believe and live by such a set of doctrines. That men should have worshipped their poor fellow-man as a God, and not him only, but stocks and stones, and all manner of animate and inanimate objects; and fashioned for themselves such a distracted chaos of hallucinations by way of Theory of the Universe: all this looks like an incredible fable. Nevertheless it is a clear fact that they did it. Such hideous inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs, men, made as we are, did actually hold by, and live at home in. This is strange. Yes, we may pause in sorrow and silence over the depths of darkness that are in man; if we rejoice in the heights of purer vision he has attained to. Such things were and are in man; in all men; in us too.

Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion: mere quackery, priestcraft, and dupery,

[1] H[1] H[2] unseen spiritual [2] H[1] H[2] life there.

say they; no sane man ever did believe it, — merely contrived to persuade other men, not worthy of the name of sane, to believe it! It will be often our duty to protest against this sort of hypothesis about men's doings and history; and I here, on the very threshold, protest against it in reference to Paganism, and to all other *isms* by which man has ever for a length of time striven to walk in this world. They have all had a truth in them, or men would not have taken them up. Quackery and dupery do abound; in religions, above all in the more advanced decaying stages of religions, they have fearfully abounded: but quackery was never the originating influence in such things; it was not the health and life of such things, but their disease, the sure precursor of their being about to die! Let us never forget this. It seems to me a most mournful hypothesis, that of quackery giving birth to any faith even in savage men. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things.[1] We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. I find Grand Lamaism itself to have a kind of truth in it. Read the candid, clear-sighted, rather sceptical Mr. Turner's[2] *Account of his Embassy* to[2] that country, and see. They have their belief, these poor Thibet people, that Providence sends down always an Incarnation of Himself into every generation. At bottom some belief in a kind of Pope! At bottom still better, belief that there is a *Greatest* Man; that *he* is discoverable; that, once discovered, we ought to treat him with an obedience which knows no bounds! This is the truth of Grand

[1] H[1] H[2] all.

[2] [2] H[1] Hamilton's *Travels* into

Lamaism; the 'discoverability' is the only error here. The Thibet priests have methods of their own of discovering what Man is Greatest, fit to be supreme over them. Bad methods: but are they so much worse than our methods —, of understanding him to be always the eldest-born of a certain genealogy? Alas, it is a difficult thing to find good methods for! —— We shall begin to have a chance of understanding Paganism, when we first admit that to its followers it was, at one time, earnestly true. Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men made altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed in it. Ask now, What Paganism could have been?

Another theory, somewhat more respectable, attributes such things to Allegory. It was a play of poetic minds, say these theorists; a shadowing-forth,[1] in allegorical fable, in personification and visual form, of what such poetic minds had known and felt of this Universe. Which agrees, add they, with a primary law of human nature, still everywhere observably at work, though in less important things, That what a man feels intensely, he struggles to speak-out[2] of him, to see represented before him in visual shape, and as if with a kind of life and historical reality in it. Now doubtless there is such a law, and it is one of the deepest in human nature; neither need we doubt that it did operate fundamentally in this business. The hypothesis which ascribes Paganism wholly or mostly to this agency, I call a little more respectable; but I cannot yet call it the true hypothesis. Think, would *we* believe, and take with us as our life-guidance, an allegory, a poetic sport? Not sport but earnest is what we should require. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die is not sport for a

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shadowing forth [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] speak out

man. Man's life never was a sport to him; it was a stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive[1]!

I find, therefore, that though these Allegory theorists[2] are on the way towards truth in this matter, they have not reached it either. Pagan Religion is indeed an Allegory, a Symbol of what men felt and knew about the Universe; and all Religions are symbols[3] of that, altering always as that alters: but it seems to me a radical perversion, and even *in*version, of the business, to put that forward as the origin and moving cause, when it was rather the result and termination. To get beautiful allegories, a perfect poetic symbol, was not the want of men; but to know what they were to believe about this Universe, what course they were to steer in it; what, in this mysterious Life of theirs, they had to hope and to fear, to do and to forbear doing. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is an Allegory, and a beautiful, just and serious one: but consider whether Bunyan's Allegory could have *preceded* the Faith it symbolises[4]! The Faith had to be already there, standing believed by everybody; — of which the Allegory could *then* become a shadow; and, with all its seriousness, we may say a *sportful* shadow, a mere play of the Fancy, in comparison with that awful Fact and scientific certainty which it poetically strives to emblem. The Allegory is the product of the certainty, not the producer of it; not in Bunyan's nor in any other case. For Paganism, therefore, we have still to inquire, Whence came that scientific certainty, the parent of such a bewildered heap of allegories, errors and confusions? How was it, what was it?

Surely it were a foolish attempt to pretend 'explaining,' in this place, or in any place, such a phenomenon as that far-distant distracted cloudy imbroglio of Paganism, — more

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *no paragraph.*
[2] H[1] H[2] Allegory-theorists
[3] H[1] Symbols
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] symbolizes

like a cloudfield than a distant continent of firm land[1] and facts! It is no longer a reality, yet it was one. We ought to understand that this seeming cloudfield was once a reality; that not poetic allegory, least of all that dupery and deception was the origin of it. Men, I say, never did believe idle songs, never risked their soul's life on allegories: men in all times, especially in early earnest times, have had an instinct for detecting quacks, for detesting quacks. Let us try if, leaving out both the quack theory[2] and the allegory one, and listening with affectionate attention to that far-off confused rumour of the Pagan ages, we cannot ascertain so much as this at least, That there was a kind of fact at the heart of them; that they too were not mendacious and distracted, but in their own poor way true and sane!

You remember that fancy of Plato's,[3] of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was[4] brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be,[5] his rapt astonishment at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be Godlike, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan Thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely this[6] child-man of Plato's.[7] Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the

[1] H[1] H[2] firm-land
[2] H[1] H[2] quack-theory
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] Aristotle's
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] were
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] says the Philosopher,
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] the
[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] Aristotle.

infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like, — and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled[1] under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing-in[2] on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is, *preter*natural. This green flowery rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas; — that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what *is* it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud 'electricity,' and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk: but *what* is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

That great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not*: this is forever

[1] H[1] H[2] unveiled [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] flashing in

very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb, — for we have no word to speak about it. This Universe, ah me[1] — what could the wild man know of it; what can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousandfold Complexity of Forces; a Force which is *not we*. That is all; it is not we, it is altogether different from *us*. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that. 'There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it: how else could it rot?' Nay surely, to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge illimitable whirlwind of Force, which envelops[2] us here; never-resting whirlwind, high as Immensity, old as Eternity. What is it? God's creation, the religious people answer; it is the Almighty God's! Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what-not,[3] as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled-up[4] in Leyden jars and sold over counters: but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing, — ah, an unspeakable, godlike thing; towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship if not in words, then in silence.

But now I remark farther: What in such a time as ours it requires a Prophet or Poet to teach us, namely, the stripping-off[5] of those poor undevout wrappages, nomenclatures and scientific hearsays, — this, the ancient earnest soul, as yet unencumbered with these things, did for itself. The world, which is now divine only to the gifted, was then divine to whosoever would turn his eye upon it. He stood bare before it face to face. 'All was Godlike or

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] me! —
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] envelopes
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] what not
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] bottled up
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] stripping off

God: '—Jean Paul still finds it so; the giant Jean Paul, who has power to escape out of hearsays: but there then[1] were no hearsays. Canopus shining-down[2] over the desert, with its blue diamond brightness (that wild blue spirit-like brightness, far brighter than we ever witness here), would pierce into the heart of the wild Ishmaelitish man, whom it was guiding through the solitary waste there. To his wild heart, with all feelings in it, with no *speech* for any feeling, it might seem a little eye, that Canopus, glancing-out[3] on him from the great deep Eternity; revealing the inner Splendour to him. Cannot we understand how these men *worshipped* Canopus; became what we call Sabeans, worshipping the stars? Such is to me the secret of all forms of Paganism. Worship is transcendent wonder; wonder for which there is now no limit or measure; that is worship. To these primeval men, all things and everything they saw exist beside them were an emblem of the Godlike, of some God.

And look what perennial fibre of truth was in that. To us also, through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes? We do not worship in that way now: but is it not reckoned still a merit, proof of what we call a 'poetic nature,' that we recognise how every object has a divine beauty in it; how every object still verily is 'a window through which we may look into Infinitude[4] itself'? He that can discern the loveliness of things, we call him Poet, Painter, Man of Genius, gifted, lovable.[5] These poor Sabeans did even what he does,—in their own fashion. That they did it, in what fashion soever, was a merit; better than what the entirely stupid man did, what the horse and camel did,—namely, nothing!

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] then there
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shining down
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] glancing down
[4] H[2] infinitude
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] loveable.

But now if all things whatsoever that we look upon are emblems to us of the Highest God, I add that more so than any of them is man such an emblem. You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews; "The true Shekinah is Man!" Yes, it is even so: this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I," — ah, what words have we for such things? — is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? 'There is but one Temple in the Universe,' says the devout Novalis, 'and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!' This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric; but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. *We* are the miracle of miracles, — the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.

Well; these truths were once more readily felt than now. The young generations of the world, who had in them the freshness of young children, and yet the depth of earnest men, who did not think that they had finished-off[1] all things in Heaven and Earth by merely giving them scientific names, but had to gaze direct at them there, with awe and wonder: they felt better what of divinity is in man and Nature; — they, without being mad, could *worship* Nature, and man more than anything else in Nature. Wor-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] finished off

ship, that is, as I said above, admire without limit: this, in the full use of their faculties, with all sincerity of heart, they could do. I consider Hero-worship to be the grand modifying element in that ancient system of thought. What I called the perplexed jungle of Paganism sprang, we may say, out of many roots: every admiration, adoration of a star or natural object, was a root or fibre of a root; but Hero-worship is the deepest root of all; the tap-root, from which in a great degree all the rest were nourished and grown.

And now if worship even of a star had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a Hero! Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stand upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions, — all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man, — is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One — whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

Or coming into lower, less *un*speakable provinces, is not all Loyalty akin to religious Faith also? Faith is loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero. And what therefore is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluence of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great? Society is founded on Hero-worship. All dignities of rank, on which human association rests, are what we may call a *Hero*archy (Government of Heroes), —

or a Hierarchy, for it is 'sacred' enough withal! The Duke means *Dux*, Leader; King is *Kön-ning*, *Kan-ning*, Man that *knows* or *cans*. Society everywhere is some representation, not *in*supportably inaccurate, of a graduated Worship of Heroes; — reverence and obedience done to men really great and wise. Not *in*supportably inaccurate, I say! They are all as bank-notes, these social dignitaries, all representing gold; — and several of them, alas, always are *forged* notes. We can do with some forged false notes; with a good many even; but not with all, or the most of them forged! No: there have to come revolutions then; cries of Democracy, Liberty and Equality, and I know not what: — the notes being all false, and no gold to be had for *them*, people take to crying in their despair that there is no gold, that there never was any! — 'Gold,' Hero-worship, *is* nevertheless, as it was always and everywhere, and cannot cease till man himself ceases.

I am well aware that in these days Hero-worship, the thing I call Hero-worship, professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while some time to inquire into, is an age that as it were denies the existence of great men; denies the desirableness of great men. Show[1] our critics a great man, a Luther for example, they begin to what they call 'account' for him; not to worship him, but take the dimensions of him, — and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the 'creature of the Time,' they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing — but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, *calling* its loudest,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Shew

had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called.[1]

For if we will think of it, no Time need have gone to ruin, could it have *found* a man great enough, a man wise and good enough: wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valour to lead it on the right road thither; these are the salvation of any Time. But I liken common languid Times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impotently crumbling-down[2] into ever worse distress towards final ruin; — all this I liken to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want him greatly; but as to calling him forth — ! — Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry: "See, is it not the sticks that made the fire?" No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch; — the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

Such small critics do what they can to promote unbelief and universal spiritual paralysis: but happily they cannot always completely succeed. In all times it is possible for

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *no paragraph.* [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] crumbling down

a man to arise great enough to feel that they and their doctrines are chimeras and cobwebs. And what is notable, in no time whatever can they entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether peculiar reverence for Great Men; genuine admiration, loyalty, adoration, however dim and perverted it may be. Hero-worship endures forever while man endures. Boswell venerates his Johnson, right truly even in the Eighteenth century. The unbelieving French believe in their Voltaire; and burst-out[1] round him into very curious Hero-worship, in that last act of his life when they 'stifle him under roses.' It has always seemed to me extremely curious this of Voltaire. Truly, if Christianity be the highest instance of Hero-worship, then we may find here in Voltaireism[2] one of the lowest! He whose life was that of a kind of Antichrist, does again on this side exhibit a curious contrast. No people ever were so little prone to admire at all as those French of Voltaire. *Persiflage* was the character of their whole mind; adoration had nowhere a place in it. Yet see! The old man of Ferney comes up to Paris; an old, tottering, infirm man of eighty-four years. They feel that he too is a kind of Hero; that he has spent his life in opposing error and injustice, delivering Calases, unmasking hypocrites in high places; — in short that *he* too, though in a strange way, has fought like a valiant man. They feel withal that, if *persiflage* be the great thing, there never was such a *persifleur*. He is the realised[3] ideal of every one of them; the thing they are all wanting to be; of all Frenchmen the most French. *He* is properly their god, — such god as they are fit for. Accordingly all persons, from the Queen Antoinette to the Douanier at the Porte St. Denis, do they not worship him? People of quality disguise themselves as

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] burst out [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Voltairism
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] realized

tavern-waiters. The Maître de Poste, with a broad oath, orders his Postillion,[1] "*Va bon train;* thou art driving M. de Voltaire." At Paris his carriage is 'the nucleus of a comet, whose train fills whole streets.' The ladies pluck a hair or two from his fur, to keep it as a sacred relic. There was nothing highest, beautifulest,[2] noblest in all France, that did not feel this man to be higher, beautifuler,[3] nobler.

Yes, from Norse Odin to English Samuel Johnson, from the divine Founder of Christianity to the withered Pontiff of Encyclopedism, in all times and places, the Hero has been worshipped. It will ever be so. We all love great men; love, venerate and bow down submissive before great men: nay can we honestly bow down to anything else? Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart. And to me it is very cheering to consider that no sceptical logic, or general triviality, insincerity and aridity of any Time and its influences can destroy this noble inborn loyalty and worship that is in man. In times of unbelief, which soon have to become times of revolution, much down-rushing, sorrowful decay and ruin is visible to everybody. For myself in these days, I seem to see in this indestructibility of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall. The confused wreck of things crumbling and even crashing and tumbling all round us in these revolutionary ages, will get down so far; *no* farther. It is an eternal corner-stone, from which they can begin to build themselves up again. That man, in some sense or other, worships Heroes; that we all of us reverence and must ever

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Postilion: [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] beautifullest
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] beautifuller

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reverence Great Men: this is, to me, the living rock amid all rushings-down[1] whatsoever; — the one fixed point in modern revolutionary history, otherwise as if bottomless and shoreless.

So much of truth, only under an ancient obsolete vesture, but the spirit of it still true, do I find in the Paganism of old nations. Nature is still divine, the revelation of the workings of God; the Hero is still worshipable: this, under poor cramped incipient forms, is what all Pagan religions have struggled, as they could, to set forth. I think Scandinavian Paganism, to us here, is more interesting than any other. It is, for one thing, the latest; it continued in these regions of Europe till the eleventh century: eight-hundred[2] years ago the Norwegians were still worshippers of Odin. It is interesting also as the creed of our fathers; the men whose blood still runs in our veins, whom doubtless we still resemble in so many ways. Strange: they did believe that, while we believe so differently. Let us look a little at this poor Norse creed, for many reasons. We have tolerable means to do it; for there is another point of interest in these Scandinavian mythologies: that they have been preserved so well.

In that strange island Iceland, — burst-up,[3] the geologists say, by fire from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed many months of every year in black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summer-time; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow jokuls,[4] roaring geysers, sulphur-pools[5] and horrid volcanic chasms, like the waste chaotic battle-field of Frost and Fire; — where of all places we

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] rushings down
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] eight hundred
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] burst up
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] snow-jokuls
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] sulphur pools

least looked for Literature or written memorials, the record of these things was written down. On the seaboard of this wild land is a rim of grassy country where cattle can subsist, and men by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men these, men who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost, had Iceland not been burst-up[1] from the sea, not been discovered by the Northmen! The old Norse Poets were many of them natives of Iceland.

Sæmund, one of the early Christian Priests there, who perhaps had a lingering fondness for Paganism, collected certain of their old Pagan songs, just about becoming obsolete then, — Poems or Chants[2] of a mythic, prophetic, mostly all of a religious character: that is what Norse critics call the *Elder* or Poetic *Edda*. *Edda*, a word of uncertain etymology, is thought to signify *Ancestress*. Snorro Sturleson, an Iceland gentleman, an extremely notable personage, educated by this Sæmund's grandson, took in hand next, near a century afterwards, to put together, among several other books he wrote, a kind of Prose Synopsis of the whole Mythology; elucidated by new fragments of traditionary verse. A work constructed really with great ingenuity, native talent, what one might call unconscious art; altogether a perspicuous clear work, pleasant reading still: this is the *Younger* or Prose *Edda*. By these and the numerous other *Sagas*, mostly Icelandic, with the commentaries, Icelandic or not, which go on zealously in the North to this day, it is possible to gain some direct insight even yet; and see that old Norse system of Belief, as it were, face to face. Let us forget that it is erroneous Religion; let us look at it as old Thought, and try if we cannot sympathise with it somewhat.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] burst up

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Chaunts

The primary characteristic of this old Northland Mythology I find to be Impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Earnest simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark hostile Powers of Nature they figure to themselves as '*Jötuns*,' Giants, huge shaggy beings of a demonic character. Frost, Fire, Sea-tempest; these are Jötuns. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in Asgard, the Garden of the Asen, or Divinities; Jötunheim, a distant dark chaotic land, is the home[1] of the Jötuns.

Curious all this; and not idle or inane, if we look at the foundation of it! The power of *Fire*, or *Flame*, for instance, which we designate by some trivial chemical name, thereby hiding from ourselves the essential character of wonder that dwells in it as in all things, is with these old Northmen, Loke, a most swift subtle *Demon*, of the brood of the Jötuns. The savages of the Ladrones Islands too (say some Spanish voyagers) thought Fire, which they never had seen before, was a devil or god, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and that lived upon dry wood. From us too[2] no Chemistry, if it had not Stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What *is* Flame? — *Frost* the old Norse Seer discerns to be a monstrous hoary[3] Jötun, the Giant *Thrym*, *Hrym;* or *Rime*, the old word now nearly obsolete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. *Rime* was not then as now a dead chemical thing, but a living Jötun or Devil; the monstrous Jötun *Rime* drove home his Horses at night, sat 'combing their

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Home [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] too, [3] H[1] H[2] H[3] Hoary

manes,' — which Horses were *Hail-Clouds*, or fleet *Frost-Winds*. His Cows — No, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's Cows are *Icebergs:* this Hymir 'looks at the rocks' with his devil-eye, and they *split* in the glance of it.

Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resinous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor, — God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of the black clouds is the drawing-down[1] of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of Heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he urges his loud chariot over the mountain-tops,— that is the peal; wrathful he 'blows in his red beard,' — that is the rustling stormblast before the thunder begin. Balder again, the White God, the beautiful, the just and benignant (whom the early Christian Missionaries found to resemble Christ), is the Sun, — beautifulest[2] of visible things; wondrous too, and divine still, after all our Astronomies and Almanacs! But perhaps the notablest god we hear tell-of[3] is one of whom Grimm the German Etymologist finds trace: the God *Wünsch*, or Wish. The God *Wish;* who could give us all that we *wished!* Is not this the sincerest and yet rudest voice of the spirit of man? The *rudest* ideal that man ever formed; which still shows[4] itself in the latest forms of our spiritual culture. Higher considerations have to teach us that the God *Wish* is not the true God.

Of the other Gods or Jötuns I will mention only for etymology's sake, that Sea-tempest is the Jötun *Aegir*, a very dangerous Jötun; — and now to this day, on our river Trent, as I learn, the Nottingham bargemen, when the River is in a certain flooded state (a kind of backwater, or eddying swirl it has, very dangerous to them), call it *Eager;*

[1] H¹ H² H³ drawing down
[2] H¹ H² H³ beautifullest
[3] H¹ H² H³ tell of
[4] H¹ H² H³ shews

they cry out, "Have a care, there is the *Eager* coming!" Curious; that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world! The *oldest* Nottingham bargemen had believed in the God Aegir. Indeed our English blood too in good part is Danish, Norse; or rather, at bottom, Danish and Norse and Saxon have no distinction, except a superficial one, — as of Heathen and Christian, or the like. But all over our Island we are mingled largely with Danes proper, — from the incessant invasions there were: and this, of course, in a greater proportion along the east coast; and greatest of all, as I find, in the North Country. From the Humber upwards, all over Scotland, the Speech of the common people is still in a singular degree Icelandic; its Germanism has still a peculiar Norse tinge. They too are 'Normans,' Northmen, — if that be any great beauty! —

Of the chief god, Odin, we shall speak by and by. Mark at present so much; what the essence of Scandinavian and indeed of all Paganism is: a recognition of the forces of Nature as godlike, stupendous, personal Agencies, — as Gods and Demons. Not inconceivable to us. It is the infant Thought of man opening itself, with awe and wonder, on this ever-stupendous Universe. To me there is in the Norse System something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian System. It is Thought; the genuine Thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things, — the first characteristic of all good Thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half-sport, as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse

Gods 'brewing ale' to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jötun; sending out Thor to get the caldron[1] for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the Pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it,—quite lost in it, the ears of the Pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large awkward giant-hood, characterises that Norse System; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with large uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain, a Giant made by 'warm wind,'[2] and much confused work, out[3] of the conflict of Frost and Fire, — determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea; his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eye-brows they formed Asgard their Gods'-Dwelling; his skull[4] was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdignagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous; — to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giant-like, but godlike and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakspeares, the Goethes! — Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors.

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep-down[5] in the kingdoms of Hela or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates, — the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its 'boughs,' with their buddings and disleafings, — events, things suffered, things

[1] H¹ H² H³ cauldron
[2] H¹ H² winds H³ wind
[3] H¹ H² work out
[4] H¹ H² scull H³ skull
[5] H¹ H² H³ deep down

done, catastrophes, — stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it; — or stormtost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; 'the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*.' Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all, — how the word I speak to you today is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mœsogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak, — I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The '*Machine* of the Universe,'— alas, do but think of that in contrast!

Well, it is strange enough this old Norse view of nature; different enough from what we believe of Nature. Whence it specially came, one would not like to be compelled to say very minutely! One thing we may say: It came from the thoughts of Norse men; — from the thought, above all, of the *first* Norse man who had an original power of thinking. The First Norse 'man of genius,' as we should call him! Innumerable men had passed by, across this Universe, with a dumb vague wonder, such as the very animals may feel; or with a painful, fruitlessly inquiring wonder, such as men only feel; — till the great Thinker came, the *original* man, the Seer; whose shaped spoken Thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into Thought. It is ever the way with the Thinker, the spiritual Hero. What he says, all men were not far from saying, were longing to say. The Thoughts of all start up, as from painful enchanted

sleep, round his Thought; answering to it, Yes, even so! Joyful to men as the dawning of day from night; — *is* it not, indeed, the awakening for them from no-being into being, from death into life? We still honour such a man; call him Poet, Genius, and so forth: but to these wild men he was a very magician, a worker of miraculous unexpected blessing for them; a Prophet, a God! — Thought once awakened does not again slumber; unfolds itself into a System of Thought; grows, in man after man, generation after generation, — till its full stature is reached, and *such* System of Thought can grow no farther, but must give place to another.

For the Norse people, the man now named Odin, and Chief Norse God, we fancy, was such a man. A Teacher, and Captain of soul and of body; a Hero, of worth *im*measurable; admiration for whom, transcending the known bounds, became adoration. Has he not the power of articulate Thinking; and many other powers, as yet miraculous? So, with boundless gratitude, would the rude Norse heart feel. Has he not solved for them the sphinx-enigma[1] of this Universe; given assurance to them of their own destiny there? By him they know now what they have to do here, what to look for hereafter. Existence has become articulate, melodious by him; he first has made Life alive! — We may call this Odin, the origin of Norse Mythology: Odin, or whatever name the First Norse Thinker bore while he was a man among men. His view of the Universe once promulgated, a like view starts into being in all minds; grows, keeps ever growing, while it continues credible there. In all minds it lay written, but invisibly, as in sympathetic ink; at his word it starts into visibility in all. Nay, in every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world! —

[1] H[1] Sphinx-enigma

One other thing we must not forget; it will explain, a little, the confusion of these Norse Eddas. They are not one coherent System of Thought; but properly the *summation* of several successive systems. All this of the old Norse Belief which is flung-out[1] for us, in one level of distance in the Edda, like a picture painted on the same canvas,[2] does not at all stand so in the reality. It stands rather at all manner of distances and depths, of successive generations since the Belief first began. All Scandinavian thinkers, since the first of them, contributed to that Scandinavian System of Thought; in ever-new[3] elaboration and addition, it is the combined work of them all. What history it had, how it changed from shape to shape, by one thinker's contribution after another, till it got to the full final shape we see it under in the *Edda*, no man will now ever know; *its* Councils of Trebisond, of Trent, Athanasiuses, Dantes, Luthers, are sunk without echo in the dark night! Only that it had such a history we can all know. Wheresoever a thinker appeared, there in the thing he thought-of[4] was a contribution, accession, a change or revolution made. Alas, the grandest 'revolution' of all, the one made by the man Odin himself, is not this too sunk for us like the rest! Of Odin what history? Strange rather to reflect that he *had* a history! That this Odin, in his wild Norse vesture, with his wild beard and eyes, his rude Norse speech and ways, was a man like us; with our sorrows, joys, with our limbs, features; — intrinsically all one as we: and did such a work! But the work, much of it, has perished; the worker, all to the name. "Wednesday,"[5] men will say tomorrow; Odin's day! Of Odin there exists no history; no document of it; no guess about it worth repeating.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] flung out [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] canvass [3] H[1] H[2] H[3] ever new
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] thought of [5] H[1] H[2] H[3] Wednesday

Snorro indeed, in the quietest manner, almost in a brief business style, writes down, in his *Heimskringla*, how Odin was a heroic Prince, in the Black-Sea region, with Twelve Peers, and a great people straitened for room. How he led these *Asen* (Asiatics) of his out of Asia; settled them in the North parts of Europe, by warlike conquest; invented Letters, Poetry and so forth, — and came by and by to be worshipped as Chief God by these Scandinavians, his Twelve Peers made into Twelve Sons of his own, Gods like himself: Snorro has no doubt of this. Saxo Grammaticus, a very curious Northman of that same century, is still more unhesitating; scruples not to find out a historical fact in every individual mythus, and writes it down as a terrestrial event in Denmark or elsewhere. Torfæus, learned and cautious, some centuries later, assigns by calculation a *date* for it: Odin, he says, came into Europe about the Year 70 before Christ. Of all which, as grounded on mere uncertainties, found to be untenable now, I need say nothing. Far, very far beyond the Year 70! Odin's date, adventures, whole terrestrial history, figure and environment are sunk from us forever into unknown thousands of years.

Nay Grimm, the German Antiquary, goes so far as to deny that any man Odin ever existed. He proves it by etymology. The word *Wuotan*, which is the original form of *Odin*, a word spread, as name of their chief Divinity, over all the Teutonic Nations everywhere; this word, which connects itself, according to Grimm, with the Latin *vadere*, with the English *wade* and suchlike,[1] — means primarily *Movement*, Source of Movement, Power; and is the fit name of the highest god, not of any man. The word signifies Divinity, he says, among the old Saxon, German and all Teutonic Nations; the adjectives formed from it all signify *divine*, *supreme*, or something pertaining to the chief god.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like

Like enough! We must bow to Grimm in matters etymological. Let us consider it fixed that *Wuotan* means *Wading*, force of *Movement*. And now still, what hinders it from being the name of a Heroic Man and *Mover*, as well as of a god? As for the adjectives, and words formed from it, — did not the Spaniards in their universal admiration for Lope, get into the habit of saying 'a Lope flower,' 'a Lope *dama*,' if the flower or woman were of surpassing beauty? Had this lasted, *Lope* would have grown, in Spain, to be an adjective signifying *godlike* also. Indeed, Adam Smith, in his *Essay on Language*, surmises that all adjectives whatsoever were formed precisely in that way: some very green thing, chiefly notable for its greenness, got the appellative name *Green*, and then the next thing remarkable for that quality, a tree for instance, was named the *green* tree, — as we still say 'the *steam* coach,' 'four-horse coach,' or the like. All primary adjectives, according to Smith, were formed in this way; were at first substantives and things. We cannot annihilate a man for etymologies like that! Surely there was a First Teacher and Captain; surely there must have been an Odin, palpable to the sense at one time; no adjective, but a real Hero of flesh and blood! The voice of all tradition, history or echo of history, agrees with all that thought will teach one about it, to assure us of this.

How the man Odin came to be considered a *god*, the chief god? — that surely is a question which nobody would wish to dogmatise upon. I have said, his people knew no *limits* to their admiration of him; they had as yet no scale to measure admiration by. Fancy your own generous heart's-love of some greatest man expanding till it *transcended* all bounds, till it filled and overflowed the whole field of your thought! Or what if this man Odin, — since a great deep soul, with the afflatus and mysterious tide of vision and impulse rushing on him he knows not whence, is ever an

enigma, a kind of terror and wonder to himself, — should have felt that perhaps *he* was divine; that *he* was some effluence of the 'Wuotan,' '*Movement*,' Supreme Power and Divinity, of whom to his rapt vision all Nature was the awful Flame-image; that some effluence of *Wuotan* dwelt here in him! He was not necessarily false; he was but mistaken, speaking the truest he knew. A great soul, any sincere soul, knows not *what* he is, — alternates between the highest height and the lowest depth; can, of all things, the least measure — Himself! What others take him for, and what he guesses that he may be; these two items strangely act on one another, help to determine one another. With all men reverently admiring him; with his own wild soul full of noble ardours and affections, of whirlwind chaotic darkness and glorious new light; a divine Universe bursting all into godlike beauty round him, and no man to whom the like ever had befallen, what could he think himself to be? "Wuotan?" All men answered, "Wuotan!"

And then consider what mere Time will do in such cases; how if a man was great while living, he becomes tenfold greater when dead. What an enormous *camera-obscura* magnifier is Tradition! How a thing grows in the human Memory, in the human Imagination, when love, worship and all that lies in the human Heart, is there to encourage it. And in the darkness, in the entire ignorance; without date or document, no book, no Arundel-marble; only here and there some dumb monumental cairn. Why, in thirty or forty years, were there no books, any great man would grow *mythic*, the contemporaries who had seen him, being once all dead. And in three-hundred[1] years, and in three-thousand[2] years —!— To attempt *theorising* on such matters would profit little: they are matters which refuse to be *theoremed* and diagramed; which Logic ought to know that she

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] three hundred [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] three thousand

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cannot speak of. Enough for us to discern, far in the uttermost distance, some gleam as of a small real light shining in the centre of that enormous camera-obscura image; to discern that the centre of it all was not a madness and nothing, but a sanity and something.

This light, kindled in the great dark vortex of the Norse mind,[1] dark but living, waiting only for light; this is to me the centre of the whole. How such light will then shine out, and with wondrous thousandfold expansion spread itself, in forms and colours, depends not on *it*, so much as on the National Mind recipient of it. The colours and forms of your light will be those of the *cut-glass* it has to shine through. — Curious to think how, for every man, any the truest fact is modelled by the nature of the man! I said, The earnest man, speaking to his brother men, must always have stated what seemed to him a *fact*, a real Appearance of Nature. But the way in which such Appearance or fact shaped itself, — what sort of *fact* it became for him, — was and is modified by his own laws of thinking; deep, subtle, but universal, ever-operating laws. The world of Nature, for every man, is the Phantasy[2] of Himself; this world is the multiplex 'Image of his own Dream.' Who knows to what unnameable subtleties of spiritual law all these Pagan Fables owe their shape! The number *Twelve*, divisiblest of all, which could be halved, quartered, parted into three, into six, the most remarkable number, — this was enough to determine the *Signs of the Zodiac*, the number of Odin's *Sons*, and innumerable other Twelves. Any vague rumour of number had a tendency to settle itself into Twelve. So with regard to every other matter. And quite unconsciously too, — with no notion of building-up[3] 'Allegories'! But the fresh clear glance of those First Ages would

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Mind [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Fantasy
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] building up

be prompt in discerning the secret relations of things, and wholly open to obey these. Schiller finds in the *Cestus of Venus* an everlasting æsthetic truth as to the nature of all Beauty; curious: — but he is careful not to insinuate that the old Greek Mythists had any notion of lecturing about the 'Philosophy of Criticism'! — — On the whole, we must leave those boundless regions. Cannot we conceive that Odin was a reality? Error indeed, error enough: but sheer falsehood, idle fables, allegory aforethought, — we will not believe that our Fathers believed in these.

Odin's *Runes* are a significant feature of him. Runes, and the miracles of 'magic' he worked by them, make a great feature in tradition. Runes are the Scandinavian Alphabet; suppose Odin to have been the inventor of Letters, as well as 'magic,' among that people! It is the greatest invention man has ever made, this of marking-down[1] the unseen thought that is in him by written characters. It is a kind of second speech, almost as miraculous as the first. You remember the astonishment and incredulity of Atahualpa, the Peruvian King; how he made the Spanish Soldier who was guarding him scratch *Dios* on his thumb-nail, that he might try the next soldier with it, to ascertain whether such a miracle was possible. If Odin brought Letters among his people, he might work magic enough!

Writing by Runes has some air of being original among the Norsemen: not a Phœnician[2] Alphabet, but a native Scandinavian one. Snorro tells us farther that Odin invented Poetry; the music of human speech, as well as that miraculous runic marking of it. Transport yourselves into the early childhood of nations; the first beautiful morning-light of our Europe, when all yet lay in fresh young radiance as of a great sunrise, and our Europe was first

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] marking down [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Phenician

beginning to think, to be! Wonder, hope; infinite radiance of hope and wonder, as of a young child's thoughts, in the hearts of these strong men! Strong sons of Nature; and here was not only a wild Captain and Fighter; discerning with his wild flashing eyes what to do, with his wild lion-heart daring and doing it; but a Poet too, all that we mean by a Poet, Prophet, great devout Thinker and Inventor, — as the truly Great Man ever is. A Hero is a Hero at all points; in the soul and thought of him first of all. This Odin, in his rude semi-articulate way, had a word to speak. A great heart laid open to take in this great Universe, and man's Life here, and utter a great word about it. A Hero, as I say, in his own rude manner; a wise, gifted, noble-hearted man. And now, if we still admire such a man beyond all others, what must these wild Norse souls, first awakened into thinking, have made of him! To them, as yet without names for it, he was noble and noblest; Hero, Prophet, God; *Wuotan*, the greatest of all. Thought is Thought, however it speak or spell itself. Intrinsically, I conjecture, this Odin must have been of the same sort of stuff as the greatest kind of men. A great thought in the wild deep heart of him! The rough words he articulated, are they not the rudimental roots of those English words we still use? He worked so, in that obscure element. But he was as a *light* kindled in it; a light of Intellect, rude Nobleness of heart, the only kind of lights [1] we have yet; a Hero, as I say: and he had to shine there, and make his obscure element a little lighter, — as is still the task of us all.

We will fancy him to be the Type Norseman [2]; the finest Teuton whom that race had yet produced. The rude Norse heart burst-up [3] into *boundless* admiration round him; into

[1] H[1] H[2] the only light
[2] H[1] Type-Norseman; H[2] Type-Northman;
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] burst up

adoration. He is as a root of so many great things; the fruit of him is found growing, from deep thousands of years, over the whole field of Teutonic Life. Our own Wednesday, as I said, is it not still Odin's Day? Wednesbury, Wansborough, Wanstead, Wandsworth: Odin grew into England too, these are still leaves from that root! He was the Chief God to all the Teutonic Peoples; their Pattern Norseman;—in such way did *they* admire their Pattern Norseman[1]; that was the fortune he had in the world.

Thus if the man Odin himself have vanished utterly, there is this huge Shadow of him which still projects itself over the whole History of his People. For this Odin once admitted to be God, we can understand well that the whole Scandinavian Scheme of Nature, or dim No-scheme, whatever it might before have been, would now begin to develop[2] itself altogether differently, and grow thenceforth in a new manner. What this Odin saw into, and taught with his runes and his rhymes, the whole Teutonic People laid to heart and carried forward. His way of thought became their way of thought:—such, under new conditions, is the history of every great thinker still. In gigantic confused lineaments, like some enormous camera-obscura shadow thrown upwards from the dead deeps of the Past, and covering the whole Northern Heaven, is not that Scandinavian Mythology in some sort the Portraiture of this man Odin? The gigantic image of *his* natural face, legible or not legible there, expanded and confused in that manner! Ah, Thought, I say, is always Thought. No great man lives in vain. The History of the world is but the Biography of great men.

To me there is something very touching in this primeval figure of Heroism; in such artless, helpless, but hearty entire reception of a Hero by his fellow-men. Never so helpless

[1] H[1] H[2] Northman [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] develope

in shape, it is the noblest of feelings, and a feeling in some shape or other perennial as man himself. If I could show[1] in any measure, what I feel deeply for a long time now, That it is the vital element of manhood, the soul of man's history here in our world, — it would be the chief use of this discoursing at present. We do not now call our great men Gods, nor admire *without* limit; ah no, *with* limit enough! But if we have no great men, or do not admire at all, — that were a still worse case.

This poor Scandinavian Hero-worship, that whole Norse way of looking at the Universe, and adjusting oneself there, has an indestructible merit for us. A rude childlike way of recognising the divineness of Nature, the divineness of Man; most rude, yet heartfelt, robust, giantlike; betokening what a giant of a man this child would yet grow to! — It[2] was a truth, and is none. Is it not as the half-dumb stifled voice of the long-buried generations of our own Fathers, calling out of the depths of ages to us, in whose veins their blood still runs: "This then, this is what *we* made of the world: this is all the image and notion we could form to ourselves of this great mystery of a Life and Universe. Despise it not. You are raised high above it, to large free scope of vision; but you too are not yet at the top. No, your notion too, so much enlarged, is but a partial, imperfect one; that matter is a thing no man will ever, in time or out of time, comprehend; after thousands of years of ever-new expansion, man will find himself but struggling to comprehend again a part of it: the thing is larger than man, not to be comprehended by him; an Infinite thing!"

The essence of the Scandinavian, as indeed of all Pagan Mythologies, we found to be recognition of the divineness of Nature; sincere communion of man with the mysterious

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] to! It

invisible Powers visibly seen at work in the world round him. This, I should say, is more sincerely done in the Scandinavian than in any Mythology I know. Sincerity is the great characteristic of it. Superior sincerity (far superior) consoles us for the total want of old Grecian grace. Sincerity, I think, is better than grace. I feel that these old Northmen were looking into Nature with open eye and soul: most earnest, honest; childlike, and yet manlike; with a great-hearted [1] simplicity and depth and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right valiant, true old race of men. Such recognition of Nature one finds to be the chief element of Paganism: recognition of Man, and his Moral Duty, though this too is not wanting, comes to be the chief element only in purer forms of religion. Here, indeed, is a great distinction and epoch in Human Beliefs; a great landmark in the religious development of Mankind. Man first puts himself in relation with Nature and her Powers, wonders and worships over those; not till a later epoch does he discern that all Power is Moral, that the grand point is the distinction for him of Good and Evil, of *Thou shalt* and *Thou shalt not.*

With regard to all these fabulous delineations in the *Edda*, I will remark, moreover, as indeed was already hinted, that most probably they must have been of much newer date; most probably, even from the first, were comparatively idle for the old Norseman, and as it were a kind of Poetic sport. Allegory and Poetic Delineation, as I said above, cannot be religious Faith; the Faith itself must first be there, then Allegory enough will gather round it, as the fit body round its soul. The Norse Faith, I can well suppose, like other Faiths, was most active while it lay mainly in the silent state, and had not yet much to say about itself, still less to sing.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] greathearted

Among those shadowy *Edda* matters, amid all that fantastic congeries of assertions, and traditions, in their musical Mythologies, the main practical belief a man could have was probably not much more than this: of the *Valkyrs* and the *Hall of Odin;* of an inflexible *Destiny;* and that the one thing needful for a man was *to be brave.* The *Valkyrs* are Choosers of the Slain: a Destiny inexorable, which it is useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain; this was a fundamental point for the Norse believer; — as indeed it is for all earnest men everywhere, for a Mahomet, a Luther, for a Napoleon too. It lies at the basis this for every such man; it is the woof out of which his whole system of thought is woven. The *Valkyrs;* and then that these *Choosers* lead the brave to a heavenly *Hall of Odin;* only the base and slavish being thrust elsewhither, into the realms of Hela the Death-goddess: I take this to have been the soul of the whole Norse Belief. They understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave; that Odin would have no favour for them, but despise and thrust them out, if they were not brave. Consider too whether there is not something in this! It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. *Valour* is still *value.* The first duty for a man is still that of subduing *Fear.* We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false, he thinks too as a slave and coward, till he have got Fear under his feet. Odin's creed, if we disentangle the real kernel of it, is true to this hour. A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward, and quit himself like a man, — trusting imperturbably in the appointment and *choice* of the upper Powers; and, on the whole, not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over Fear will determine how much of a man he is.

It is doubtless very savage that kind of valour of the old Northmen. Snorro tells us they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings, about to die, had their body laid into a ship; the ship sent forth, with sails set and slow fire burning it; that, once out at sea, it might blaze-up[1] in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild bloody valour; yet valour of its kind; better, I say, than none. In the old Sea-kings too, what an indomitable rugged energy! Silent, with closed lips, as I fancy them, unconscious that they were specially brave; defying the wild ocean with its monsters, and all men and things; — progenitors of our own Blakes and Nelsons! No Homer sang these Norse Sea-kings; but Agamemnon's was a small audacity, and of small fruit in the world, to some of them; — to Hrolf's of Normandy, for instance! Hrolf, or Rollo Duke of Normandy, the wild Sea-king, has a share in governing England at this hour.

Nor was it altogether nothing, even that wild sea-roving and battling, through so many generations. It needed to be ascertained which was the *strongest* kind of men; who were to be ruler over whom. Among the Northland Sovereigns, too, I find some who got the title *Wood-cutter;* Forest-felling Kings. Much lies in that. I suppose at bottom many of them were forest-fellers as well as fighters, though the Skalds talk mainly of the latter, — misleading certain critics not a little; for no nation of men could ever live by fighting alone; there could not produce enough come out of that! I suppose the right good fighter was oftenest also the right good forest-feller, — the right good improver, discerner, doer and worker in every kind; for

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] blaze up

true valour, different enough from ferocity, is the basis of all. A more legitimate kind of valour that; showing[1] itself against the untamed Forests and dark brute Powers of Nature, to conquer Nature for us. In the same direction have not we their descendants since carried it far? May such valour last forever with us!

That the man Odin, speaking with a Hero's voice and heart, as with an impressiveness out of Heaven, told his People the infinite importance of Valour, how man thereby became a god; and that his People, feeling a response to it in their own hearts, believed this message of his, and thought it a message out of Heaven, and him a Divinity for telling it them: this seems to me the primary seed-grain of the Norse Religion, from which all manner of mythologies, symbolic practices, speculations, allegories, songs and sagas would naturally grow. Grow, — how strangely! I called it a small light shining and shaping in the huge vortex of Norse darkness. Yet the darkness itself was *alive;* consider that. It was the eager inarticulate uninstructed Mind of the whole Norse People, longing only to become articulate, to go on articulating ever farther! The living doctrine grows, grows; — like a Banyan-tree; the first *seed* is the essential thing: any branch strikes itself down into the earth, becomes a new root; and so, in endless complexity, we have a whole wood, a whole jungle, one seed the parent of it all. Was not the whole Norse Religion, accordingly, in some sense, what we called 'the enormous shadow of this man's likeness'? Critics trace some affinity in some Norse mythuses, of the Creation and suchlike,[2] with those of the Hindoos. The Cow Adumbla, 'licking the rime from the rocks,' has a kind of Hindoo look. A Hindoo Cow, transported into frosty countries. Probably enough; indeed we may say undoubtedly, these things will have a

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shewing [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like

kindred with the remotest lands, with the earliest times. Thought does not die, but only is changed. The first man that began to think in this Planet of ours, he was the beginner of all. And then the second man, and the third man; — nay, every true Thinker to this hour is a kind of Odin, teaches men *his* way of thought, spreads a shadow of his own likeness over sections of the History of the World.

Of the distinctive poetic character or merit of this Norse Mythology I have not room to speak; nor does it concern us much. Some wild Prophecies we have, as the *Völuspa*[1] in the *Elder Edda;* of a rapt, earnest, sibylline sort. But they were comparatively an idle adjunct of the matter, men who as it were but toyed with the matter, these later Skalds; and it is *their* songs chiefly that survive. In later centuries, I suppose, they would go on singing, poetically symbolising,[2] as our modern Painters paint, when it was no longer from the innermost heart, or not from the heart at all. This is everywhere to be well kept in mind.

Gray's fragments of Norse Lore, at any rate, will give one no notion of it; — any more than Pope will of Homer. It is no square-built gloomy palace of black ashlar marble, shrouded in awe and horror, as Gray gives it us: no; rough as the North rocks, as the Iceland deserts, it is; with a heartiness, homeliness, even a tint of good humour[3] and robust mirth in the middle of these fearful things. The strong old Norse heart did not go upon theatrical sublimities; they had not time to tremble. I like much their robust simplicity; their veracity, directness of conception. Thor 'draws down his brows' in a veritable Norse rage; 'grasps his hammer till the *knuckles grow white.*' Beautiful

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *Havamal* [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] symbolizing
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] goodhumour

traits of pity too, an honest pity. Balder 'the white God' dies; the beautiful, benignant; he is the Sungod. They try all Nature for a remedy; but he is dead. Frigga, his mother, sends Hermoder[1] to seek or see him: nine days and nine nights he rides through gloomy deep valleys, a labyrinth of gloom; arrives at the Bridge with its gold roof: the Keeper says, "Yes, Balder did pass here; but the Kingdom of the Dead is down yonder, far towards the North." Hermoder[2] rides on; leaps Hell-gate, Hela's gate; does see Balder, and speak with him: Balder cannot be delivered. Inexorable! Hela will not, for Odin or any God, give him up. The beautiful and gentle has to remain there. His Wife had volunteered to go with him, to die with him. They shall forever remain there. He sends his ring to Odin; Nanna his wife sends her *thimble* to Frigga, as a remembrance[3] — Ah me! —

For indeed Valour is the fountain of Pity too; — of Truth, and all that is great and good in man. The robust homely vigour of the Norse heart attaches one much, in these delineations. Is it not a trait of right honest strength, says Uhland, who has written a fine *Essay* on Thor, that the old Norse heart finds its friend in the Thunder-god? That it is not frightened away by his thunder; but finds that Summer-heat, the beautiful noble summer, must and will have thunder withal! The Norse heart *loves* this Thor and his hammer-bolt; sports with him. Thor is Summer-heat; the god of Peaceable Industry as well as Thunder. He is the Peasant's friend; his true henchman and attendant is Thialfi, *Manual Labour*. Thor himself engages in all manner of rough manual work, scorns no business for its plebeianism; is ever and anon travelling to the country of the Jötuns, harrying those chaotic Frost-monsters, sub-

[1] H[1] H[2] Hermode [2] H[1] H[2] Hermode
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] remembrance. —

duing them, at least straitening and damaging them. There is a great broad humour in some of these things.

Thor, as we saw above, goes to Jötun-land, to seek Hymir's Caldron,[1] that the Gods may brew beer. Hymir the huge Giant enters, his gray beard all full of hoar-frost; splits pillars with the very glance of his eye; Thor, after much rough tumult, snatches the Pot, claps it on his head; the 'handles of it reach down to his heels.' The Norse Skald has a kind of loving sport with Thor. This is the Hymir whose cattle, the critics have discovered, are Icebergs. Huge untutored Brobdignag genius,—needing only to be tamed-down[2]; into Shakspeares, Dantes, Goethes! It is all gone now, that old Norse work,—Thor the Thunder-god[3] changed into Jack the Giant-killer: but the mind that made it is here yet. How strangely things grow, and die, and do not die! There are twigs of that great world-tree of Norse Belief still curiously traceable. This poor Jack of the Nursery, with his miraculous shoes of swiftness, coat of darkness, sword of sharpness, he is one. *Hynde Etin*,[4] and still more decisively *Red Etin of Ireland*, in the Scottish Ballads, these are both derived from Norseland; *Etin* is evidently a *Jötun*.[4] Nay, Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is a twig too of this same world-tree; there seems no doubt of that. Hamlet, *Amleth*, I find, is really a mythic personage; and his Tragedy, of the poisoned Father, poisoned asleep by drops in his ear, and the rest, is a Norse mythus! Old Saxo, as his wont was, made it a Danish history; Shakspeare, out of Saxo, made it what we see. That is a twig of the world-tree that has *grown*, I think;—by nature or accident that one has grown!

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Cauldron

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] tamed down

[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] Thundergod

[4] [4] H[1] H[2] H[3] *Childe Etin* in the Scottish Ballads is a Norse mythus; *Etin* was a Jötun.

In fact, these old Norse songs have a *truth* in them, an inward perennial truth and greatness, — as, indeed, all must have that can very long preserve itself by tradition alone. It is a greatness not of mere body and gigantic bulk, but a rude greatness of soul. There is a sublime uncomplaining melancholy traceable in these old hearts. A great free glance into the very deeps of thought. They seem to have seen, these brave old Northmen, what meditation has taught all men in all ages, That this world is after all but a show,[1] — a phenomenon or appearance, no real thing. All deep souls see into that, — the Hindoo Mythologist, the German Philosopher, — the Shakspeare, the earnest Thinker, wherever he may be:

'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!'

One of Thor's expeditions, to Utgard (the *Outer* Garden, central seat of Jötun-land), is remarkable in this respect. Thialfi was with him, and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation; one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed[2] there. Suddenly in the dead of the night loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer; stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle: for, lo, in the morning it turned-out[3] that the noise had been only the *snoring* of a certain enormous but peaceable Giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by; and

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew [2] H[1] H[2] staid H[3] stayed
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] turned out

this that they took for a house was merely his *Glove*, thrown aside there; the door was the Glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the Thumb! Such a glove;—I remark too that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided: a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day; Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir; determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the Giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The Giant merely awoke; rubbed his cheek, and said, Did a leaf fall? Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept; a better blow than before; but the Giant only murmured, Was that a grain of sand? Thor's third stroke was with both his hands (the 'knuckles white' I suppose), and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore, and remarked, There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropt? —At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to 'strain your neck bending back to see the top of it,' Skrymir went his ways. Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a Drinking-horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank; but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him: could he lift that Cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent-up[1] the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. Why, you are no man, said the Utgard people; there is an Old Woman that will wrestle you! Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard Old Woman; but could not throw her.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] bent up

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the chief Jötun, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten then: — yet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That Horn you tried to drink was the *Sea;* you did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless! The Cat you would have lifted, — why, that is the *Midgard-snake*, the Great World-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps-up[1] the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the Old Woman, she was *Time*, Old Age, Duration: with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck, — look at these *three valleys;* your three strokes made these!" Thor looked at his attendant Jötun: it was Skrymir; — it was, say Norse critics, the old chaotic rocky *Earth* in person, and that glove-*house* was some Earth-cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its skyhigh gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the Giant's voice was heard mocking: "Better come no more to Jötunheim!" —

This is of the allegoric period, as we see, and half play, not of the prophetic and entirely devout: but as a mythus is there not real antique Norse gold in it? More true metal, rough from the Mimer-stithy, than in many a famed Greek Mythus *shaped* far better! A great broad Brobdignag grin of true humour is in this Skrymir; mirth resting on earnestness and sadness, as the rainbow on black tempest: only a right valiant heart is capable of that. It is the grim humour of our own Ben Jonson, rare old Ben; runs in the blood of us, I fancy: for one catches tones of it, under a still other shape, out of the American Backwoods.

That is also a very striking conception that of the *Rag-*

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] keeps up

narök, Consummation, or *Twilight of the Gods.* It is in the *Völuspa*[1] Song; seemingly a very old, prophetic idea. The Gods and Jötuns, the divine Powers and the chaotic brute ones, after long contest and partial victory by the former, meet at last in universal world-embracing wrestle and duel; World-serpent against Thor, strength against strength; mutually extinctive; and ruin, 'twilight' sinking into darkness, swallows the created Universe. The old Universe with its Gods is sunk; but it is not final death: there is to be a new Heaven and a new Earth; a higher supreme God, and Justice to reign among men. Curious: this law of mutation, which also is a law written in man's inmost thought, had been deciphered by these old earnest Thinkers in their rude style; and how, though all dies, and even gods die, yet all death is but a phœnix[2] fire-death, and new-birth into the Greater and the Better! It is the fundamental Law of Being for a creature made of Time, living in this Place of Hope. All earnest men have seen into it; may still see into it.

And now, connected with this, let us glance at the *last* mythus of the appearance of Thor; and end there. I fancy it to be the latest in date of all these fables; a sorrowing protest against the advance of Christianity, — set forth reproachfully by some Conservative Pagan. King Olaf has been harshly blamed for his over-zeal in introducing Christianity; surely I should have blamed him far more for an under-zeal in that! He paid dear enough for it; he died by the revolt of his Pagan people, in battle, in the year 1033, at Stickelstad, near that Drontheim, where the chief Cathedral of the North has now stood for many centuries, dedicated gratefully to his memory as *Saint* Olaf. The mythus about Thor is to this effect. King Olaf, the Christian Reform King, is sailing with fit escort along the

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *Havamal* [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Phœnix

shore of Norway, from haven to haven; dispensing justice, or doing other royal work: on leaving a certain haven, it is found that a stranger, of grave eyes and aspect, red beard, of stately robust figure, has stept in. The courtiers address him; his answers surprise by their pertinency and depth: at length he is brought to the King. The stranger's conversation here is not less remarkable, as they sail along the beautiful shore; but after some time, he addresses King Olaf thus: "Yes, King Olaf, it is all beautiful, with the sun shining on it there; green, fruitful, a right fair home for you; and many a sore day had Thor, many a wild fight with the rock Jötuns, before he could make it so. And now you seem minded to put away Thor. King Olaf, have a care!" said the stranger, drawing-down [1] his brows; — and when they looked again, he was nowhere to be found. — This is the last appearance of Thor on the stage of this world!

Do we not see well enough how the Fable might arise, without unveracity on the part of any one? It is the way most Gods have come to appear among men: thus, if in Pindar's time 'Neptune was once seen at the Nemean Games,' what was this Neptune too but a 'stranger of noble grave aspect,'—*fit* to be 'seen'! There is something pathetic, tragic for me in this last voice of Paganism. Thor is vanished, the whole Norse world has vanished; and will not return ever again. In like fashion to that pass away the highest things. All things that have been in this world, all things that are or will be in it, have to vanish: we have our sad farewell to give them.

That Norse Religion, a rude but earnest, sternly impressive *Consecration of Valour* (so we may define it), sufficed for these old valiant Northmen. Consecration of Valour is not a *bad* thing! We will take it for good, so far as it

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] drawing down

goes. Neither is there no use in *knowing* something about this old Paganism of our Fathers. Unconsciously, and combined with higher things, it is in *us* yet, that old Faith withal! To know it consciously, brings us into closer and clearer relation with the Past, — with our own possessions in the Past. For the whole Past, as I keep repeating, is the possession of the Present; the Past had always something *true*, and is a precious possession. In a different time, in a different place, it is always some other *side* of our common Human Nature that has been developing itself. The actual True is the *sum* of all these; not any one of them by itself constitutes what of Human Nature is hitherto developed. Better to know them all than misknow them. "To which of these Three Religions do you specially adhere?" inquires Meister of his Teacher. "To all the Three!" answers the other: "To all the Three; for they by their union first constitute the True Religion."

LECTURE II

THE HERO AS PROPHET. MAHOMET: ISLAM

[Friday, 8th May 1840.][1]

FROM the first rude times of Paganism among the Scandinavians in the North, we advance to a very different epoch of religion, among a very different people: Mahometanism among the Arabs. A great change; what a change and progress is indicated here, in the universal condition and thoughts of men!

The Hero is not now regarded as a God among his fellow-men; but as one God-inspired, as a Prophet. It is the second phasis of Hero-worship: the first or oldest, we may say, has passed away without return; in the history of the world there will not again be any man, never so great, whom his fellow-men will take for a god. Nay we might rationally ask, Did any set of human beings ever really think the man they *saw* there standing beside them a god, the maker of this world? Perhaps not: it was usually some man they remembered, or *had* seen. But neither can this[2] any more[2] be. The Great Man is not recognised henceforth as a god any more.

It was a rude gross error, that of counting the Great Man a god. Yet let us say that it is at all times difficult to know *what* he is, or how to account of him and receive him! The most significant feature in the history of an epoch is the manner it has of welcoming a Great Man.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *date above title.* [2] [2]H[1] H[2] H[3] this, any more,

Ever, to the true instincts of men, there is something god-like in him. Whether they shall take him to be a god, to be a prophet, or what they shall take him to be? that is ever a grand question; by their way of answering that, we shall see, as through a little window, into the very heart of these men's spiritual condition. For at bottom the Great Man, as he comes from the hand of Nature, is ever the same kind of thing: Odin, Luther, Johnson, Burns; I hope to make it appear that these are all originally of one stuff; that only by the world's reception of them, and the shapes they assume, are they so immeasurably diverse. The worship of Odin astonishes us, — to fall prostrate before the Great Man, into *deliquium* of love and wonder over him, and feel in their hearts that he was a denizen of the skies, a god! This was imperfect enough: but to welcome, for example, a Burns as we did, was that what we can call perfect? The most precious gift that Heaven can give to the Earth; a man of 'genius' as we call it; the Soul of a Man actually sent down from the skies with a God's-message to us, — this we waste away as an idle artificial firework, sent to amuse us a little, and sink it into ashes, wreck and ineffectuality: *such* reception of a Great Man I do not call very perfect[1] either! Looking into the heart of the thing, one may perhaps call that of Burns a still uglier phenomenon, betokening still sadder imperfections in mankind's ways, than the Scandinavian method itself! To fall into mere unreasoning *deliquium* of love and admiration, was not good; but such unreasoning, nay irrational supercilious no-love at all is perhaps still worse! — It is a thing forever changing, this of Hero-worship: different in each age, difficult to do well in any age. Indeed, the heart of the whole business of the age, one may say, is to do it well.

[1] H[1] H[2] call perfect H[3] call very perfect

We have chosen Mahomet not as the most eminent Prophet; but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I do esteem him a true one. Farther, as there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mahometans, I mean to say all the good of him I justly can. It is the way to get at his secret: let us try to understand what *he* meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him, will then be a more answerable question. Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming Impostor, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke inquired of Grotius, Where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of a hundred-and-eighty[1] millions of men these twelve-hundred[2] years. These hundred-and-eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of anything in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] hundred and eighty [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] twelve hundred

Age of Scepticism; they[1] indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred-and-eighty[2] millions; it will fall straightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all! Speciosities are specious — ah me! — a Cagliostro, many Cagliostros, prominent world-leaders, do prosper by their quackery, for a day. It is like a forged bank-note; they get it passed out of *their* worthless hands: others, not they, have to smart for it. Nature bursts-up[3] in fire-flames, French Revolutions and suchlike,[4] proclaiming with terrible veracity that forged notes are forged.

But of a Great Man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me the primary foundation of him, and of all that can lie in him, this. No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah no, that is a very poor matter indeed; — a shallow braggart conscious sincerity; oftenest self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of: nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of *in*sincerity; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for

[1] *not in* H[1]. H[2] H[3] they
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] hundred and eighty
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] bursts up
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like

one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so: I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! The great Fact of Existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot. At all moments the Flame-image glares-in[1] upon him; undeniable, there, there! — I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a Great Man. A little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made: but a Great Man cannot be without it.

Such a man is what we call an *original* man; he comes to us at first-hand.[2] A messenger he, sent from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us. We may call him Poet, Prophet, God; — in one way or other, we all feel that the words he utters are as no other man's words. Direct from the Inner Fact of things; — he lives, and has to live, in daily communion with that. Hearsays cannot hide it from him; he is blind, homeless, miserable, following hearsays; *it* glares-in[3] upon him. Really his utterances, are they not a kind of 'revelation;' — what we must call such for want of some other name? It is from the heart of the world that he comes; he is portion of the primal reality of things. God has made many revelations: but this man too, has not God made him, the latest and newest of all? The 'inspiration of the Almighty giveth *him* understanding:' we must listen before all to him.

This Mahomet, then, we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor conscious ambitious

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] glares in [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] first hand [3] H[1] H[2] H[3] glares in

schemer; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Simulacrum; a fiery mass of Life cast-up[1] from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *kindle* the world; the world's Maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were never so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him.

On the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there 'the man according to God's own heart'? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin; — that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact; is dead: it is 'pure' as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] cast up

ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: 'a succession of falls'? Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle *be* a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put-up[1] with many sad details, if the soul of it were true. Details by themselves will never teach us what it is. I believe we misestimate[2] Mahomet's faults even as faults: but the secret of him will never be got by dwelling there. We will leave all this behind us; and assuring ourselves that he did mean some true thing, ask candidly what it was or might be.

These Arabs Mahomet was born among are certainly a notable people. Their country itself is notable; the fit habitation for such a race. Savage inaccessible rock-mountains, great grim deserts, alternating with beautiful strips of verdure: wherever water is, there is greenness, beauty; odoriferous balm-shrubs, date-trees, frankincense-trees. Consider that wide waste horizon of sand, empty, silent, like a sand-sea, dividing habitable place from habitable. You are all alone there, left alone with the Universe; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance; by night the great deep Heaven with its stars. Such a country is fit for a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men. There is something most agile, active, and yet most meditative, enthusiastic in the Arab character. The Persians are called the French of the East; we will call the Arabs Oriental Italians. A gifted noble people; a people of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these: the char-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] put up

[2] H[1] mis-estimate

acteristic of noblemindedness, of genius. The wild Bedouin welcomes the stranger to his tent, as one having right to all that is there; were it his worst enemy, he will slay his foal to treat him, will serve him with sacred hospitality for three days, will set him fairly on his way; — and then, by another law as sacred, kill him if he can. In words too, as in action. They are not a loquacious people, taciturn rather; but eloquent, gifted when they do speak. An earnest, truthful kind of men. They are, as we know, of Jewish kindred: but with that deadly terrible earnestness of the Jews they seem to combine something graceful, brilliant, which is not Jewish. They had 'Poetic contests' among them before the time of Mahomet. Sale says, at Ocadh, in the South of Arabia, there were yearly fairs, and there, when the merchandising was done, Poets sang for prizes: — the wild people gathered to hear that.

One Jewish quality these Arabs manifest; the outcome of many or of all high qualities: what we may call religiosity. From of old they had been zealous worshippers, according to their light. They worshipped the stars, as Sabeans; worshipped many natural objects, — recognised them as symbols, immediate manifestations, of the Maker of Nature. It was wrong; and yet not wholly wrong. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God. Do we not, as I urged, still account it a merit to recognise a certain inexhaustible significance, 'poetic beauty' as we name it, in all natural objects whatsoever? A man is a poet, and honoured, for doing that, and speaking or singing it, — a kind of diluted worship. They had many Prophets, these Arabs; Teachers each to his tribe, each according to the light he had. But indeed, have we not from of old the noblest of proofs, still palpable to every one of us, of what devoutness and noble-mindedness [1] had dwelt in these rustic thoughtful peoples?

[1] H[1] noble-mindedness

Biblical critics seem agreed that our own *Book of Job*[1] was written in that region of the world. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem, — man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* every-way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the Horse, — 'hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder?*' — he '*laughs* at the shaking of the spear!' Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; — so soft, and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit. —

To the idolatrous Arabs one of the most ancient universal objects of worship was that Black Stone, still kept in the building called Caabah at Mecca. Diodorus Siculus mentions this Caabah in a way not to be mistaken, as the oldest, most honoured temple in his time; that is, some half-century before our Era. Silvestre de Sacy says there is some likelihood that the Black Stone is an aerolite. In that case, some man might *see* it fall out of Heaven! It stands now beside the Well Zemzem; the Caabah is built over both. A Well is in all places a beautiful affecting object, gushing out like life from the hard earth; — still more so in those[2] hot dry countries, where it is the first condition of being.

[1] H[1] H[2] Book of Job [2] H[1] H[2] these

The Well Zemzem has its name from the bubbling sound of the waters, *zem-zem;* they think it is the Well which Hagar found with her little Ishmael in the wilderness: the aerolite and it have been sacred now, and had a Caabah over them, for thousands of years. A curious object, that Caabah! There it stands at this hour, in the black cloth-covering the Sultan sends it yearly; 'twenty-seven cubits high;' with circuit, with double circuit of pillars, with festoon-rows of lamps and quaint ornaments: the lamps will be lighted again *this* night, — to glitter again under the stars. An authentic fragment of the oldest Past. It is the *Keblah* of all Moslem: from Delhi all onwards to Morocco, the eyes of innumerable praying men are turned towards *it*, five times, this day and all days: one of the notablest centres in the Habitation of Men.

It had been from the sacredness attached to this Caabah Stone and Hagar's Well, from the pilgrimings of all tribes of Arabs thither, that Mecca took its rise as a Town. A great town once, though much decayed now. It has no natural advantage for a town; stands in a sandy hollow amid bare barren hills, at a distance from the sea; its provisions, its very bread, have to be imported. But so many pilgrims needed lodgings: and then all places of pilgrimage do, from the first, become places of trade. The first day pilgrims meet, merchants have also met: where men see themselves assembled for one object, they find that they can accomplish other objects which depend on meeting together. Mecca became the Fair of all Arabia. And thereby indeed the chief staple and warehouse of whatever Commerce there was between the Indian and the Western countries, Syria, Egypt, even Italy. It had at one time a population of 100,000; buyers, forwarders of those Eastern and Western products; importers for their own behoof of provisions and corn. The government was a kind of irregular

aristocratic republic, not without a touch of theocracy. Ten Men of a chief tribe, chosen in some rough way, were Governors of Mecca, and Keepers of the Caabah. The Koreish were the chief tribe in Mahomet's time; his own family was of that tribe. The rest of the Nation, fractioned and cut-asunder [1] by deserts, lived under similar rude patriarchal governments by one or several: herdsmen, carriers, traders, generally robbers too; being oftenest at war [2] one with another, or with all: held together by no open bond, if it were not this meeting at the Caabah, where all forms of Arab Idolatry assembled in common adoration; — held mainly by the *inward* indissoluble bond of a common blood and language. In this way had the Arabs lived for long ages, unnoticed by the world; a people of great qualities, unconsciously waiting for the day when they should become notable to all the world. Their Idolatries appear to have been in a tottering state; much was getting into confusion and fermentation among them. Obscure tidings of the most important Event ever transacted in this world, the Life and Death of the Divine Man in Judea, at once the symptom and cause of immeasurable change to all people in the world, had in the course of centuries reached into Arabia too; and could not but, of itself, have produced fermentation there.

It was among this Arab people, so circumstanced, in the year 570 of our Era, that the man Mahomet was born. He was of the family of Hashem, of the Koreish tribe as we said; though poor, connected with the chief persons of his country. Almost at his birth he lost his Father; at the age of six years his Mother too, a woman noted for her beauty, her worth and sense: he fell to the charge of his Grandfather, an old man, a hundred years old. A good old

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] cut asunder

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] war,

man: Mahomet's Father, Abdallah, had been his youngest favourite son. He saw in Mahomet, with his old life-worn eyes, a century old, the lost Abdallah come back again, all that was left of Abdallah. He loved the little orphan Boy greatly; used to say, They must take care of that beautiful little Boy, nothing in their kindred was more precious than he. At his death, while the boy was still but two years old, he left him in charge to Abu Thaleb the eldest of the Uncles, as to him that now was head of the house. By this Uncle, a just and rational man as everything betokens, Mahomet was brought-up[1] in the best Arab way.

Mahomet, as he grew up, accompanied his Uncle on trading journeys and suchlike[2]; in his eighteenth year one finds him a fighter following his Uncle in war. But perhaps the most significant of all his journeys is one we find noted as of some years'[3] earlier date: a journey to the Fairs of Syria. The young man here first came in contact with a quite foreign world, — with one foreign element of endless moment to him: the Christian Religion. I know not what to make of that 'Sergius, the Nestorian Monk,' whom Abu Thaleb and he are said to have lodged with; or how much any monk could have taught one still so young. Probably enough it is greatly exaggerated, this of the Nestorian Monk. Mahomet was only fourteen; had no language but his own: much in Syria must have been a strange unintelligible whirlpool to him. But the eyes of the lad were open; glimpses of many things would doubtless be taken-in,[4] and lie very enigmatic as yet, which were to ripen in a strange way into views, into beliefs and insights one day. These journeys to Syria were probably the beginning of much to Mahomet.

One other circumstance we must not forget: that he had

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] brought up
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like
[3] H[1] years
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] taken in

no school-learning; of the thing we call school-learning none at all. The art of writing was but just introduced into Arabia; it seems to be the true opinion that Mahomet never could write! Life in the Desert, with its experiences, was all his education. What of this infinite Universe he, from his dim place, with his own eyes and thoughts, could take in, so much and no more of it was he to know. Curious, if we will reflect on it, this of having no books. Except by what he could see for himself, or hear of by uncertain rumour of speech in the obscure Arabian Desert, he could know nothing. The wisdom that had been before him or at a distance from him in the world, was in a manner as good as not there for him. Of the great brother souls, flame-beacons through so many lands and times, no one directly communicates with this great soul. He is alone there, deep down in the bosom of the Wilderness; has to grow up so, — alone with Nature and his own Thoughts.

But, from an early age, he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him '*Al Amin*, The Faithful.' A man of truth and fidelity; true in what he did, in what he spake and thought. They noted that *he* always meant something. A man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said; but pertinent, wise, sincere, when he did speak; always throwing light on the matter. This is the only sort of speech *worth* speaking! Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man. A serious, sincere character; yet amiable, cordial, companionable, jocose even; — a good laugh in him withal: there are men whose laugh is as untrue as anything about them; who cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's beauty: his fine sagacious honest face, brown florid complexion, beaming black eyes; — I somehow like too that vein on the brow, which

swelled-up [1] black when he was in anger: like the '*horse-shoe* vein' in Scott's *Redgauntlet*. It was a kind of feature in the Hashem family, this black swelling vein in the brow; Mahomet had it prominent, as would appear. A spontaneous, passionate, yet just, true-meaning man! Full of wild faculty, fire and light; of wild worth, all uncultured; working out his life-task in the depths of the Desert there.

How he was placed with Kadijah, a rich Widow, as her Steward, and travelled in her business, again to [2] the Fairs of Syria; how he managed all, as one can well understand, with fidelity, adroitness; how her gratitude, her regard for him grew: the story of their marriage is altogether a graceful intelligible one, as told us by the Arab authors. He was twenty-five; she forty, though still beautiful. He seems to have lived in a most affectionate, peaceable, wholesome way with this wedded benefactress; loving her truly, and her alone. It goes greatly against the impostor theory,[3] the fact that he lived in this entirely unexceptionable, entirely quiet and commonplace way, till the heat of his years was done. He was forty before he talked of any mission from Heaven. All his irregularities, real and supposed, date from after his fiftieth year, when the good Kadijah died. All his 'ambition,' seemingly, had been, hitherto, to live an honest life; his 'fame,' the mere good opinion [4] of neighbours that knew him, had been sufficient hitherto. Not till he was already getting old, the prurient heat of his life all burnt out, and *peace* growing to be the chief thing this world could give him, did he start on the 'career of ambition;' and, belying all his past character and existence, set-up [5] as a wretched empty charlatan to

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] swelled up
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] business to
[3] H[1] H[2] impostor-theory
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] good-opinion
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] set up

acquire what he could now no longer enjoy! For my share, I have no faith whatever in that.

Ah no: this deep-hearted Son of the Wilderness, with his beaming black eyes and open social deep soul, had other thoughts in him than ambition. A silent great soul; he was one of those who cannot *but* be in earnest; whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere. While others walk in formulas and hearsays, contented enough to dwell there, this man could not screen himself in formulas; he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. The great Mystery of Existence, as I said, glared-in[1] upon him, with its terrors, with its splendours; no hearsays could hide that unspeakable fact, "Here am I!" Such *sincerity*, as we named it, has in very truth something of divine. The word of such a man is a Voice direct from Nature's own Heart. Men do and must listen to that as to nothing else; — all else is wind in comparison. From of old, a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What *is* this unfathomable Thing I live in, which men name Universe? What is Life; what is Death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern sandy solitudes answered not. The great Heaven rolling silent overhead, with its blue-glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer!

It is the thing which all men have to ask themselves; which we too have to ask, and answer. This wild man felt it to be of *infinite* moment; all other things of no moment whatever in comparison. The jargon of argumentative Greek Sects, vague traditions of Jews, the stupid routine of Arab Idolatry: there was no answer in these. A Hero, as I repeat, has this first distinction, which indeed we may

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] glared in

call first and last, the Alpha and Omega of his whole Heroism, That he looks through the shows[1] of things into *things*. Use and wont, respectable hearsay, respectable formula: all these are[2] good, or are[3] not good. There is something behind and beyond all these, which all these must correspond with, be the image of, or they are — *Idolatries;* 'bits of black wood pretending to be God;' to the earnest soul a mockery and abomination. Idolatries never so gilded, waited on by heads of the Koreish, will do nothing for this man. Though all men walk by them, what good is it? The great Reality stands glaring there upon *him*. He there has to answer it, or perish miserably. Now, even now, or else through all Eternity never! Answer it; *thou* must find an answer. — Ambition? What could all Arabia do for this man; with the crown of Greek Heraclius, of Persian Chosroes, and all crowns in the Earth; — what could they all do for him? It was not of the Earth he wanted to hear tell; it was of the Heaven above and of the Hell beneath. All crowns and sovereignties whatsoever, where would *they* in a few brief years be? To be Sheik[4] of Mecca or Arabia, and have a bit of gilt wood put into your hand, — will that be one's salvation? I decidedly think, not. We will leave it altogether, this impostor hypothesis,[5] as not credible; not very tolerable even, worthy chiefly of dismissal by us.

Mahomet had been wont to retire yearly, during the month Ramadhan, into solitude and silence; as indeed was the Arab custom; a praiseworthy custom, which such a man, above all, would find natural and useful. Communing with his own heart, in the silence of the mountains; himself silent; open to the 'small still voices:' it

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews
[2] H[1] H[2] this is
[3] H[1] H[2] is
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] Shiek
[5] H[1] H[2] impostor-hypothesis

was a right natural custom! Mahomet was in his fortieth year, when having withdrawn to a cavern in Mount Hara, near Mecca, during this Ramadhan, to pass the month in prayer, and meditation on those great questions, he one day told his wife Kadijah, who with his household was with him or near him this year, That by the unspeakable special favour of Heaven he had now found it all out; was in doubt and darkness no longer, but saw it all. That all these Idols and Formulas were nothing, miserable bits of wood; that there was One God in and over all; and we must leave all Idols, and look to Him. That God is great; and that there is nothing else great! He is the Reality. Wooden Idols are not real; He is real. He made us at first, sustains us yet; we and all things are but the shadow of Him; a transitory garment veiling the Eternal Splendour. '*Allah akbar*, God is great;'—and then also '*Islam*,' That we must *submit* to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, whatsoever He do to us. For this world, and for the other! The thing He sends to us, were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best; we resign ourselves to God.—'If this be *Islam*,' says Goethe, 'do we not all live in *Islam?*' Yes, all of us that have any moral life; we all live so. It has ever been held the highest wisdom for a man not merely to submit to Necessity,—Necessity will make him submit,—but to know and believe well that the stern thing which Necessity had ordered was the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. To cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God's-World in his small fraction of a brain; to know that it *had* verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it was Good;—that his part in it was to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that; not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

I say, this is yet the only true morality known. A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great deep Law of the World, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations; he is victorious while he coöperates[1] with that great central Law, not victorious otherwise: — and surely his first chance of coöperating[2] with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his whole soul that it *is;* that it is good, and alone good! This is the soul of Islam; it is properly the soul of Christianity; — for Islam is definable as a confused form of Christianity; had Christianity not been, neither had it been. Christianity also commands us, before all, to be resigned to God. We are to take no counsel with flesh-and-blood,[3] give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes: to know that we know nothing; that the worst and cruelest[4] to our eyes is not what it seems; that we have to receive whatsoever befalls[5] us as sent from God above, and say, It is good and wise, God is great! "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Islam means in its way Denial of Self, Annihilation of Self. This is yet the highest Wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our Earth.

Such light had come, as it could, to illuminate the darkness of this wild Arab soul. A confused dazzling splendour as of life and Heaven, in the great darkness which threatened to be death: he called it revelation and the angel Gabriel; — who of us yet can know what to call it? It is the 'inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth us understanding. To *know;* to get into the truth of anything, is ever a mystic act, — of which the best Logics can but babble

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] cooperates
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] cooperating
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] flesh and blood
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] cruellest
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] befals

on the surface. 'Is not Belief the true god-announcing Miracle?' says Novalis. — That Mahomet's whole soul, set in flame with this grand Truth vouchsafed him, should feel as if it were important and the only important thing, was very natural. That Providence had unspeakably honoured *him* by revealing it, saving him from death and darkness; that he therefore was bound to make known the same to all creatures: this is what was meant by 'Mahomet is the Prophet of God;' this too is not without its true meaning. —

The good Kadijah, we can fancy, listened to him with wonder, with doubt: at length she answered: Yes, it was *true* this that he said. One can fancy too the boundless gratitude of Mahomet; and how of all the kindnesses she had done him, this of believing the earnest struggling word he now spoke was the greatest. 'It is certain,' says Novalis, 'my Conviction gains infinitely, the moment another soul will believe in it.' It is a boundless favour. — He never forgot this good Kadijah. Long afterwards, Ayesha, his young favourite wife, a woman who indeed distinguished herself among the Moslem, by all manner of qualities, through her whole long life; this young brilliant Ayesha was, one day, questioning him: "Now am not I better than Kadijah? She was a widow; old, and had lost her looks: you love me better than you did her?" — "No, by Allah!" answered Mahomet: "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!" — Seid, his Slave, also believed in him; these with his young Cousin Ali, Abu Thaleb's son, were his first converts.

He spoke of his Doctrine to this man and that; but the most treated it with ridicule, with indifference; in three years, I think, he had gained but thirteen followers. His progress was slow enough. His encouragement to go on,

was altogether the usual encouragement that such a man in such a case meets. After some three years of small success, he invited forty of his chief kindred to an entertainment; and there stood-up[1] and told them what his pretension was: that he had this thing to promulgate abroad to all men; that it was the highest thing, the one thing: which of them would second him in that? Amid the doubt and silence of all, young Ali, as yet a lad of sixteen, impatient of the silence, started-up,[2] and exclaimed in passionate fierce language, That he would! The assembly, among whom was Abu Thaleb, Ali's Father, could not be unfriendly to Mahomet; yet the sight there, of one unlettered elderly man, with a lad of sixteen, deciding on such an enterprise against all mankind, appeared ridiculous to them; the assembly broke-up[3] in laughter. Nevertheless it proved not a laughable thing; it was a very serious thing! As for this young Ali, one cannot but like him. A noble-minded creature, as he shows[4] himself, now and always afterwards; full of affection, of fiery daring. Something chivalrous in him; brave as a lion; yet with a grace, a truth and affection worthy of Christian knighthood. He died by assassination in the Mosque at Bagdad; a death occasioned by his own generous fairness, confidence in the fairness of others: he said, If the wound proved not unto death, they must pardon the Assassin; but if it did, then they must slay him straightway, that so they two in the same hour might appear before God, and see which side of that quarrel was the just one!

Mahomet naturally gave offence to the Koreish, Keepers of the Caabah, superintendents of the Idols. One or two men of influence had joined him: the thing spread slowly, but it was spreading. Naturally he gave offence to every-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] stood up
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] started up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] broke up
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews

body: Who is this that pretends to be wiser than we all; that rebukes us all, as mere fools and worshippers of wood! Abu Thaleb the good Uncle spoke with him: Could he not be silent about all that; believe it all for himself, and not trouble others, anger the chief men, endanger himself and them all, talking of it? Mahomet answered: If the Sun stood on his right hand and the Moon on his left, ordering him to hold his peace, he could not obey! No: there was something in this Truth he had got which was of Nature herself; equal in rank to Sun, or Moon, or whatsoever thing Nature had made. It would speak itself there, so long as the Almighty allowed it, in spite of Sun and Moon, and all Koreish and all men and things. It must do that, and could do no other. Mahomet answered so; and, they say, 'burst into tears.' Burst into tears: he felt that Abu Thaleb was good to him; that the task he had got was no soft, but a stern and great one.

He went on speaking to who would listen to him; publishing his Doctrine among the pilgrims as they came to Mecca; gaining adherents in this place and that. Continual contradiction, hatred, open or secret danger attended him. His powerful relations protected Mahomet himself; but by and by, on his own advice, all his adherents had to quit[1] Mecca, and seek refuge in Abyssinia over the sea. The Koreish grew ever angrier; laid plots, and swore oaths among them, to put Mahomet to death with their own hands. Abu Thaleb was dead, the good Kadijah was dead. Mahomet is not solicitous of sympathy from us; but his outlook at this time was one of the dismalest.[2] He had to hide in caverns, escape in disguise; fly hither and thither; homeless, in continual peril of his life. More than once it seemed all-over[3] with him; more than once it turned on a straw, some rider's horse taking fright or the

[1] H[3] quite [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] dismallest [3] H[1] H[2] H[3] all over

like, whether Mahomet and his Doctrine had not ended there, and not been heard of at all. But it was not to end so.

In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies all banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every tribe, waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer, Mahomet fled to the place then called Yathreb, where he had gained some adherents; the place they now call Medina, or '*Medinat al Nabi*, the City of the Prophet,' from that circumstance. It lay some 200 miles off, through rocks and deserts; not without great difficulty, in such mood as we may fancy, he escaped thither, and found welcome. The whole East dates its era from this Flight, *Hegira* as they name it: the Year 1 of this Hegira is 622 of our Era, the fifty-third of Mahomet's life. He was now becoming an old man; his friends sinking round him one by one; his path desolate, encompassed with danger: unless he could find hope in his own heart, the outward face of things was but hopeless for him. It is so with all men in the like case. Hitherto Mahomet had professed to publish his Religion by the way of preaching and persuasion alone. But now, driven foully out of his native country, since unjust men had not only given no ear to his earnest Heaven's-message, the deep cry of his heart, but would not even let him live if he kept speaking it, — the wild Son of the Desert resolved to defend himself, like a man and Arab. If the Koreish will have it so, they shall have it. Tidings, felt to be of infinite moment to them and all men, they would not listen to these; would trample them down by sheer violence, steel and murder: well let steel try it then! Ten years more this Mahomet had; all of fighting, of breathless impetuous toil and struggle; with what result we know.

Much has been said of Mahomet's propagating his Reli-

gion by the sword. It is no doubt far nobler what we have to boast of the Christian Religion, that it propagated itself peaceably in the way of preaching and conviction. Yet withal, if we take this for an argument of the truth or falsehood of a religion, there is a radical mistake in it. The sword indeed: but where will you get your sword! Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a *minority of one.* In one man's head alone, there it dwells as yet. One man alone of the whole world believes it; there is one man against all men. That *he* take a sword, and try to propagate with that, will do little for him. You must first get your sword! On the whole, a thing will propagate itself as it can. We do not find, of the Christian Religion either, that it always disdained the sword, when once it had got one. Charlemagne's conversion of the Saxons was not by preaching. I care little about the sword: I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach, and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long-run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great Duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong: the thing which is deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call *truest*, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last.

Here however, in reference to much that there is in Mahomet and his success, we are to remember what an umpire Nature is; what a greatness, composure of depth and tolerance there is in her. You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom: your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn-sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter: you cast it into the kind just Earth;

she grows the wheat, — the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds *it* in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest, — has silently turned all the rest to some benefit too, and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in Nature! She is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly in her truth. She requires of a thing only that it *be* genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not, if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave harbour to. Alas, is not this the history of all highest Truth that comes or ever came into the world? The *body* of them all is imperfection, an element of light *in* darkness: to us they have to come embodied in mere Logic, in some merely *scientific* Theorem of the Universe; which *cannot* be complete; which cannot but be found, one day, *in*-complete, erroneous, and so die and disappear. The body of all Truth dies; and yet in all, I say, there is a soul which never dies; which in new and ever-nobler embodiment lives immortal as man himself! It is the way with Nature. The genuine essence of Truth never dies. That it be genuine, a voice from the great Deep of Nature, there is the point at Nature's judgment-seat. What *we* call pure or impure, is not with her the final question. Not how much chaff is in you; but whether you have any wheat. Pure? I might say to many a man: Yes, you are pure; pure enough; but you are chaff, — insincere hypothesis, hearsay, formality; you never were in contact with the great heart of the Universe at all; you are properly neither pure nor impure; you *are* nothing, Nature has no business with you.

Mahomet's Creed we called a kind of Christianity; and really, if we look at the wild rapt earnestness with which it was believed and laid to heart, I should say a better kind than that of those miserable Syrian Sects, with their vain

janglings about *Homoiousion* and *Homoousion*, the head full of worthless noise, the heart empty and dead! The truth of it is embedded in portentous error and falsehood: but the truth of it makes it be believed, not the falsehood: it succeeded by its truth. A bastard kind of Christianity, but a living kind; with a heart-life in it; not dead, chopping barren logic merely! Out of all that rubbish of Arab idolatries, argumentative theologies, traditions, subtleties, rumours and hypotheses of Greeks and Jews, with their idle wiredrawings, this wild man of the Desert, with his wild sincere heart, earnest as death and life, with his great flashing natural eyesight, had seen into the kernel of the matter. Idolatry is nothing: these Wooden Idols of yours, 'ye rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick on them,' — these are wood, I tell you! They can do nothing for you; they are an impotent blasphemous pretence; a horror and abomination, if ye knew them. God alone is; God alone has power; He made us, He can kill us and keep us alive: '*Allah akbar*, God is great.' Understand that His will is the best for you; that howsoever sore to flesh-and-blood,[1] you will find it the wisest, best: you are bound to take it so; in this world and in the next, you have no other thing that you can do[2]!

And now if the wild idolatrous men did believe this, and with their fiery hearts lay hold of it to do it, in what form soever it came to them, I say it was well worthy of being believed. In one form or the other, I say it is still the one thing worthy of being believed by all men. Man does hereby become the high-priest of this Temple of a World. He is in harmony with the Decrees of the Author of this World; coöperating[3] with them, not vainly withstanding them: I know, to this day, no better definition of

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] flesh and blood [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] *no paragraph.*
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] cooperating

Duty than that same. All that is *right* includes itself in this of coöperating[1] with the real Tendency of the World: you succeed by this (the World's Tendency will succeed), you are good, and in the right course there. *Homoiousion*, *Homoousion*, vain logical jangle, then or before or at any time, may jangle itself out, and go whither and how it likes: this is the *thing* it all struggles to mean, if it would mean anything. If it do not succeed in meaning this, it means nothing. Not that Abstractions, logical Propositions, be correctly worded or incorrectly; but the living concrete Sons of Adam do lay this to heart: that is the important point. Islam devoured all these vain jangling Sects; and I think had right to do so. It was a Reality, direct from the great Heart of Nature once more. Arab idolatries, Syrian formulas, whatsoever was not equally real, had to go up in flame, — mere dead *fuel*, in various senses, for this which was *fire*.

It was during these wild warfarings and strugglings, especially after the Flight to Mecca, that Mahomet dictated at intervals his Sacred Book, which they name *Koran*, or *Reading*, 'Thing to be read.' This is the Work he and his disciples made so much of, asking all the world, Is not that a miracle? The Mahometans regard their Koran with a reverence which few Christians pay even to their Bible. It is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law and all practice; the thing to be gone-upon[2] in speculation and life: the message sent direct out of Heaven, which this Earth has to conform to, and walk by; the thing to be read. Their Judges decide by it; all Moslem are bound to study it, seek in it for the light of their life. They have mosques where it is all read daily; thirty relays of priests take it up in succession, get through the whole each day.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] cooperating
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] gone upon

There, for twelve-hundred[1] years, has the voice of this Book, at all moments, kept sounding through the ears and the hearts of so many men. We hear of Mahometan Doctors that have read it seventy-thousand[2] times!

Very curious: if one sought for 'discrepancies of national taste,' here surely were the most eminent instance of that! We also can read the Koran; our Translation of it, by Sale, is known to be a very fair one. I must say, it is as toilsome reading as I ever undertook. A wearisome confused jumble, crude, incondite; endless iterations, long-windedness,[3] entanglement; most crude, incondite;—insupportable stupidity, in short! Nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran. We read in it, as we might in the State-Paper Office, unreadable masses of lumber, that perhaps we may get some glimpses of a remarkable man. It is true we have it under disadvantages: the Arabs see more method in it than we. Mahomet's followers found the Koran lying all in fractions, as it had been written-down[4] at first promulgation; much of it, they say, on shoulder-blades of mutton, flung pell-mell into a chest: and they published it, without any discoverable order as to time or otherwise;—merely trying, as would seem, and this not very strictly, to put the longest chapters first. The real beginning of it, in that way, lies almost at the end: for the earliest portions were the shortest. Read in its historical sequence it perhaps would not be so bad. Much of it, too, they say, is rhythmic; a kind of wild chanting[5] song, in the original. [6]This may be a great point; much perhaps has been lost in the Translation here.[6] Yet with every allowance, one feels it difficult to see how any mortal ever could consider this Koran as a Book

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] twelve hundred
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] seventy thousand
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] longwindedness
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] written down
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] chaunting
[6 6] *not in* H[1], *appears in* H[2] H[3] *as here.*

written in Heaven, too good for the Earth; as a well-written book, or indeed as a *book* at all; and not a bewildered rhapsody; *written*, so far as writing goes, as badly as almost any book ever was! So much for national discrepancies, and the standard of taste.

Yet I should say, it was not unintelligible how the Arabs might so love it. When once you get this confused coil of a Koran fairly off your hands, and have it behind you at a distance, the essential type of it begins to disclose itself; and in this there is a merit quite other than the literary one. If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that. One would say the primary character of the Koran is this of its *genuineness*, of its being a *bona-fide*[1] book. Prideaux, I know, and others have represented it as a mere bundle of juggleries; chapter after chapter got-up[2] to excuse and varnish the author's successive sins, forward his ambitions and quackeries: but really it is time to dismiss all that. I do not assert Mahomet's continual sincerity: who is continually sincere? But I confess I can make nothing of the critic, in these times, who would accuse him of deceit *prepense;* of conscious deceit generally, or perhaps at all; — still more, of living in a mere element of conscious deceit, and writing this Koran as a forger and juggler would have done! Every candid eye, I think, will read the Koran far otherwise than so. It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul; rude, untutored, that cannot even read; but fervent, earnest, struggling vehemently to utter itself in words. With a kind of breathless intensity he strives to utter himself; the thoughts crowd on him pell-mell: for very multitude of things to say, he can get nothing said. The meaning that is in him shapes itself into no form of composition, is stated in no sequence,

[1] H[1] *bonâ-fide* [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] got up

method, or coherence; — they are not *shaped* at all, these thoughts of his; flung-out[1] unshaped, as they struggle and tumble there, in their chaotic inarticulate state. We said 'stupid': yet natural stupidity is by no means the character of Mahomet's Book; it is natural uncultivation rather. The man has not studied speaking; in the haste and pressure of continual fighting, has not time to mature himself into fit speech. The panting breathless haste and vehemence of a man struggling in the thick of battle for life and salvation; this is the mood he is in! A headlong haste; for very magnitude of meaning, he cannot get himself articulated into words. The successive utterances of a soul in that mood, coloured by the various vicissitudes of three-and-twenty years; now well uttered, now worse: this is the Koran.

For we are to consider Mahomet, through these three-and-twenty years, as the centre of a world wholly in conflict. Battles with the Koreish and Heathen, quarrels among his own people, backslidings of his own wild heart; all this kept him in a perpetual whirl, his soul knowing rest no more. In wakeful nights, as one may fancy, the wild soul of the man, tossing amid these vortices, would hail any light of a decision for them as a veritable light from Heaven; *any* making-up[2] of his mind, so blessed, indispensable for him there, would seem the inspiration of a Gabriel. Forger and juggler? No,[3] no! This great fiery heart, seething, simmering like a great furnace of thoughts, was not a juggler's. His life[4] was a Fact to him; this God's Universe an awful Fact and Reality. He has faults enough. The man was an uncultured semi-barbarous Son of Nature, much of the Bedouin still clinging to him: we must take him for that. But for a wretched Simulacrum, a hungry

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] flung out
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] making up
[3] H[1] H[2] Ah
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] Life

Impostor without eyes or heart, practising for a mess of pottage such blasphemous swindlery, forgery of celestial documents, continual high-treason against his Maker and Self, we will not and cannot take him.

Sincerity, in all senses, seems to me the merit of the Koran; what had rendered it precious to the wild Arab men. It is, after all, the first and last merit in a book; gives rise to merits of all kinds, — nay, at bottom, it alone can give rise to merit of any kind. Curiously, through these incondite masses of tradition, vituperation, complaint, ejaculation in the Koran, a vein of true direct insight, of what we might almost call poetry, is found straggling. The body of the Book is made-up[1] of mere tradition, and as it were vehement enthusiastic extempore preaching. He returns forever to the old stories of the Prophets as they went current in the Arab memory: how Prophet after Prophet, the Prophet Abraham, the Prophet Hud, the Prophet Moses, Christian and other real and fabulous Prophets, had come to this Tribe and to that, warning men of their sin; and been received by them even as he Mahomet was, — which is a great solace to him. These things he repeats ten, perhaps twenty times; again and ever again, with wearisome iteration; has never done repeating them. A brave Samuel Johnson, in his forlorn garret, might con-over[2] the Biographies of Authors in that way! This is the great staple of the Koran. But curiously, through all this, comes ever and anon some glance as of the real thinker and seer. He has actually an eye for the world, this Mahomet: with a certain directness and rugged vigour, he brings home still, to our heart, the thing his own heart has been opened to. I make but little of his praises of Allah, which many praise; they are borrowed I suppose mainly from the Hebrew, at least they are far surpassed there.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] made up [2] H[1] H[2] study H[3] con over

But the eye that flashes direct into the heart of things, and *sees* the truth of them; this is to me a highly interesting object. Great Nature's own gift; which she bestows on all; but which only one in the thousand does not cast sorrowfully away: it is what I call sincerity of vision; the test of a sincere heart.[1]

Mahomet can work no miracles; he often answers impatiently: I can work no miracles. I? 'I am a Public Preacher;' appointed to preach this doctrine to all creatures. Yet the world, as we can see, had really from of old been all one great miracle to him. Look over the world, says he; is it not wonderful, the work of Allah; wholly 'a sign to you,' if your eyes were open! This Earth, God made it for you; 'appointed paths in it;' you can live in it, go to and fro on it. — The clouds in the dry country of Arabia, to Mahomet they are very wonderful: Great clouds, he says, born in the deep bosom of the Upper Immensity, where do they come from! They hang there, the great black monsters; pour-down[2] their rain-deluges 'to revive a dead earth,' and grass springs, and 'tall leafy palm-trees with their date-clusters hanging round. Is not that a sign?' Your cattle too, — Allah made them; serviceable dumb creatures; they change[3] the grass into milk; you have your clothing from them, very strange creatures; [4]'they come ranking home at evening-time,[4] 'and,' adds he, 'and[5] are a credit to you!' Ships[6] also, — he talks often about ships: Huge moving mountains, they spread-out[7] their cloth wings, go bounding through the water there, Heaven's wind driving them; anon they lie motionless, God has withdrawn the wind, they lie dead, and cannot

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *no paragraph.*
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] pour down
[3] H[1] make
[4 4] *not in* H[1]
[5] H[1] and they
[6] H[1] H[2] Ships, —
[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] spread out

stir! Miracles? cries he: What miracle would you have? Are not you yourselves there? God made *you*,[1] 'shaped you out of a little clay.' Ye were small once; a few years ago ye were not at all. Ye have beauty, strength, thoughts, 'ye have compassion on one another.' Old age comes-on[2] you, and gray[3] hairs; your strength fades into feebleness; ye sink down, and again are not. 'Ye have compassion on one another:' this struck me much: Allah might have made you having no compassion on one another, — how had it been then! This is a great direct thought, a glance at first-hand into the very fact of things. Rude vestiges of poetic genius, of whatsoever is best and truest, are visible in this man. A strong untutored intellect; eyesight, heart: a strong wild man, — might have shaped himself into Poet, King, Priest, any kind of Hero.

To his eyes it is forever clear that this world wholly is miraculous. He sees what, as we said once before, all great thinkers, the rude Scandinavians themselves, in one way or other, have contrived to see: That this so solid-looking material world is, at bottom, in very deed, Nothing; is a visual and tactual Manifestation of God's power and presence, — a shadow hung-out[4] by Him on the bosom of the void Infinite; nothing more. The mountains, he says, these great rock-mountains, they shall dissipate themselves 'like clouds;' melt into the Blue as clouds do, and not be! He figures the Earth, in the Arab fashion, Sale tells us, as an immense Plain or flat Plate of ground, the mountains are set on that to *steady* it. At the Last Day they shall disappear 'like clouds;' the whole Earth shall go spinning, whirl itself off into wreck, and as dust and vapour vanish in the Inane. Allah withdraws his hand from it, and it ceases to be. The universal empire of Allah, presence

[1] H[1] you
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] comes on
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] grey
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] hung out

everywhere of an unspeakable Power, a Splendour, and a Terror not to be named, as the true force, essence and reality, in all things whatsoever, was continually clear to this man. What a modern talks-of[1] by the name, Forces of Nature, Laws of Nature; and does not figure as a divine thing; not even as one thing at all, but as a set of things, undivine enough, — saleable, curious, good for propelling steam-ships! With our Sciences and Cyclopædias, we are apt to forget the *divineness*, in those laboratories of ours. We ought not to forget it! That once well forgotten, I know not what else were worth remembering. Most sciences, I think, were then a very dead thing; withered, contentious, empty; — a thistle in late autumn. The best science, without this, is but as the dead *timber;* it is not the growing tree and forest, — which gives ever-new timber, among other things! Man cannot *know* either, unless he can *worship* in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry, and dead thistle, otherwise.

Much has been said and written about the sensuality of Mahomet's Religion; more than was just. The indulgences, criminal to us, which he permitted, were not of his appointment; he found them practised, unquestioned from immemorial time in Arabia; what he did was to curtail them, restrict them, not on one but on many sides. His religion is not an easy one: with rigorous fasts, lavations, strict complex formulas, prayers five times a day, and abstinence from wine, it did not 'succeed by being an easy Religion.' As if indeed any religion, or cause holding of religion, could succeed by that! It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense, — sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or in the next! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] talks of

be shot, has his 'honour of a soldier,' different from drill-regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a god-made Man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show[1] him the way of doing that, the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns-up[2] all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher: one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their 'point of honour' and the like. Not by flattering our appetites: no, by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any Religion gain followers.

Mahomet himself, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man. We shall err widely if we consider this man as a common voluptuary, intent mainly on base enjoyments, — nay on enjoyments of any kind. His household was of the frugalest[3]; his common diet barley-bread and water: sometimes for months there was not a fire once lighted on his hearth. They record with just pride that he would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak. A poor, hard-toiling, ill-provided man; careless of what vulgar men toil for. Not a bad man, I should say; something better in him than *hunger* of any sort, — or these wild Arab men, fighting and jostling three-and-twenty[4] years at his hand, in close contact with him always, would not have reverenced him so! They were wild men, bursting ever and anon into quarrel, into all kinds of fierce sincerity; without right worth and manhood, no man could have commanded them. They called him Prophet, you say? Why,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Shew
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] burns up
[3] H[3] frugallest
[4] H[1] three and twenty

he stood there face to face with them; bare, not enshrined in any mystery; visibly clouting his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes; fighting, counselling, ordering in the midst of them: they must have seen what kind of a man[1] he *was*, let him be *called* what you like! No emperor with his tiaras was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. During three-and-twenty[2] years of rough actual trial. I find something of a veritable Hero necessary for that, of itself.

His last words are a prayer; broken ejaculations of a heart struggling-up[3] in trembling hope, towards its Maker. We cannot say that his religion made him *worse;* it made him better; good, not bad. Generous things are recorded of him: when he lost his Daughter, the thing he answers is, in his own dialect, everyway[4] sincere, and yet equivalent to that of Christians, 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' He answered in like manner of Seid, his emancipated well-beloved Slave, the second of the believers. Seid had fallen in the War of Tabûc, the first of Mahomet's fightings with the Greeks. Mahomet said, It was well; Seid had done his Master's work, Seid had now gone to his Master: it was all well with Seid. Yet Seid's daughter found him weeping over the body; — the old gray-haired[5] man melting in tears! "What do I see?" said she. — "You see a friend weeping over his friend." — He went out for the last time into the mosque, two days before his death; asked, If he had injured any man? Let his own back bear the stripes. If he owed any man? A voice answered, "Yes, me three drachms," borrowed on such an occasion. Mahomet ordered them to be paid: "Better be in shame now," said

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] of man
[2] H[1] three and twenty
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] struggling up
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] every way
[5] H[3] grey-haired

he, "than at the Day of Judgment." — You remember Kadijah, and the "No, by Allah!" Traits of that kind show us the genuine man, the brother of us all, brought visible through twelve centuries, — the veritable Son of our common Mother.

Withal I like Mahomet for his total freedom from cant. He is a rough, self-helping son of the wilderness; does not pretend to be what he is not. There is no ostentatious pride in him; but neither does he go much upon humility: he is there as he can be, in cloak and shoes of his own clouting; speaks plainly to all manner of Persian Kings, Greek Emperors, what it is they are bound to do; knows well enough, about himself, 'the respect due unto thee.' In a life-and-death war with Bedouins, cruel things could not fail; but neither are acts of mercy, of noble natural pity and generosity wanting. Mahomet makes no apology for the one, no boast of the other. They were each the free dictate of his heart; each called-for,[1] there and then. Not a mealy-mouthed man! A candid ferocity, if the case call for it, is in him; he does not mince matters! The War of Tabûc is a thing he often speaks of: his men refused, many of them, to march on that occasion; pleaded the heat of the weather, the harvest, and so forth; he can never forget that. Your harvest? It lasts for a day. What will become of your harvest through all Eternity? Hot weather? Yes, it was hot; 'but Hell will be hotter!' Sometimes a rough sarcasm turns-up[2]: He says to the unbelievers, Ye shall have the just measure of your deeds at that Great Day. They will be weighed-out[3] to you; ye shall not have short weight! — Everywhere he fixes the matter in his eye; he *sees* it: his heart, now and then, is as if struck dumb by the greatness of it. 'Assuredly,' he says: that word, in the

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] called for [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] turns up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] weighed out

Koran, is written-down sometimes as a sentence by itself: 'Assuredly.'

No *Dilettantism* in this Mahomet; it is a business of Reprobation and Salvation with him, of Time and Eternity: he is in deadly earnest about it! Dilettantism, hypothesis, speculation, a kind of amateur-search for Truth, toying and coquetting with Truth: this is the sorest sin. The root of all other imaginable sins. It consists in the heart and soul of the man never having been *open* to Truth; — 'living in a vain show.' Such a man not only utters and produces falsehoods, but *is* himself a falsehood. The rational moral principle, spark of the Divinity, is sunk deep in him, in quiet paralysis of life-death. The very falsehoods of Mahomet are truer than the truths of such a man. He is the insincere man: smooth-polished, respectable in some times and places; inoffensive, says nothing harsh to anybody; most *cleanly*, — just as carbonic acid is, which is death and poison.

We will not praise Mahomet's moral precepts as always of the superfinest sort; yet it can be said that there is always a tendency to good in them; that they are the true dictates of a heart aiming towards what is just and true. The sublime forgiveness of Christianity, turning of the other cheek when the one has been smitten, is not here: you *are* to revenge yourself, but it is to be in measure, not overmuch, or beyond justice. On the other hand, Islam, like any great Faith, and insight into the essence of man, is a perfect equaliser[1] of men: the soul of one believer outweighs all earthly kingships; all men, according to Islam too, are equal. Mahomet insists not on the propriety of giving alms, but on the necessity of it: he marks-down[2] by law how much you are to give, and it is at your peril if you neglect. The tenth part of a man's annual income,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] equalizer [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] marks down

whatever that may be, is the *property* of the poor, of those that are afflicted and need help. Good all this: the natural voice of humanity, of pity and equity dwelling in the heart of this wild Son of Nature speaks *so*.

Mahomet's Paradise is sensual, his Hell sensual: true; in the one and the other there is enough that shocks all spiritual feeling in us. But we are to recollect that the Arabs already had it so; that Mahomet, in whatever he changed of it, softened and diminished all this. The worst sensualities, too, are the work of doctors, followers of his, not his work. In the Koran there is really very little said about the joys of Paradise; they are intimated rather than insisted on. Nor is it forgotten that the highest joys even there shall be spiritual; the pure Presence of the Highest, this shall infinitely transcend all other joys. He says, 'Your salutation shall be, Peace.' *Salam*, Have Peace!—the thing that all rational souls long for, and seek, vainly here below, as the one blessing. 'Ye shall sit on seats, facing one another: all grudges shall be taken away out of your hearts.' All grudges! Ye shall love one another freely; for each of you, in the eyes of his brothers, there will be Heaven enough!

In reference to this of the sensual Paradise and Mahomet's sensuality, the sorest chapter of all for us, there were many things to be said; which it is not convenient to enter upon here. Two remarks only I shall make, and therewith leave it to your candour. The first is furnished me by Goethe; it is a casual hint of his which seems well worth taking note of. In one of his Delineations, in *Meister's Travels* it is, the hero comes-upon[1] a Society of men with very strange ways, one of which was this: "We require," says the Master, "that each of our people shall restrict himself in one direction," shall go right against his desire

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] comes upon

in one matter, and *make* himself do the thing he does not wish, "should we allow him the greater latitude on all other sides." There seems to me a great justness in this. Enjoying things which are pleasant; that is not the evil: it is the reducing of our moral self to slavery by them that is. Let a man assert withal that he is king over his habitudes; that he could and would shake them off, on cause shown[1]: this is an excellent law. The Month Ramadhan for the Moslem, much in Mahomet's Religion, much in his own Life, bears in that direction; if not by forethought, or clear purpose of moral improvement on his part, then by a certain healthy manful instinct, which is as good.

But there is another thing to be said about the Mahometan Heaven and Hell. This namely, that, however gross and material they may be, they are an emblem of an everlasting truth, not always so well remembered elsewhere. That gross sensual Paradise of his; that horrible flaming Hell; the great enormous Day of Judgment he perpetually insists on: what is all this but a rude shadow, in the rude Bedouin imagination, of that grand spiritual Fact, and Beginning of Facts, which it is ill for us too if we do not all know and feel: the Infinite Nature of Duty? That man's actions here are of *infinite* moment to him, and never die or end at all; that man, with his little life, reaches upwards high as Heaven, downwards low as Hell, and in his threescore years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden: all this had burnt itself, as in flame-characters, into the wild Arab soul. As in flame and lightning, it stands written there; awful, unspeakable, ever present to him. With bursting earnestness, with a fierce savage sincerity, half-articulating, not able to articulate, he strives to speak it, bodies it forth in that Heaven and that Hell. Bodied forth in what way you will, it is the first of all

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shewn

truths. It is venerable under all embodiments. What is the chief end of man here below? Mahomet has answered this question, in a way that might put some of *us* to shame! He does not, like a Bentham, a Paley, take Right and Wrong, and calculate the profit and loss, ultimate pleasure of the one and of the other; and summing all up by addition and subtraction into a net result, ask you, Whether on the whole the Right does not preponderate considerably? No; it is not *better* to do the one than the other; the one is to the other as life is to death, — as Heaven is to Hell. The one must in nowise be done, the other in nowise left undone. You shall not measure them; they are incommensurable: the one is death eternal to a man, the other is life eternal. Benthamee Utility, virtue by Profit and Loss; reducing this God's-world to a dead brute Steam-engine, the infinite celestial Soul of Man to a kind of Hay-balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on: — If you ask me which gives, Mahomet or they, the beggarlier and falser view of Man and his Destinies in this Universe, I will answer, It is not Mahomet! — —

On the whole, we will repeat that this Religion of Mahomet's is a kind of Christianity; has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest looking through it, not to be hidden by all its imperfections. The Scandinavian God *Wish*, the god of all rude men, — this has been enlarged into a Heaven by Mahomet; but a Heaven symbolical of sacred Duty, and to be earned by faith and welldoing, by valiant action, and a divine patience which is still more valiant. It is Scandinavian Paganism, and a truly celestial element superadded to that. Call it not false; look not at the falsehood of it, look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries, it has been the religion and life-guidance of the fifth part of the whole kindred of Mankind. Above all things, it has been a religion heartily *believed*. These

Arabs believe their religion, and try to live by it! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their Faith as the Moslem do by theirs, — believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo when he cries, "Who goes?" will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, "There is no God but God." *Allah akbar*, *Islam*, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence, of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries preach it abroad among Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idolaters; — displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.

To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world: a Hero-Prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe: see, the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great; within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that; — glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century, — is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada! I said, the Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

LECTURE III

THE HERO AS POET. DANTE; SHAKSPEARE

[Tuesday, 12th May 1840.][1]

THE Hero as Divinity, the Hero as Prophet, are productions of old ages; not to be repeated in the new. They presuppose a certain rudeness of conception, which the progress of mere scientific knowledge puts an end to. There needs to be, as it were, a world vacant, or almost vacant of scientific forms, if men in their loving wonder are to fancy their fellow-man[2] either a god or one speaking with the voice of a god. Divinity and Prophet are past. We are now to see our Hero in the less ambitious, but also less questionable, character of Poet; a character which does not pass. The Poet is a heroic figure belonging to all ages; whom all ages possess, when once he is produced, whom the newest age as the oldest may produce; — and will produce, always when Nature pleases. Let Nature send a Hero-soul; in no age is it other than possible that he may be shaped into a Poet.

Hero, Prophet, Poet, — many different names, in different times and places, do we give to Great Men; according to varieties we note in them, according to the sphere in which they have displayed themselves! We might give many more names, on this same principle. I will remark again, however, as a fact not unimportant to be understood, that the different *sphere* constitutes the grand origin of such

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *date above title.* [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] fellow man

distinction; that the Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest, or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into. I confess, I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be *all* sorts of men. The Poet who could merely sit on a chair, and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much. He could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too. I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher; — in one or the other degree, he could have been, he is all these. So too I cannot understand how a Mirabeau, with that great glowing heart, with the fire that was in it, with the bursting tears that were in it, could not have written verses, tragedies, poems, and touched all hearts in that way, had his course of life and education led him thitherward. The grand fundamental character is that of Great Man; that the man be great. Napoleon has words in him which are like Austerlitz Battles. Louis Fourteenth's Marshals are a kind of poetical men withal; the things Turenne says are full of sagacity and geniality, like sayings of Samuel Johnson. The great heart, the clear deep-seeing eye: there it lies; no man whatever, in what province soever, can prosper at all without these. Petrarch and Boccaccio did diplomatic messages, it seems, quite well: one can easily believe it; they had done things a little harder than these[1]! Burns, a gifted song-writer, might have made a still better Mirabeau. Shakspeare, — one knows not what *he* could not have made, in the supreme degree.

True, there are aptitudes of Nature too. Nature does not make all great men, more than all other men, in the self-same mould. Varieties of aptitude doubtless; but infinitely more of circumstance; and far oftenest it is the *latter* only that are looked to. But it is as with common

[1] H[1] H[2] that!

men in the learning of trades. You take any man, as yet a vague capability of a man, who could be any kind of craftsman; and make him into a smith, a carpenter, a mason: he is then and thenceforth that and nothing else. And if, as Addison complains, you sometimes see a street-porter staggering under his load on spindle-shanks, and near at hand a tailor with the frame of a Samson handling a bit of cloth and small Whitechapel needle, — it cannot be considered that aptitude of Nature alone has been consulted here either! — The Great Man also, to what shall he be bound apprentice? Given your Hero, is he to become Conqueror, King, Philosopher, Poet? It is an inexplicably complex controversial-calculation between the world and him! He will read the world and its laws; the world with its laws will be there to be read. What the world, on *this* matter, shall permit and bid is, as we said, the most important fact about the world. —

Poet and Prophet differ greatly in our loose modern notions of them. In some old languages, again, the titles are synonymous; *Vates* means both Prophet and Poet: and indeed at all times, Prophet and Poet, well understood, have much kindred of meaning. Fundamentally indeed they are still the same; in this most important respect especially, That they have penetrated both of them into the sacred mystery of the Universe; what Goethe calls 'the open secret.' "Which is the great secret?" asks one. — "The *open* secret," — open to all, seen by almost none! That divine mystery, which lies everywhere in all Beings, 'the Divine Idea of the World, that which lies at the bottom of Appearance,' as Fichte styles it; of which all Appearance, from the starry sky to the grass of the field, but especially the Appearance of Man and his work, is but the *vesture*, the embodiment that renders it visible. This

divine mystery *is* in all times and in all places; veritably is. In most times and places it is greatly overlooked; and the Universe, definable always in one or the other dialect, as the realised Thought of God, is considered a trivial, inert, commonplace matter, — as if, says the Satirist, it were a dead thing, which some upholsterer had put together! It could do no good, at present, to *speak* much about this; but it is a pity for every one of us if we do not know it, live ever in the knowledge of it. Really a most mournful pity; — a failure to live at all, if we live otherwise!

But now, I say, whoever may forget this divine mystery, the *Vates*, whether Prophet or Poet, has penetrated into it; is a man sent hither to make it more impressively known to us. That always is his message; he is to reveal that to us, — that sacred mystery which he more than others lives ever present with. While others forget it, he knows it; — I might say, he has been driven to know it; without consent asked of *him*, he finds himself living in it, bound to live in it. Once more, here is no Hearsay, but a direct Insight and Belief; this man too could not help being a sincere man! Whosoever may live in the shows[1] of things, it is for him a necessity of nature to live in the very fact of things. A man once more, in earnest with the Universe, though all others were but toying with it. He is a *Vates*, first of all, in virtue of being sincere. So far Poet and Prophet, participators in the 'open secret,' are one.

With respect to their distinction again: The *Vates* Prophet, we might say, has seized that sacred mystery rather on the moral side, as Good and Evil, Duty and Prohibition; the *Vates* Poet on what the Germans call the æsthetic side, as Beautiful, and the like. The one we may call a revealer of what we are to do, the other of what we are to love. But indeed these two provinces run into one

[1] H² H³ shews

another, and cannot be disjoined. The Prophet too has his eye on what we are to love: how else shall we know what it is we are to do? The highest Voice ever heard on this earth[1] said withal, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A glance, that, into the deepest deep of Beauty. 'The lilies of the field,' — dressed finer than earthly princes, springing-up[2] there in the humble furrow-field; a beautiful *eye* looking-out[3] on you, from the great inner Sea of Beauty! How could the rude Earth make these, if her Essence, rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly Beauty? In this point of view, too, a saying of Goethe's, which has staggered several, may have meaning: 'The Beautiful,' he intimates, 'is higher than the Good; the Beautiful includes in it the Good.' The *true* Beautiful; which however, I have said somewhere, 'differs from the *false* as Heaven does from Vauxhall!' So much for the distinction and identity of Poet and Prophet. —

In ancient and also in modern periods we find a few Poets who are accounted perfect; whom it were a kind of treason to find fault with. This is noteworthy; this is right: yet in strictness it is only an illusion. At bottom, clearly enough, there is no perfect Poet! A vein of Poetry exists in the hearts of all men; no man is made altogether of Poetry. We are all poets when we *read* a poem well. The 'imagination that shudders at the Hell of Dante,' is not that the same faculty, weaker in degree, as Dante's own? No one but Shakspeare can embody, out of *Saxo Grammaticus*, the story of *Hamlet* as Shakspeare did: but every one models some kind of story out of it; every one embodies it better or worse. We need not spend time in defining.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Earth [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] springing up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] looking out

Where there is no specific difference, as between round and square, all definition must be more or less arbitrary. A man that has *so* much more of the poetic element developed in him as to have become noticeable, will be called Poet by his neighbours. World-Poets too, those whom we are to take for perfect Poets, are settled by critics in the same way. One who rises *so* far above the general level of Poets will, to such and such critics, seem a Universal Poet; as he ought to do. And yet it is, and must be, an arbitrary distinction. All Poets, all men, have some touches of the Universal; no man is wholly made of that. Most Poets are very soon forgotten: but not the noblest Shakspeare or Homer of them can be remembered *forever;* — a day comes when he too is not!

Nevertheless, you will say, there must be a difference between true Poetry and true Speech not poetical: what is the difference? On this point many things have been written, especially by late German Critics, some of which are not very intelligible at first. They say, for example, that the Poet has an *infinitude* in him; communicates an *Unendlichkeit*, a certain character of 'infinitude,' to whatsoever he delineates. This, though not very precise, yet on so vague a matter is worth remembering: if well meditated, some meaning will gradually be found in it. For my own part, I find considerable meaning in the old vulgar distinction of Poetry being *metrical*, having music in it, being a Song. Truly, if pressed to give a definition, one might say this as soon as anything else: If your delineation be authentically *musical*, musical not in word only, but in heart and substance, in all the thoughts and utterances of it, in the whole conception of it, then it will be poetical; if not, not. — Musical: how much lies in that! A *musical* thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it,

namely the *melody* that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be,[1] here in this world. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious; naturally utter themselves in Song. The meaning of Song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

Nay all speech, even the commonest speech, has something of song in it: not a parish in the world but has its parish-accent; — the rhythm or *tune* to which the people there *sing* what they have to say! Accent is a kind of chanting[2]; all men have accent of their own, — though they only *notice* that of others. Observe too how all passionate language does of itself become musical, — with a finer music than the mere accent; the speech of a man even in zealous anger becomes a chant,[3] a song. All deep things are Song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The primal element of us; of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies: it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. Poetry, therefore, we will call *musical Thought.* The Poet is he who *thinks* in that manner. At bottom, it turns still on power of intellect; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a Poet. See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

The *Vates* Poet, with his melodious Apocalypse of Nature, seems to hold a poor rank among us, in comparison with

[1] H[1] H[2] be
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] chaunting
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] chaunt

the *Vates* Prophet; his function, and our esteem of him for his function, alike slight. The Hero taken as Divinity; the Hero taken as Prophet; then next the Hero taken only as Poet: does it not look as if our estimate of the Great Man, epoch after epoch, were continually diminishing? We take him first for a god, then for one god-inspired; and now in the next stage of it, his most miraculous word gains from us only the recognition that he is a Poet, beautiful verse-maker, man of genius, or suchlike[1]!—It looks so; but I persuade myself that intrinsically it is not so. If we consider well, it will perhaps appear that in man still there is the *same* altogether peculiar admiration for the Heroic Gift, by what name soever called, that there at any time was.[2]

I should say, if we do not now reckon a Great Man literally divine, it is that our notions of God, of the supreme unattainable Fountain of Splendour, Wisdom and Heroism, are ever rising *higher;* not altogether that our reverence for these qualities, as manifested in our like, is getting lower. This is worth taking thought of. Sceptical Dilettantism, the curse of these ages, a curse which will not last forever, does indeed in this the highest province of human things, as in all provinces, make sad work; and in our reverence for great men, all crippled, blinded, paralytic as it is, comes out in poor plight, hardly recognisable. Men worship the shows[3] of great men; the most disbelieve that there is any reality of great men to worship. The dreariest, fatalest[4] faith; believing which, one would literally despair of human things. Nevertheless look, for example, at Napoleon! A Corsican lieutenant of artillery; that is the show[5] of *him:* yet is he not obeyed, *worshipped* after

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like
[2] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]
[3] H[2] H[3] shews
[4] H[3] fatallest
[5] H[2] H[3] shew

his sort, as all the Tiaraed and Diademed of the world put together could not be? High Duchesses,[1] and ostlers of inns, gather round the Scottish rustic, Burns; — a strange feeling dwelling in each that they never heard a man like this; that, on[2] the whole, this[3] is the man! In the secret heart of these people it still dimly reveals itself, though there is no accredited way of uttering it at present, that this rustic, with his black brows and flashing sun-eyes, and strange words moving laughter and tears, is of a dignity far beyond all others, incommensurable with all others. Do not we feel it so? But now, were Dilettantism, Scepticism, Triviality, and all that sorrowful brood, cast-out[4] of us, — as, by God's blessing, they shall one day be; were faith in the shows[5] of things entirely swept-out,[6] replaced by clear faith in the *things*, so that a man acted on the impulse of that only, and counted the other non-extant; what a new livelier feeling towards this Burns were it!

Nay here in these ages, such as they are, have we not two mere Poets, if not deified, yet we may say beatified? Shakspeare and Dante are Saints of Poetry; really, if we will think of it, *canonised*,[7] so that it is impiety to meddle with them. The unguided instinct of the world, working across all these perverse impediments, has arrived at such result. Dante and Shakspeare are a peculiar Two. They dwell apart, in a kind of royal solitude; none equal, none second to them: in the general feeling of the world, a certain transcendentalism, a glory as of complete perfection, invests these two. They *are* canonised,[8] though no Pope or Cardinals took hand in doing it! Such, in spite of every perverting influence, in the most unheroic times,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] duchesses
[2] H[1] H[2] that on
[3] H[1] H[2] whole this
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] cast out
[5] H[2] H[3] shews
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] swept out
[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] *canonized*
[8] H[1] H[2] H[3] canonized

is still our indestructible reverence for heroism. — We will look a little at these Two, the Poet Dante and the Poet Shakspeare: what little it is permitted us to say here of the Hero as Poet will most fitly arrange itself in that fashion.

Many volumes have been written by way of commentary on Dante and his Book; yet, on the whole, with no great result. His Biography is, as it were, irrecoverably lost for us. An unimportant, wandering, sorrowstricken man, not much note was taken of him while he lived; and the most of that has vanished, in the long space that now intervenes. It is five centuries since he ceased writing and living here. After all commentaries, the Book itself is mainly what we know of him. The Book; — and one might add that Portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely[1] there, painted as on[2] vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; — significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfulest[3] face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking-out[4] so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating-out his heart,[5] — as if it were withal

[1] H[1] Blank [2] H[1] painted on [3] H[3] mournfullest
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] looking out [5] H[1] H[2] H[3] eating out

a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable,[1] silent,[1] like that of a god! The eye too, it looks-out[2] as in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us 'his mystic unfathomable song.'

The little that we know of Dante's Life corresponds well enough with this Portrait and this Book. He was born at Florence, in the upper class of society, in the year 1265. His education was the best then going; much school-divinity, Aristotelean logic, some Latin classics, — no inconsiderable insight into certain provinces of things: and Dante, with his earnest intelligent nature, we need not doubt, learned better than most all that was learnable. He has a clear cultivated understanding, and of great subtlety; this best fruit of education he had contrived to realise[3] from these scholastics. He knows accurately and well what lies close to him; but, in such a time, without printed books or free intercourse, he could not know well what was distant: the small clear light, most luminous for what is near, breaks itself into singular *chiaroscuro* striking on what is far off. This was Dante's learning from the schools. In life, he had gone through the usual destinies; been twice out campaigning as a soldier for the Florentine State, been on embassy; had in his thirty-fifth year, by natural gradation of talent and service, become one of the Chief Magistrates of Florence. He had met in boyhood a certain Beatrice Portinari, a beautiful little girl of his own

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] equable, implacable, silent [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] looks out
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] realize

age and rank, and grown-up [1] thenceforth in partial sight of her, in some distant intercourse with her. All readers know his graceful affecting account of this: and then of their being parted; of her being wedded to another, and of her death soon after. She makes a great figure in Dante's Poem; seems to have made a great figure in his life. Of all beings it might seem as if she, held apart from him, far apart at last in the dim Eternity, were the only one he had ever with his whole strength of affection loved. She died: Dante himself was wedded; but it seems not happily, far from happily. I fancy, the rigorous earnest man, with his keen excitabilities, was not altogether easy to make happy.

We will not complain of Dante's miseries: had all gone right with him as he wished it, he might have been Prior, Podestà, or whatsoever they call it, of Florence, well accepted among neighbours, — and the world had wanted one of the most notable words ever spoken or sung. Florence [2] would have had [2] another prosperous Lord Mayor; and the ten dumb centuries continued voiceless, and the ten other listening centuries (for there will be ten of them and more) had no *Divina Commedia* to hear! We will complain of nothing. A nobler destiny was appointed for this Dante; and he, struggling like a man led towards death and crucifixion, could not help fulfilling it. Give *him* the choice of his happiness! He knew not, more than we do, what was really happy, what was really miserable.

In Dante's Priorship, the Guelf-Ghibelline, Bianchi-Neri, or some other confused disturbances rose to such a height, that Dante, whose party had seemed the stronger, was with his friends cast unexpectedly forth into banishment; doomed thenceforth to a life of woe and wandering. His property was all confiscated and more; he had the fiercest

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] grown up [2 2] Florence had

feeling that it was entirely unjust, nefarious in the sight of God and man. He tried what was in him to get reinstated; tried even by warlike surprisal, with arms in his hand: but it would not do; bad only had become worse. There is a record, I believe, still extant in the Florence Archives, dooming this Dante, wheresoever caught, to be burnt alive. Burnt alive; so it stands, they say: a very curious civic document. Another curious document, some considerable number of years later, is a letter of Dante's to the Florentine Magistrates, written in answer to a milder proposal of theirs, that he should return on condition of apologising[1] and paying a fine. He answers, with fixed stern pride: "If I cannot return without calling myself guilty, I will never return, *nunquam revertar*."

For Dante there was now no home in this world. He wandered from patron to patron, from place to place; proving, in his own bitter words, 'How hard is the path, *Come è duro calle*.' The wretched are not cheerful company. Dante, poor and banished, with his proud earnest nature, with his moody humours, was not a man to conciliate men. Petrarch reports of him that being at Can della Scala's court, and blamed one day for his gloom and taciturnity, he answered in no courtier-like way. Della Scala stood among his courtiers, with mimes and buffoons (*nebulones ac histriones*) making him heartily merry; when turning to Dante, he said: "Is it not strange, now,[2] that this poor fool should[3] make himself so entertaining[3]; while you, a wise man, sit there day after day, and have nothing to amuse us with at all?" Dante answered bitterly: "No, not[4] strange; your Highness is to recollect the Proverb,[4]

[1] H¹ H² H³ apologizing
[2] H¹ H² strange now
[3 3] H¹ H² should do so much to amuse us,
[4 4] H¹ it is not strange, if you think of the Proverb,
H² it is not strange; you are to recollect the Proverb,

Like to Like;" — given the amuser, the amusee must also be given! Such a man, with his proud silent ways, with his sarcasms and sorrows, was not made to succeed at court. By degrees, it came to be evident to him that he had no longer any resting-place,[1] or hope of benefit, in this earth. The earthly world had cast him forth, to wander, wander; no living heart to love him now; for his sore miseries there was no solace here.

The deeper naturally would the Eternal World impress itself on him; that awful reality over which, after all, this Time-world, with its Florences and banishments, only flutters as an unreal shadow. Florence thou shalt never see: but Hell and Purgatory and Heaven thou shalt surely see! What is Florence, Can della Scala, and the World and Life altogether? ETERNITY: thither, of a truth, not elsewhither, art thou and all things bound! The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in that awful other world. Naturally his thoughts brooded on that, as on the one fact important for him. Bodied or bodiless, it is the one fact important for all men: — but to Dante, in that age, it was bodied in fixed certainty of scientific shape; he no more doubted of that *Malebolge* Pool, that it all lay there with its gloomy circles, with its *alti guai*, and that he himself should see it, than we doubt that we should see Constantinople if we went thither. Dante's heart, long filled with this, brooding over it in speechless thought and awe, bursts forth at length into 'mystic unfathomable song;' and this his *Divine Comedy*, the most remarkable of all modern Books, is the result.[2]

It must have been a great solacement to Dante, and was, as we can see, a proud thought for him at times, That he, here in exile, could do this work; that no Florence, nor no man or men, could hinder him from doing it, or even much

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] resting place [2] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

help him in doing it. He knew too, partly, that it was great; the greatest a man could do. 'If thou follow thy star, *Se tu segui tua stella*,' — so could the Hero, in his forsakenness, in his extreme need, still say to himself: "Follow thou thy star, thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven[1]!" The labour of writing, we find, and indeed could know otherwise, was great and painful for him; he says, This Book, 'which has made me lean for many years.' Ah yes, it was won, all of it, with pain and sore toil, — not in sport, but in grim earnest. His Book, as indeed most good Books are, has been written, in many senses, with his heart's blood. It is his whole history, this Book. He died after finishing it; not yet very old, at the age of fifty-six; — broken-hearted rather, as is said. He lies buried in his death-city Ravenna: *Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris*. The Florentines begged back his body, in a century after; the Ravenna people would not give it. "Here am I Dante laid, shut-out[2] from my native shores."

I said, Dante's Poem was a Song: it is Tieck who calls it 'a mystic unfathomable Song;' and such is literally the character of it. Coleridge remarks very pertinently somewhere, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too. For body and soul, word and idea, go strangely together here as everywhere. Song: we said before, it was the Heroic of Speech! All *old* Poems, Homer's and the rest, are authentically Songs. I would say, in strictness, that all right Poems are; that whatsoever is not *sung* is properly no Poem, but a piece of Prose cramped into jingling lines, — to the great injury of the grammar, to the great grief of the reader, for most part! What we want to get at is the *thought* the man had, if he

[1] H³ heaven

[2] H¹ H² H³ shut out

had any: why should he twist it into jingle, if he *could* speak it out plainly? It is only when the heart of him is rapt into true passion of melody, and the very tones of him, according to Coleridge's remark, become musical by the greatness, depth and music of his thoughts, that we can give him right to rhyme and sing; that we call him a Poet, and listen to him as the Heroic of Speakers, — whose speech *is* Song. Pretenders to this are many; and to an earnest reader, I doubt, it is for most part a very melancholy, not to say an insupportable business, that of reading rhyme! Rhyme that had no inward necessity to be rhymed; — it ought to have told us plainly, without any jingle, what it was aiming at. I would advise all men who *can* speak their thought, not to sing it; to understand that, in a serious time, among serious men, there is no vocation in them for singing it. Precisely as we love the true song, and are charmed by it as by something divine, so shall we hate the false song, and account it a mere wooden noise, a thing hollow, superfluous, altogether an insincere and offensive thing.

I give Dante my highest praise when I say of his *Divine Comedy* that it is, in all senses, genuinely a Song. In the very sound of it there is a *canto fermo;* it proceeds as by a chant.[1] The language, his simple *terza rima*, doubtless helped him in this. One reads along naturally with a sort of *lilt*. But I add, that it could not be otherwise; for the essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic. Its depth, and rapt passion and sincerity, makes it musical; — go *deep* enough, there is music everywhere. A true inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*, look-out[2] on one another like

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] chaunt

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] look out

compartments of a great edifice; a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled-up[1] there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls! It is, at bottom, the *sincerest* of all Poems; sincerity, here too, we find to be the measure of worth. It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long generations, into ours. The people of Verona, when they saw him on the streets, used to say, "*Eccovi l' uom ch' è stato all' Inferno*, See, there is the man that was in Hell!" Ah yes, he had been in Hell; — in Hell enough, in long severe sorrow and struggle; as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. Commedias that come-out[2] *divine* are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labour of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind; — true *effort*, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself: that is Thought. In all ways we are 'to become perfect through *suffering*.' — But, as I say, no work known to me is so elaborated as this of Dante's. It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. It had made him 'lean' for many years. Not the general whole only; every compartment of it is worked-out, with intense earnestness, into truth, into clear visuality. Each answers to the other; each fits in its place, like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the middle ages, rendered forever rhythmically visible there. No light task; a right intense one: but a task which is *done*.

Perhaps one would say, *intensity*, with the much that depends on it, is the prevailing character of Dante's genius. Dante does not come before us as a large catholic mind; rather as a narrow, and even sectarian mind: it is partly the fruit of his age and position, but partly too of his own nature. His greatness has, in all senses, concen-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] piled up [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] come out

tered itself into fiery emphasis and depth. He is world-great not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep. Through all objects he pierces as it were down into the heart of Being. I know nothing so intense as Dante. Consider, for example, to begin with the outermost development of his intensity, consider how he paints. He has a great power of vision; seizes the very type of a thing; presents that and nothing more. You remember that first view he gets of the Hall of Dite: *red* pinnacle, redhot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom; — so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and forever! It is as an emblem of the whole genius of Dante. There is a brevity, an abrupt precision in him: Tacitus is not briefer, more condensed; and then in Dante it seems a natural condensation, spontaneous to the man. One smiting word; and then there is silence, nothing more said. His silence is more eloquent than words. It is strange with what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter: cuts into the matter as with a pen of fire. Plutus, the blustering giant, collapses at Virgil's rebuke; it is 'as the sails sink, the mast being suddenly broken.' Or that poor Brunetto Latini,[1] with the *cotto aspetto*, 'face *baked*,' parched brown and lean; and the 'fiery snow' that falls on them there, a 'fiery snow without wind,' slow, deliberate, never-ending! Or the lids of those Tombs; square sarcophaguses, in that silent dim-burning Hall, each with its Soul in torment; the lids laid open there; they are to be shut at the Day of Judgment through Eternity. And how Farinata rises; and how Cavalcante falls — at hearing of his Son, and the past tense '*fue*'! The very movements in Dante have something brief; swift, decisive, almost military. It is of the inmost essence of his genius this sort of painting. The fiery, swift Italian nature of the man, so silent, passionate, with its

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Sordello

quick abrupt movements, its silent 'pale rages,' speaks itself in these things.

For though this of painting is one of the outermost developments of a man, it comes like all else from the essential faculty of him; it is physiognomical of the whole man. Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it, as very characteristic of him. In the first place, he could not have discerned the object at all, or seen the vital type of it, unless he had, what we may call, *sympathised*[1] with it, — had sympathy in him to bestow on objects. He must have been *sincere* about it too; sincere and sympathetic: a man without worth cannot give you the likeness of any object; he dwells in vague outwardness, fallacy and trivial hearsay, about all objects. And indeed may we not say that intellect altogether expresses itself in this power of discerning what an object is? Whatsoever of faculty a man's mind may have will come out here. Is it even of business, a matter to be done? The gifted man is he who *sees* the essential point, and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage: it is his faculty too, the man of business's faculty, that he discern the true *likeness*, not the false superficial one, of the thing he has got to work in. And how much of *morality* is in the kind of insight we get of anything; 'the eye seeing in all things what it brought with it, the faculty of seeing'! To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced they are yellow. Raphael, the Painters tell us, is the best of all Portrait-painters withal. No most gifted eye can exhaust the significance of any object. In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take-away[2] with him.

Dante's painting is not graphic only, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire in dark night; taken on the wider scale,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *sympathized* [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] take away

it is everyway noble, and the outcome of a great soul. Francesca and her Lover, what qualities in that! A thing woven as out of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black. A small flute-voice of infinite wail speaks there, into our very heart of hearts. A touch of womanhood in it too: *della*[1] *bella persona, che mi fu tolta*[1]; and how, even in the Pit of woe, it is a solace that *he*[2] will[3] never part from her[3]! Saddest tragedy in these *alti guai*. And the racking winds, in that *aer bruno*, whirl them away again,[4] to wail forever[4]! — Strange to think: Dante was the friend of his poor Francesca's father; Francesca herself may have sat upon the Poet's knee, as a bright innocent little child. Infinite pity, yet also infinite rigour of law: it is so Nature is made; it is so Dante discerned that she was made. What a paltry notion is that of his *Divine Comedy's* being a poor splenetic impotent terrestrial libel; putting those into Hell whom he could not be avenged-upon[5] on earth! I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know rigour cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egoistic, — sentimentality, or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love: like the wail of Æolean harps, soft, soft; like a child's young heart; — and then that stern, sore-saddened heart! These longings of his towards his Beatrice; their meeting together in the *Paradiso;* his gazing in her pure transfigured eyes, her that had been purified by death so long, separated from him so far: — one[6]

1 1 H[1] she speaks of '*questa forma*'; — so innocent
2 H[1] he
3 3 H[1] 'will never part from her'
4 4 H[1] again, forever
5 H[1] H[2] H[3] avenged upon
6 H[1] H[2] far: ah,

likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances of affection, perhaps the very purest, that ever came out of a human soul.

For the *intense* Dante is intense in all things; he has got into the essence of all. His intellectual insight as painter, on occasion too as reasoner, is but the result of all other sorts of intensity. Morally great, above all, we must call him; it is the beginning of all. His scorn, his grief are as transcendent as his love; — as indeed, what are they but the *inverse* or *converse* of his love? '*A Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui*, Hateful to God and to the enemies of God:' lofty scorn, unappeasable silent reprobation and aversion; '*Non ragionam di lor*, We will not speak of *them*, look only and pass.' Or think of this; 'They have not the *hope* to die, *Non han speranza di morte.*' One day, it had risen sternly benign on the scathed heart of Dante, that he, wretched, never-resting, worn as he was, would full surely *die;* 'that Destiny itself could not doom him not to die.' Such words are in this man. For rigour, earnestness and depth, he is not to be paralleled in the modern world; to seek his parallel we must go into the Hebrew Bible, and live with the antique Prophets there.

I do not agree with much modern criticism, in greatly preferring the *Inferno* to the two other parts of the Divine *Commedia*. Such preference belongs, I imagine, to our general Byronism of taste, and is like to be a transient feeling. The *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, especially the former, one would almost say, is even more excellent than it. It is a noble thing that *Purgatorio*, 'Mountain of Purification;' an emblem of the noblest conception of that age. If Sin is so fatal, and Hell is and must be so rigorous, awful, yet in Repentance too is man purified; Repentance is the grand Christian act. It is beautiful how Dante works it out. The *tremolar dell' onde*, that 'trembling' of

the ocean-waves, under the first pure gleam of morning, dawning afar on the wandering Two, is as the type of an altered mood. Hope has now dawned; never-dying Hope, if in company still with heavy sorrow. The obscure sojourn of dæmons and reprobate is underfoot[1]; a soft breathing of penitence mounts higher and higher, to the Throne of Mercy itself. "Pray for me," the denizens of that Mount of Pain all say to him. "Tell my Giovanna to pray for me," my daughter Giovanna; "I think her mother loves me no more!" They toil painfully up by that winding steep, 'bent-down[2] like corbels of a building,' some of them, — crushed-together[3] so 'for the sin of pride;' yet nevertheless in years, in ages and æons, they shall have reached the top,[4] which is Heaven's[4] gate, and by Mercy[5] shall have been[5] admitted in. The joy too of all, when one has prevailed; the whole Mountain shakes with joy, and a psalm of praise rises, when one soul has perfected repentance and got its sin and misery left behind! I call all this a noble embodiment of a true noble thought.

But indeed the Three compartments mutually support one another, are indispensable to one another. The *Paradiso*, a kind of inarticulate music to me, is the redeeming side of the *Inferno;* the *Inferno* without it were untrue. All three make-up[6] the true Unseen World, as figured in the Christianity of the Middle Ages; a thing forever memorable, forever true in the essence of it, to all men. It was perhaps delineated in no human soul with such depth of veracity as in this of Dante's; a man *sent* to sing it, to keep it long memorable. Very notable with what brief simplicity he passes out of the every-day reality, into the Invisible one; and in the second or third stanza, we

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] under foot
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] bent down
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] crushed together
[4 4] H[1] H[2] top, Heaven's
[5 5] H[1] H[2] Mercy been
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] make up

find ourselves in the World of Spirits; and dwell there, as among things palpable, indubitable! To Dante they *were* so; the real world, as it is called, and its facts, was but the threshold to an infinitely higher Fact of a World. At bottom, the one was as *preter*natural as the other. Has not each man a soul? He will not only be a spirit, but is one. To the earnest Dante it is all one visible Fact; he believes it, sees it; is the Poet of it in virtue of that. Sincerity, I say again, is the saving merit, now as always.

Dante's Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, are a symbol withal, an emblematic representation of his Belief about this Universe: — some Critic in a future age, like those Scandinavian ones the other day, who has ceased altogether to think as Dante did, may find this too all an 'Allegory,' perhaps an idle Allegory! It is a sublime embodiment, or[1] sublimest, of the soul of Christianity. It expresses, as in huge worldwide[2] architectural emblems, how the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation, on which it all turns; that these two differ not by *preferability* of one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high as light and Heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the Pit of Hell! Everlasting Justice, yet with Penitence, with everlasting Pity, — all Christianism, as Dante and the Middle Ages had it, is emblemed here. Emblemed: and yet, as I urged the other day, with what entire truth of purpose; how unconscious of any embleming! Hell, Purgatory, Paradise: these things were not fashioned as emblems; was there, in our Modern European Mind, any thought at all of their being emblems! Were they not indubitable awful facts; the whole heart of man taking them for practically true, all Nature everywhere confirming them? So is it always in these things. Men

[1] H[1] H[2] our

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] world-wide

do not believe an Allegory. The future Critic, whatever his new thought may be, who considers this of Dante to have been all got-up [1] as an Allegory, will commit one sore mistake! — Paganism we recognised as a veracious expression of the earnest awe-struck feeling of man towards the Universe; veracious, true once, and still not without worth for us. But mark here the difference of Paganism and Christianism; one great difference. Paganism emblemed chiefly the Operations of Nature; the destinies, efforts, combinations, vicissitudes of things and men in this world; Christianism emblemed the Law of Human Duty, the Moral Law of Man. One was for the sensuous nature: a rude helpless utterance of the *first* Thought of men, — the chief recognised virtue, Courage, Superiority to Fear. The other was not for the sensuous nature, but for the moral. What a progress is here, if in that one respect only! —

And so in this Dante, as we said, had ten silent centuries, in a very strange way, found a voice. The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing; yet in truth *it* belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods, — how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work there with him; — as indeed with all of us, in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him. Precious they; but also is not he precious? Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb; not dead, yet living voiceless.

On the whole, is it not an utterance, this mystic Song, at

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] got up

once of one of the greatest human souls, and of the highest thing that Europe had hitherto realised for itself? Christianism, as Dante sings it, is another than Paganism in the rude Norse mind; another than 'Bastard Christianism' half-articulately spoken in the Arab Desert seven-hundred[1] years before! — The noblest *idea* made *real* hitherto among men, is sung, and emblemed-forth[2] abidingly, by one of the noblest men. In the one sense and in the other, are we not right glad to possess it? As I calculate, it may last yet for long thousands of years. For the thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul, differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode; the outer passes away, in swift endless changes; the inmost is the same yesterday, today and forever. True souls, in all generations of the world, who look on this Dante, will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts, his woes and hopes, will speak likewise to their sincerity; they will feel that this Dante too was a brother. Napoleon in Saint-Helena is charmed with the genial veracity of old Homer. The oldest Hebrew Prophet, under a vesture the most diverse from ours, does yet, because he speaks from the heart of man, speak to all men's hearts. It is the one sole secret of continuing long memorable. Dante, for depth of sincerity, is like an antique Prophet too; his words, like theirs, come from his very heart. One need not wonder if it were predicted that his Poem might be the most enduring thing our Europe has yet made; for nothing so endures as a truly spoken word. All cathedrals, pontificalities, brass and stone, and outer arrangement[3] never so lasting, are brief in comparison to an unfathomable heart-song like this: one feels as if it might survive, still of importance to

[1] H¹ H² H³ seven hundred [2] H¹ H² H³ emblemed forth
[3] H¹ H² arrangement,

men, when these had all sunk into new irrecognisable combinations, and had ceased individually to be. Europe has made much; great cities, great empires, encyclopædias, creeds, bodies of opinion and practice: but it has made little of the class of Dante's Thought. Homer yet *is*, veritably present face to face with every open soul of us; and Greece, where is *it?* Desolate for thousands of years; away, vanished; a bewildered heap of stones and rubbish, the life and existence of it all gone. Like a dream; like the dust of King Agamemnon! Greece was; Greece, except in the *words* it spoke, is not.

The uses of this Dante? We will not say much about his 'uses.' A human soul who has once got into that primal element of *Song*, and sung-forth[1] fitly somewhat therefrom, has worked in the *depths* of our existence; feeding through long times the life-*roots* of all excellent human things whatsoever,—in a way that 'utilities' will not succeed well in calculating! We will not estimate the Sun by the quantity of gas-light it saves us; Dante shall be invaluable, or of no value. One remark I may make: the contrast in this respect between the Hero-Poet and the Hero-Prophet. In a hundred years, Mahomet, as we saw, had his Arabians at Grenada and at Delhi; Dante's Italians seem to be yet very much where they were. Shall we say, then, Dante's effect on the world was small in comparison? Not so: his arena is far more restricted; but also it is far nobler, clearer;—perhaps not less but more important. Mahomet speaks to great masses of men, in the coarse dialect adapted to such; a dialect filled with inconsistencies, crudities, follies: on the great masses alone can he act, and there with good and with evil strangely blended. Dante speaks to the noble, the pure and great, in all times and places. Neither does he grow obsolete, as

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] sung forth

the other does. Dante burns as a pure star, fixed there in the firmament, at which the great and the high of all ages kindle themselves: he is the possession of all the chosen of the world for uncounted time. Dante, one calculates, may long survive Mahomet. In this way the balance may be made straight again.

But, at any rate, it is not by what is called their effect on the world by what *we* can judge of their effect there, that a man and his work are measured. Effect? Influence? Utility? Let a man *do* his work; the fruit of it is the care of Another than he. It will grow its own fruit; and whether embodied in Caliph Thrones and Arabian Conquests, so that it 'fills all Morning and Evening Newspapers,' and all Histories, which are a kind of distilled Newspapers; or not embodied so at all; — what matters that? That is not the real fruit of it! The Arabian Caliph, in so far only as he did something, was something. If the great Cause of Man, and Man's work in God's Earth, got no furtherance from the Arabian Caliph, then no matter how many scimetars he drew, how many gold piasters[1] pocketed, and what uproar and blaring he made in this world, — *he* was but a loud-sounding inanity and futility; at bottom, he *was* not at all. Let us honour the great empire of *Silence*, once more! The boundless treasury which we do *not* jingle in our pockets, or count up and present before men! It is perhaps, of all things, the usefulest[2] for each of us to do, in these loud times. — —

As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe, its Inner Life; so Shakspeare, we may say, embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries,

[1] H[1] piastres [2] H[3] usefullest

courtesies, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece; so in Shakspeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern[1] Europe was, in Faith and Practice, will still be legible. Dante has given us the Faith or soul; Shakspeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakspeare. Just when that chivalry way[2] of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this other sovereign Poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men: Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakspeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honour of producing the other.

Curious enough how, as it were by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always, so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficing is this Shakspeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had perhaps never heard of him as a Poet! The woods and skies, the rustic Life of Man in Stratford there, had been enough for this man! But indeed that strange outbudding of our whole English Existence, which we call the Elizabethan Era, did not it too come as of its own accord? The 'Tree Igdrasil' buds and withers by its own laws, — too deep for our scanning. Yet it does bud and wither, and every bough and leaf of it is there, by fixed eternal laws; not a Sir Thomas Lucy but comes at the hour fit for him. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how everything

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Modern [2] H[1] H[2] chivalry-way

does coöperate[1] with all; not a leaf rotting on the highway but is indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognisably or irrecognisably, on all men! It is all a Tree: circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole. The Tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the Kingdoms of Hela and Death, and whose boughs overspread the highest Heaven!—

In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan Era with its Shakspeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's Song, had produced this Practical Life which Shakspeare was to sing. For Religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice; the primary vital fact in men's life. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle-Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakspeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth; taking small thought of Acts of Parliament. King-Henrys,[2] Queen-Elizabeths[3] go their way; and Nature too goes hers. Acts of Parliament, on the whole, are small, notwithstanding the noise they make. What Act of Parliament, debate at St. Stephen's, on the hustings or elsewhere, was it that brought this Shakspeare into being? No dining at Freemasons' Tavern, opening subscription-lists, selling of shares, and infinite other jangling and true or false endeavoring! This Elizabethan Era,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] cooperate [2] H[1] King Henrys
[3] H[1] Queen Elizabeths

and all its nobleness and blessedness, came without proclamation, preparation of ours. Priceless Shakspeare was the free gift of Nature; given altogether silently; — received altogether silently, as if it had been a thing of little account. And yet, very literally, it is a priceless thing. One should look at that side of matters too.

Of this Shakspeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one; I think the best judgment not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion, That Shakspeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision,[1] such a faculty [1] of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been said, that in the constructing of Shakspeare's Dramas there is, apart from all other 'faculties' as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakspeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit, — everyway [2] as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things,[3] — we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakspeare in this: he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] vision, faculty
[2] H[1] H[2] fit, every way H[3] fit, — every-way
[3] H[1] H[2] things;

materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly *seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short. How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it, — is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man. Which circumstance is vital and shall stand prominent; which unessential, fit to be suppressed; where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this, you task the whole force of insight that is in the man. He must *understand* the thing; according to the depth of his understanding, will the fitness of his answer be. You will try him so. Does like join itself to like; does the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, Let[1] there be light[1]; and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself, will he accomplish this.

Or indeed we may say again, it is in what I called Portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakspeare is *great*. All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakspeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this too but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakspeare's *morality*, his valour, candour, tolerance, truthfulness; his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such

[1] *not in* H[1] H[2]

obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No *twisted*, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly *level* mirror; — that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes-in[1] all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all. *Novum Organum*, and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of a quite secondary order; earthy, material, poor in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakspeare, reminds me of it. Of him too you say that he *saw* the object; you may say what he himself says of Shakspeare: 'His characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible.'

The seeing eye! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant, what musical idea Nature has wrapped-up[2] in these often rough embodiments. Something she did mean. To the seeing eye that something were discernible. Are they base, miserable things? You can laugh over them, you can weep over them; you can in some way or other genially relate yourself to them; — you can, at lowest, hold your peace about them, turn away your own and others' face from them, till the hour come for practically exterminating and extinguishing them! At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if he have: a Poet in word; or failing that, perhaps still better, a Poet in act. Whether he write at all; and if so, whether in

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] takes in [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] wrapped up

prose or in verse, will depend on accidents: who knows on what extremely trivial accidents, — perhaps on his having had a singing-master, on his being taught to sing in his boyhood! But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things, and the harmony that dwells there (for whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or it would not hold together and exist), is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself; the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever. To the Poet, as to every other, we say first of all, *See*. If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and *name* yourself a Poet; there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope. The crabbed old Schoolmaster used to ask, when they brought him a new pupil, "But are ye sure he's *not a dunce?*" Why, really one might ask the same thing, in regard to every man proposed for whatsoever function; and consider it as the one inquiry needful: Are ye sure he's not a dunce? There is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person.

For, in fact, I say the degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man. If called to define Shakspeare's faculty, I should say superiority of Intellect, and think I had included all under that. What indeed are faculties? We talk of faculties as if they were distinct, things separable; as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, &c., as he has hands, feet and arms. That is a capital error. Then again, we hear of a man's 'intellectual nature,' and of his 'moral nature,' as if these again were divisible, and existed apart. Necessities of language do perhaps[1] prescribe such forms of utterance[1]; we must speak, I am aware, in that way, if we are to speak at all. But words ought not to harden

1 1 H[1] H[2] indeed require us so to speak;

into things for us. It seems to me, our apprehension of this matter is, for most part, radically falsified thereby. We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names;* that man's spiritual nature, the vital Force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with each other, physiognomically related; that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. Morality itself, what we call the moral quality of a man, what is this but another *side* of the one vital Force whereby he is and works? All that a man does is physiognomical of him. You may see how a man would fight, by the way in which he sings; his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is *one;* and preaches the same Self abroad in all these ways.

Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk: but, consider it,[1] — without morality, intellect were impossible for him; a[2] thoroughly immoral *man*[2] could not know anything at all! To know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise[3] with it: that is, be *virtuously* related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know? His virtues, all of them, will lie recorded in his knowledge. Nature, with her truth, remains to the bad, to the selfish and the pusillanimous forever a sealed book: what such can know of Nature is mean, superficial, small; for the uses of the day merely. — But does not the very Fox know something of Nature? Exactly so: it knows where

[1] H[1] H[2] it, H[3] it, — [2] [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] he
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] sympathize

the geese lodge! The human Reynard, very frequent everywhere in the world, what more does he know but this and the like of this? Nay, it should be considered too, that if the Fox had not a certain vulpine *morality*, he could not even know where the geese were, or get at the geese! If he spent his time in splenetic atrabiliar reflections [1] on his own misery, his ill usage by Nature, Fortune and other Foxes, and so forth; and had not courage, promptitude, practicality, and other suitable vulpine gifts and graces, he would catch no geese. We may say of the Fox too, that his morality and insight are of the same dimensions; different faces of the same internal unity of vulpine life! — These things are worth stating; for the contrary of them acts with manifold very baleful perversion, in this time: what limitations, modifications they require, your own candour will supply.

If I say, therefore, that Shakspeare is the greatest of Intellects, I have said all concerning [2] him. But there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, that those Dramas of his are Products of Nature too, deep as Nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakspeare's Art is not Artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows-up [3] from the deeps of Nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of Nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being; 'new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man.' This well deserves meditating. It is

[1] H[1] H[2] reflexions [2] H[1] H[2] about
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] grows up

Nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he get thus to be *a part of herself*. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal *un*consciously, from the unknown deeps in him; — as the oak-tree grows from the Earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves; with a symmetry grounded on Nature's own laws, conformable to all Truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself; much that was not known at all, not speakable at all: like *roots*, like sap and forces working underground! Speech is great; but Silence is greater.

Withal the joyful tranquillity of this man is notable. I will not blame Dante for his misery: it is as battle without victory; but true battle, — the first, indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakspeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly, and did conquer. Doubt it not, he had his own sorrows: those *Sonnets* of his will even testify expressly in what deep waters he had waded, and swum struggling for his life; — as what man like him ever failed[1] to have[1] to do? It seems to me a heedless notion, our common one, that he sat like a bird on the bough; and sang forth, free and offhand,[2] never knowing the troubles of other men. Not so; with no man is it so. How could a man travel forward from rustic deer-poaching to such tragedy-writing, and not fall-in[3] with sorrows by the way? Or, still better, how could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered? — And now, in contrast with all this, observe his mirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter! You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn,

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] had not [2] H[3] off hand
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] fall in

are to be found in Shakspeare; yet he is always in measure here; never what Johnson would remark as a specially 'good hater.' But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt [1] he is bantering, tumbles [1] and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play; you would say, with [2] his whole heart [2] laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not 'the crackling of thorns under the pot.' Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakspeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter: but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing; and hope they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

We have no room to speak of Shakspeare's individual works; though perhaps there is much still waiting to be said on that head. Had we, for instance, all his plays [3] reviewed as *Hamlet*, in *Wilhelm Meister*, is! A thing which might, one day, be done. August Wilhelm Schlegel has a remark on his Historical Plays, *Henry Fifth* and the others, which is worth remembering. He calls them a kind of National Epic. Marlborough, you recollect, said, he knew no English History but what he had learned from Shakspeare. There are really, if we look to it, few as memorable Histories. The great salient points are admirably seized;

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] butt, tumbles [2] [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] roars and
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] Plays

all rounds itself off, into a kind of rhythmic coherence; it is, as Schlegel says, *epic;* — as indeed all delineation by a great thinker will be. There are right beautiful things in those Pieces, which indeed together form one beautiful thing. That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things, in its sort, we anywhere have of Shakspeare's. The description of the two hosts: the worn-out, jaded English; the dread hour, big with destiny, when the battle shall begin; and then that deathless valour: "Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England!" There is a noble Patriotism in it, — far other than the 'indifference' you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakspeare. A true English heart breathes, calm and strong, through the whole business; not boisterous, protrusive; all the better for that. There is a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right stroke in him, had it come to that!

But I will say, of Shakspeare's works generally, that we have no full impress of him there; even as full as we have of many men. His works are so many windows, through which we see a glimpse of the world that was in him. All his works seem, comparatively speaking, cursory, imperfect, written under cramping circumstances; giving only here and there a note of the full utterance of the man. Passages there are that come upon you like splendour out of Heaven; bursts of radiance, illuminating the very heart of the thing: you say, "That is *true*, spoken once and forever; whereso-ever and whensoever there is an open human soul, that will be recognised as true!" Such bursts, however, make us feel that the surrounding matter is not radiant; that it is, in part, temporary, conventional. Alas, Shakspeare had to write for the Globe Playhouse: his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould. It was with him, then, as it is with us all. No man works save under conditions. The sculptor cannot set his own free

Thought before us; but his Thought as he could translate it into the stone that was given, with the tools that were given. *Disjecta membra* are all that we find of any Poet, or of any man.

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakspeare may recognise that he too was a *Prophet*, in his way; of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; *un*speakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: 'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!' That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang; did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakspeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, fanatical fierceness or perversion: a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousandfold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature; which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offence, that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakspeare too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony[1]! — I cannot call this Shakspeare a 'Sceptic,' as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No: neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism; nor[2] sceptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such 'indifference' was the fruit of his greatness withal: his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] unison [2] H[3] no

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakspeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of Light? — And, at bottom, was it not perhaps far better that this Shakspeare, everyway[1] an unconscious man, was *conscious* of no Heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal Splendours, that he specially was the 'Prophet of God:' and[2] was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater; and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante's case, more successful. It was intrinsically an error that notion of Mahomet's, of his supreme Prophethood; and has come down to us inextricably involved in error to this day; dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true Speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity and simulacrum; no Speaker, but a Babbler! Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakspeare, this Dante may still be young; — while this Shakspeare may still pretend to be a Priest of Mankind, of Arabia as of other places, for unlimited periods to come![3]

Compared with any speaker or singer one knows, even with Æschylus or Homer, why should he not, for veracity and universality, last like them? He is *sincere* as they; reaches deep down like them, to the universal and perennial. But as for Mahomet, I think it had been better for him *not* to be so conscious! Alas, poor Mahomet; all that he was *conscious* of was a mere error; a futility and trivial-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] every way [2] H[1] H[2] I ask
[3] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

ity, — as indeed such ever is. The truly great in him too was the unconscious: that he was a wild Arab lion of the desert, and did speak-out[1] with that great thunder-voice of his, not by words which he *thought* to be great, but by actions, by feelings, by a history which *were* great! His Koran has become a stupid piece of prolix absurdity; we do not believe, like him, that God wrote that! The Great Man here too, as always, is a Force of Nature: whatsoever is truly great in him springs-up[2] from the *in*articulate deeps.

Well: this is our poor Warwickshire Peasant, who rose to be Manager of a Playhouse, so that he could live without begging; whom the Earl of Southampton cast some kind glances on; whom Sir Thomas Lucy, many thanks to him, was for sending to the Treadmill! We did not account him a god, like Odin, while he dwelt with us; — on which point there were much to be said. But I will say rather, or repeat: In spite of the sad state Hero-worship now lies in, consider what this Shakspeare has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we not give-up[3] rather than the Stratford Peasant? There is no regiment of highest Dignitaries that we would sell him for. He is the grandest thing we have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give-up[4] your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] speak out
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] springs up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] give up
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] give up

forced to answer: Indian Empire,[1] or no[1] Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give-up[2] our Shakspeare!

Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful[3] possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall-out[4] and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; *in*destructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we

[1] [1] H[1] Empire, no
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] give up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] tangibly useful
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] fall out

are of one blood and kind with him." The most common-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a Nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak-forth[1] melodiously what the heart of it means! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually *one:* Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of Earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great dumb monster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice is still audible. The Nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be. — We must here end what we had to say of the *Hero-Poet.*

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] speak forth

LECTURE IV

THE HERO AS PRIEST. LUTHER; REFORMATION: KNOX; PURITANISM

[Friday, 15th May 1840.][1]

Our present discourse is to be of the Great Man as Priest. We have repeatedly endeavoured to explain that all sorts of Heroes are intrinsically of the same material; that given a great soul, open to the Divine Significance of Life, then there is given a man fit to speak of this, to sing of this, to fight and work for this, in a great, victorious, enduring manner; there is given a Hero, — the outward shape of whom will depend on the time and the environment he finds himself in. The Priest too, as I understand it, is a kind of Prophet; in him too there is required to be a light of inspiration, as we must name it. He presides over the worship of the people; is the Uniter of them with the Unseen Holy. He is the spiritual Captain of the people; as the Prophet is their spiritual King with many captains: he guides them heavenward, by wise guidance through this Earth and its work. The ideal of him is, that he too be what we can call a voice from the unseen Heaven; interpreting, even as the Prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. The unseen Heaven, — the 'open secret of the Universe,' — which so few have an eye for! He is the Prophet shorn of his more awful splendour; burning with mild equable radiance, as the

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *date above title.*

enlightener of daily life. This, I say, is the ideal of a Priest. So in old times; so in these, and in all times. One knows very well that, in reducing ideals to practice, great latitude of tolerance is needful; very great. But a Priest who is not this at all, who does not any longer aim or try to be this, is a character — of whom we had rather not speak in this place.

Luther and Knox were by express vocation Priests, and did faithfully perform that function in its common sense. Yet it will suit us better here to consider them chiefly in their historical character, rather as Reformers than Priests. There have been other Priests perhaps equally notable, in calmer times, for doing faithfully the office of a Leader of Worship; bringing down, by faithful heroism in that kind, a light from Heaven into the daily life of their people; leading them forward, as under God's guidance, in the way wherein they were to go. But when this same *way* was a rough one, of battle, confusion and danger, the spiritual Captain, who led through that, becomes, especially to us who live under the fruit of his leading, more notable than any other. He is the warfaring and battling Priest; who led his people, not to quiet faithful labour as in smooth times, but to faithful valorous conflict, in times all violent, dismembered: a more perilous service, and a more memorable one, be it higher or not. These two men we will account our best Priests, inasmuch as they were our best Reformers. Nay I may ask, Is not every true Reformer, by the nature of him, a *Priest* first of all? He appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force; knows that it, the invisible, is strong and alone strong. He is a believer in the divine truth of things; a *seer*, seeing through the shows [1] of things; a worshipper, in one way or the other, of the divine truth of things; a Priest, that is.

[1] H² H³ shews

If he be not first a Priest, he will never be good for much as a Reformer.

Thus then, as we have seen Great Men, in various situations, building-up[1] Religions, heroic Forms of human Existence in this world, Theories of Life worthy to be sung by a Dante, Practices of Life by a Shakspeare, — we are now to see the reverse process; which also is necessary, which also may be carried-on[2] in the Heroic manner. Curious how this should be necessary: yet necessary it is. The mild shining of the Poet's light has to give place to the fierce lightning of the Reformer: unfortunately the Reformer too is a personage that cannot fail in History! The Poet indeed, with his mildness, what is he but the product and ultimate adjustment of Reform, or Prophecy, with its fierceness? No wild Saint Dominics and Thebaïd[3] Eremites, there had been no melodious Dante; rough Practical Endeavour, Scandinavian and other, from Odin to Walter Raleigh, from Ulfila to Cranmer, enabled Shakspeare to speak. Nay the finished Poet, I remark sometimes, is a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection and is finished; that before long there will be a new epoch, new Reformers needed.

Doubtless it were finer, could we go along always in the way of *music;* be tamed and taught by our Poets, as the rude creatures were by their Orpheus of old. Or failing this rhythmic *musical* way, how good were it could we get so much as into the *equable* way; I mean, if *peaceable* Priests, reforming from day to day, would always suffice us! But it is not so; even this latter has not yet been realised. Alas, the battling Reformer too is, from time to time, a needful and inevitable phenomenon. Obstructions are never wanting: the very things that were once indispen-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] building up [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] carried on
[3] H[1] H[2] Thebaid

sable furtherances become obstructions; and need to be shaken-off,[1] and left behind us, — a business often of enormous difficulty. It is notable enough, surely, how a Theorem or spiritual Representation, so we may call it, which once took-in the whole Universe, and was completely satisfactory in all parts of it to the highly-discursive[2] acute intellect of Dante, one of the greatest in the world, — had in the course of another century become dubitable to common intellects; become deniable; and is now, to every one of us, flatly incredible, obsolete as Odin's Theorem! To Dante, human Existence, and God's ways with men, were all well represented by those *Malebolges, Purgatorios;* to Luther not well. How was this? Why could not Dante's Catholicism continue; but Luther's Protestantism must needs follow? Alas, nothing will *continue.*

I do not make much of 'Progress of the Species,' as handled in these times of ours; nor do I think you would care to hear much about it. The talk on that subject is too often of the most extravagant, confused sort. Yet I may say, the fact itself seems certain enough; nay we can trace-out[3] the inevitable necessity of it in the nature of things. Every man, as I have stated somewhere, is not only a learner but a doer: he learns with the mind given him what has been; but with the same mind he discovers farther, he invents and devises somewhat of his own. Absolutely without originality there is no man. No man whatever believes, or can believe, exactly what his grandfather believed: he enlarges somewhat, by fresh discovery, his view of the Universe, and consequently his Theorem of the Universe, — which is an *infinite* Universe, and can never be embraced wholly or finally by any view or Theorem, in any conceivable enlargement: he enlarges

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shaken off [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] highly discursive
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] trace out

somewhat, I say; finds somewhat that was credible to his grandfather incredible to him, false to him, inconsistent with some new thing he has discovered or observed. It is the history of every man; and in the history of Mankind we see it summed-up[1] into great historical amounts, — revolutions, new epochs. Dante's Mountain of Purgatory does *not* stand 'in the ocean of the other Hemisphere,' when Columbus has once sailed thither! Men find no such thing extant in the other Hemisphere. It is not there. It must cease to be believed to be there. So with all beliefs whatsoever in this world, — all Systems of Belief, and Systems of Practice that spring from these.

If we add now the melancholy fact, that when Belief waxes uncertain, Practice too becomes unsound, and errors, injustices and miseries everywhere more and more prevail, we shall see material enough for revolution. At all turns, a man who will *do* faithfully, needs to believe firmly. If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage; if he cannot dispense with the world's suffrage, and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye-servant; the work committed to him will be *mis*done. Every such man is a daily contributor to the inevitable downfall.[2] Whatsoever work he does, dishonestly, with an eye to the outward look of it, is a new offence, parent of new misery to somebody or other. Offences accumulate till they become insupportable; and are then violently burst through, cleared off as by explosion. Dante's sublime Catholicism, incredible now in theory, and defaced still worse by faithless, doubting and dishonest practice, has to be torn asunder by a Luther; Shakspeare's noble Feudalism, as beautiful as it once looked and was, has to end in a French Revolution. The accumulation of offences is, as we say, too literally *exploded*, blasted

[1] H¹ H² H³ summed up
[2] H¹ H² downfal

asunder volcanically; and there are long troublous periods before matters come to a settlement again.

Surely it were mournful enough to look only at this face of the matter, and find in all human opinions and arrangements merely [1] the fact that they were uncertain, temporary, subject to the law of death! At bottom, it is not so: all death, here too we find, is but of the body, not of the essence or soul; all destruction, by violent revolution or howsoever it be, is but new creation on a wider scale. Odinism was *Valour;* Christianism was *Humility*, a nobler kind of Valour. No thought that ever dwelt honestly as true in the heart of man but *was* an honest insight into God's truth on man's part, and *has* an essential truth in it which endures through all changes, an everlasting possession for us all. And, on the other hand, what a melancholy notion is that, which has to represent all men, in all countries and times except our own, as having spent their life in blind condemnable error, mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans, only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz Fort, only to fill-up [2] the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march-over [3] and take the place! It is an incredible hypothesis.

Such incredible hypothesis we have seen maintained with fierce emphasis; and this or the other poor individual man, with his sect of individual men, marching as over the dead bodies of all men, towards sure victory: but when he too, with his hypothesis and ultimate infallible credo, sank into

[1] H¹ only [2] H¹ H² H³ fill up
[3] H¹ H² H³ march over

the ditch, and became a dead body, what was to be said? — Withal, it is an important fact in the nature of man, that he tends to reckon his own insight as final, and goes upon it as such. He will always do it, I suppose, in one or the other way; but it must be in some wider, wiser way than this. Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted, under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy, the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform? All uniforms shall be good, so they hold in them true valiant men. All fashions of arms, the Arab turban and swift scimetar, Thor's strong hammer smiting down *Jötuns*, shall be welcome. Luther's battle-voice, Dante's march-melody, all genuine things are with us, not against us. We are all under one Captain, soldiers of the same host. — Let us now look a little at this Luther's fighting; what kind of battle it was, and how he comported himself in it. Luther too was of our spiritual Heroes; a Prophet to his country and time.

As introductory to the whole, a remark about Idolatry will perhaps be in place here. One of Mahomet's characteristics, which indeed belongs to all Prophets, is unlimited implacable zeal against Idolatry. It is the grand theme of Prophets: Idolatry, the worshipping of dead Idols as the Divinity, is a thing they cannot away-with,[1] but have to denounce continually, and brand with inexpiable reprobation; it is the chief of all the sins they see done under the sun. This is worth noting. We will not enter here into the theological question about Idolatry. Idol is *Eidolon*, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a Symbol of God; and perhaps one may question whether any the most be-

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] H[3] away with, but must

nighted mortal ever took it for more than a Symbol. I fancy, he did not think that the poor image his own hands had made *was* God; but that God was emblemed by it, that God was in it some way or other. And now in this sense, one may ask, Is not all worship whatsoever a worship by Symbols, by *eidola*, or things seen? Whether *seen*, rendered visible as an image or picture to the bodily eye; or visible only to the inward eye, to the imagination, to the intellect: this makes a superficial, but no substantial difference. It is still a Thing Seen, significant of Godhead[1]; an Idol. The most rigorous Puritan has his Confession of Faith, and intellectual Representation of Divine things, and worships thereby; thereby is worship first made possible for him. All creeds, liturgies, religious forms, conceptions that fitly invest religious feelings, are in this sense *eidola*, things seen. All worship whatsoever must proceed by Symbols, by Idols: — we may say, all Idolatry is comparative, and the worst Idolatry is only *more* idolatrous.

Where, then, lies the evil of it? Some fatal evil must lie in it, or earnest prophetic men would not on all hands so reprobate it. Why is Idolatry so hateful to Prophets? It seems to me as if, in the worship of those poor wooden symbols, the thing that had chiefly provoked the Prophet, and filled his inmost soul with indignation and aversion, was not exactly what suggested itself to his own thought, and came out of him in words to others, as the thing. The rudest heathen that worshipped Canopus, or the Caabah Black-Stone,[2] he, as we saw, was superior to the horse that worshipped nothing at all! Nay there was a kind of lasting merit in that poor act of his; analogous to what is still meritorious in Poets: recognition of a certain endless *divine* beauty and significance in stars and all natural objects whatsoever. Why should the Prophet so merci-

[1] H[1] H[2] Godhood [2] H[1] Black-stone

lessly condemn him? The poorest mortal worshipping his Fetish, while his heart is full of it, may be an object of pity, of contempt and avoidance, if you will; but cannot surely be an object of hatred. Let his heart *be* honestly full of it, the whole space of his dark narrow mind illuminated thereby; in one word, let him entirely *believe* in his Fetish, — it will then be, I should say, if not well with him, yet as well as it can readily be made to be, and you will leave him alone, unmolested there.

But here enters the fatal circumstance of Idolatry, that, in the era of the Prophets, no man's mind *is* any longer honestly filled with his Idol or Symbol. Before the Prophet can arise who, seeing through it, knows it to be mere wood, many men must have begun dimly to doubt that it was little more. Condemnable Idolatry is *insincere* Idolatry. Doubt has eaten-out[1] the heart of it: a human soul is seen clinging spasmodically to an Ark of the Covenant, which it half-feels now to have become a Phantasm. This is one of the balefulest[2] sights. Souls are no longer *filled* with their Fetish; but only pretend to be filled, and would fain make themselves feel that they are filled. "You do not believe," said Coleridge; "you only believe that you believe." It is the final scene in all kinds of Worship and Symbolism; the sure symptom that death is now nigh. It is equivalent to what we call Formulism, and Worship of Formulas, in these days of ours. No more immoral act can be done by a human creature; for it is the beginning of all immorality, or rather it is the impossibility henceforth of any morality whatsoever: the innermost moral soul is paralysed[3] thereby, cast into fatal magnetic sleep! Men are no longer *sincere* men. I do not wonder that the earnest man denounces this, brands it, prosecutes it with

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] eaten out [2] H[3] balefullest
[3] H[1] H[2] paralyzed

inextinguishable aversion. He and it, all good and it, are at death-feud. Blamable[1] Idolatry is *Cant*, and even what one may call Sincere-Cant. Sincere-Cant: that is worth thinking of! Every sort of Worship ends with this phasis.[2]

I find Luther to have been a Breaker of Idols, no less than any other Prophet. The wooden gods of the Koreish, made of timber and bees-wax,[3] were not more hateful to Mahomet than Tetzel's Pardons of Sin, made of sheepskin and ink, were to Luther. It is the property of every Hero, in every time, in every place and situation, that he come back to reality; that he stand upon things, and not shows[4] of things. According as he loves, and venerates, articulately or with deep speechless thought, the awful realities of things, so will the hollow shows[5] of things, however regular, decorous, accredited by Koreishes or Conclaves, be intolerable and detestable to him. Protestantism too is the work of a Prophet: the prophet-work of that sixteenth century. The first stroke of honest demolition to an ancient thing grown false and idolatrous; preparatory afar off to a new thing, which shall be true, and authentically divine! —

At first view it might seem as if Protestantism were entirely destructive to this that we call Hero-worship, and represent as the basis of all possible good, religious or social, for mankind. One often hears it said that Protestantism introduced a new era, radically different from any the world had ever seen before: the era of 'private judgment,' as they call it. By this revolt against the Pope, every man became his own Pope; and learnt, among other things, that he must never trust any Pope, or spiritual Hero-

[1] H[1] H[2] Blameable
[2] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]
[3] H[1] H[2] bees'-wax
[4] H[2] H[3] shews
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews

captain, any more! Whereby, is not spiritual union, all hierarchy and subordination among men, henceforth an impossibility? So we hear it said. — Now I need not deny that Protestantism was a revolt against spiritual sovereignties, Popes and much else. Nay I will grant that English Puritanism, revolt against earthly sovereignties, was the second act of it; that the enormous French Revolution itself was the third act, whereby all sovereignties earthly and spiritual were, as might seem, abolished or made sure of abolition. Protestantism is the grand root from which our whole subsequent European History branches out. For the spiritual will always body itself forth in the temporal history of men; the spiritual is the beginning of the temporal. And now, sure enough, the cry is everywhere for Liberty and Equality, Independence and so forth; instead of *Kings*, Ballot-boxes and Electoral suffrages: it seems made out that any Hero-sovereign, or loyal obedience of men to a man, in things temporal or things spiritual, has passed away forever from the world. I should despair of the world altogether, if so. One of my deepest convictions is, that it is not so. Without sovereigns, true sovereigns, temporal and spiritual, I see nothing possible but an anarchy; the hatefulest[1] of things. But I find Protestantism, whatever anarchic democracy it have produced, to be the beginning of new genuine sovereignty and order. I find it to be a revolt against *false* sovereigns; the painful but indispensable first preparative for *true* sovereigns getting place among us! This is worth explaining a little.

Let us remark, therefore, in the first place, that this of 'private judgment' is, at bottom, not a new thing in the world, but only new at that epoch of the world. There is nothing generically new or peculiar in the Reformation; it

[1] H[3] hatefullest

was a return to Truth and Reality in opposition to Falsehood and Semblance, as all kinds of Improvement and genuine Teaching are and have been. Liberty of private judgment, if we will consider it, must at all times have existed in the world. Dante had not put-out[1] his eyes, or tied shackles on himself; he was at home in that Catholicism of his, a free-seeing soul in it, — if many a poor Hogstraten, Tetzel and Dr. Eck had now become slaves in it. Liberty of judgment? No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of a man to believe or to disbelieve: it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign, and believe there, by the grace of God alone! The sorriest sophistical Bellarmine, preaching sightless faith and passive obedience, must first, by some kind of *conviction*, have abdicated his right to be convinced. His 'private judgment' indicated that, as the advisablest step *he* could take. The right of private judgment will subsist, in full force, wherever true men subsist. A true man *believes* with his whole judgment, with all the illumination and discernment that is in him, and has always so believed. A false man, only struggling to 'believe that he believes,' will naturally manage it in some other way. Protestantism said to this latter, Woe! and to the former, Well done! At bottom, it was no new saying; it was a return to all old sayings that ever had been said. Be genuine, be sincere: that was, once more, the meaning of it. Mahomet believed with his whole mind; Odin with his whole mind, — he, and all *true* Followers of Odinism. They, by their private judgment, had 'judged' — *so*.

And now I venture to assert, that the exercise of private judgment, faithfully gone about, does by no means necessarily end in selfish independence, isolation[2]; but rather ends necessarily in the opposite of that. It is not honest

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] put out [2] H[1] H[2] isolation,

inquiry that makes anarchy; but it is error, insincerity, half-belief and untruth that make[1] it. A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth. There is no communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The heart of each is lying dead; has no power of sympathy even with *things*, — or he would believe *them* and not hearsays. No sympathy even with things; how much less with his fellow-men! He cannot unite with men; he is an anarchic man. Only in a world of sincere men is unity possible; — and there, in the longrun,[2] it is as good as *certain*.

For observe one thing, a thing too often left out of view, or rather altogether lost sight of, in[3] this controversy: That it is not necessary a man should himself have *discovered* the truth he is to believe in, and[4] never so *sincerely* to believe in.[4] A Great Man, we said, was always sincere, as the first condition of him. But a man need not be great in order to be sincere; that is not the necessity of Nature and all Time, but only of certain corrupt unfortunate epochs of Time. A man can believe, and make his own, in the most genuine way, what he has received from another; — and with boundless gratitude to that other! The merit of *originality* is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another. Every son of Adam can become a sincere man, an original man, in this sense; no mortal is doomed to be an insincere man. Whole ages, what we call ages of Faith, are original; all men in them, or the most of men in them, sincere. These are the great and fruitful ages: every worker, in all spheres, is a worker not on semblance but on substance; every work issues in a result: the general sum of such work is great;

[1] H¹ H² H³ makes
[2] H¹ H² H³ long-run
[3] H² H³ of in
[4] [4] H¹ never so sincerely.

for all of it, as genuine, tends towards one goal; all of it is *additive*, none of it subtractive. There is true union, true kingship, loyalty, all true and blessed things, so far as the poor Earth can produce blessedness for men.[1]

Hero-worship? Ah me, that a man be self-subsistent, original, true, or what we call it, is surely the farthest in the world from indisposing him to reverence and believe other men's truth! It only disposes, necessitates and invincibly compels him to *dis*believe other men's dead formulas, hearsays and untruths. A man embraces truth with his eyes open, and because his eyes are open: does he need to shut them before he can love his Teacher of truth? He alone can love, with a right gratitude and genuine loyalty of soul, the Hero-Teacher who has delivered him out of darkness into light. Is not such a one a true Hero and Serpent-queller; worthy of all reverence! The black monster, Falsehood, our one enemy in this world, lies prostrate by his valour; it was he that conquered the world for us! — See, accordingly, was not Luther himself reverenced as a true Pope, or Spiritual Father, *being* verily such? Napoleon, from amid boundless revolt of Sansculottism, became a King. Hero-worship never dies, nor can die. Loyalty and Sovereignty are everlasting in the world: — and there is this in them, that they are grounded not on garnitures and semblances, but on realities and sincerities. Not by shutting your eyes, your 'private judgment;' no, but by opening them, and by having something to see! Luther's message was deposition and abolition to all false Popes and Potentates, but life and strength, though afar off, to new genuine ones.

All this of Liberty and Equality, Electoral suffrages, Independence and so forth, we will take, therefore, to be a temporary phenomenon, by no means a final one. Though

[1] *no paragraph in* H¹ H² H³

likely to last a long time, with sad enough embroilments for us all, we must welcome it, as the penalty of sins that are past, the pledge of inestimable benefits that are coming. In all ways, it behoved men to quit simulacra and return to fact; cost what it might, that did behove to be done. With spurious Popes, and Believers[1] having no private judgment, — quacks pretending to command over dupes, — what can you do? Misery and mischief only. You cannot make an association out of insincere men; you cannot build an edifice except by plummet and level, — at *right*-angles to one another! In all this wild revolutionary work, from Protestantism downwards, I see the blessedest result preparing itself: not abolition of Hero-worship, but rather what I would call a whole World of Heroes. If Hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a Hero? A world all sincere, a believing world: the like has been; the like will again be, — cannot help being. That were the right sort of Worshippers for Heroes: never could the truly Better be so reverenced as where all were True and Good! — But we must hasten to Luther and his Life.

Luther's birthplace was Eisleben in Saxony; he came into the world there on the 10th of November 1483. It was an accident that gave this honour to Eisleben. His parents, poor mine-labourers in a village of that region, named Mohra, had gone to the Eisleben Winter-Fair: in the tumult of this scene the Frau Luther was taken with travail, found refuge in some poor house there, and the boy she bore was named MARTIN LUTHER. Strange enough to reflect upon it. This poor Frau Luther, she had gone with her husband to make her small merchandisings; perhaps to sell the lock of yarn she had been spinning, to buy the small winter-necessaries for her narrow hut or household;

[1] H¹ believers

in the whole world, that day, there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this Miner and his Wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes and Potentates, in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, Eighteen Hundred years ago, — of which it is fit that we *say* nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there! The Age of Miracles past? The Age of Miracles is forever here! —

I find it altogether suitable to Luther's function in this Earth, and doubtless wisely ordered to that end by the Providence presiding over him and us and all things, that he was born poor, and brought-up [1] poor, one of the poorest of men. He had to beg, as the school-children in those times did; singing for alms and bread, from door to door. Hardship, rigorous Necessity was the poor boy's companion; no man nor no thing would put-on a false face to flatter Martin Luther. Among things, not among the shows [2] of things, had he to grow. A boy of rude figure, yet with weak health, with his large greedy soul, full of all faculty and sensibility, he suffered greatly. But it was his task to get acquainted with *realities*, and keep acquainted with them, at whatever cost: his task was to bring the whole world back to reality, for it had dwelt too long with semblance! A youth nursed-up [3] in wintry whirlwinds, in desolate darkness and difficulty, that he may step-forth [4] at last from his stormy Scandinavia, strong as a true man, as a god: a Christian Odin, — a right Thor once more, with

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] brought up
[2] H[2] H[3] shews
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] nursed up
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] step forth

his thunder-hammer, to smite asunder ugly enough *Jötuns* and Giant-monsters!

Perhaps the turning incident of his life, we may fancy, was that death of his friend Alexis, by lightning, at the gate of Erfurt. Luther had struggled-up [1] through boyhood, better and worse; displaying, in spite of all hindrances, the largest intellect, eager to learn: his father judging doubtless that he might promote himself in the world, set him upon the study of Law. This was the path to rise; Luther, with little will in it either way, had consented: he was now nineteen years of age. Alexis and he had been to see the old Luther people at Mansfeldt; were got back again near Erfurt, when a thunderstorm came on; the bolt struck Alexis, he fell dead at Luther's feet.[2] What is this Life of ours?[3] — gone in a minute, burnt-up [4] like a scroll, into the blank Eternity! What are all earthly preferments, Chancellorships, Kingships? They lie shrunk together — there! The Earth has opened on them; in a moment they are not, and Eternity is. Luther, struck to the heart, determined to devote himself to God and God's service alone. In spite of all dissuasions from his father and others, he became a Monk in the Augustine Convent at Erfurt.

This was probably the first light-point in the history of Luther, his purer will now first decisively uttering itself; but, for the present, it was still as one light-point in an element all of darkness. He says he was a pious monk, *ich bin ein frommer Mönch gewesen;* faithfully, painfully struggling to work-out [5] the truth of this high act of his; but it was to little purpose. His misery had not lessened; had rather, as it were, increased into infinitude. The drudger-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] struggled up
[2] H[1] H[2] hand
[3] H[1] ours; —
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] burnt up
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] work out

ies he had to do, as novice in his Convent, all sorts of slave-work, were not his grievance: the deep earnest soul of the man had fallen into all manner of black scruples, dubitations; he believed himself likely to die soon, and far worse than die. One hears with a new interest for poor Luther that, at this time, he lived in terror of the unspeakable misery; fancied that he was doomed to eternal reprobation. Was it not the humble sincere nature of the man? What was he, that he should be raised to Heaven! He that had known only misery, and mean slavery: the news was too blessed to be credible. It could not become clear to him how, by fasts, vigils, formalities and mass-work, a man's soul could be saved. He fell into the blackest wretchedness; had to wander staggering as on the verge of bottomless Despair.

It must have been a most blessed discovery, that of an old Latin Bible which he found in the Erfurt Library about this time. He had never seen the Book before. It taught him another lesson than that of fasts and vigils. A brother monk too, of pious experience, was helpful. Luther learned now that a man was saved not by singing masses, but by the infinite grace of God: a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded, as on the rock. No wonder he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by that; as through life and to death he firmly did.

This, then, is his deliverance from darkness, his final triumph over darkness, what we call his conversion; for himself the most important of all epochs. That he should now grow daily in peace and clearness; that, unfolding now the great talents and virtues implanted in him, he should rise to importance in his Convent, in his country,

and be found more and more useful in all honest business of life, is a natural result. He was sent on missions by his Augustine Order, as a man of talent and fidelity fit to do their business well: the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, named the Wise, a truly wise and just prince, had cast his eye on him as a valuable person; made him Professor in his new University of Wittenberg, Preacher too at Wittenberg; in both which capacities, as in all duties he did, this Luther, in the peaceable sphere of common life, was gaining more and more esteem with all good men.

It was in his twenty-seventh year that he first saw Rome; being sent thither, as I said, on mission from his Convent. Pope Julius the Second, and what was going-on[1] at Rome, must have filled the mind of Luther with amazement. He had come as to the Sacred City, throne of God's High-priest on Earth; and he found it — what we know! Many thoughts it must have given the man; many which we have no record of, which perhaps he did not himself know how to utter. This Rome, this scene of false priests, clothed not in the beauty of holiness, but in far other vesture, is *false:* but what is it to Luther? A mean man he, how shall he reform a world? That was far from his thoughts. A humble, solitary man, why should he at all meddle with the world? It was the task of quite higher men than he. His business was to guide his own footsteps wisely through the world. Let him do his own obscure duty in it well; the rest, horrible and dismal as it looks, is in God's hand, not in his.

It is curious to reflect what might have been the issue, had Roman Popery happened to pass this Luther by; to go on in its great wasteful orbit, and not come athwart his little path, and force him to assault it! Conceivable enough that, in this case, he might have held his peace

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] going on

about the abuses of Rome; left Providence, and God on high, to deal with them! A modest quiet man; not prompt he to attack irreverently persons in authority. His clear task, as I say, was to do his own duty; to walk wisely in this world of confused wickedness, and save his own soul alive. But the Roman Highpriesthood did come athwart him: afar off at Wittenberg he, Luther, could not get lived in honesty for it; he remonstrated, resisted, came to extremity; was struck-at,[1] struck again, and so it came to wager of battle between them! This is worth attending to in Luther's history. Perhaps no man of so humble, peaceable a disposition ever filled the world with contention. We cannot but see that he would have loved privacy, quiet diligence in the shade; that it was against his will he ever became a notoriety. Notoriety: what would that do for him? The goal of his march through this world was the Infinite Heaven; an indubitable goal for him: in a few years, he should either have attained that, or lost it forever! We will say nothing at all, I think, of that sorrowfulest[2] of theories, of its being some mean shopkeeper grudge, of the Augustine Monk against the Dominican, that first kindled the wrath of Luther, and produced the Protestant Reformation. We will say to the people who maintain it, if indeed any such exist now: Get first into the sphere of thought by which it is so much as possible to judge of Luther, or of any man like Luther, otherwise than distractedly; we may then begin arguing with you.

The Monk Tetzel, sent out carelessly in the way of trade, by Leo Tenth, — who merely wanted to raise a little money, and for the rest seems to have been a Pagan rather than a Christian, so far as he was anything, — arrived at Wittenberg, and drove his scandalous trade there. Luther's flock bought Indulgences; in the confes-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] struck at [2] H[3] sorrowfullest

sional of his Church, people pleaded to him that they had already got their sins pardoned. Luther, if he would not be found wanting at his own post, a false sluggard and coward at the very centre of the little space of ground that was his own and no other man's, had to step-forth[1] against Indulgences, and declare aloud that *they* were a futility and sorrowful mockery, that no man's sins could be pardoned by *them*. It was the beginning of the whole Reformation. We know how it went; forward from this first public challenge of Tetzel, on the last day of October 1517, through remonstrance and argument; — spreading ever wider, rising ever higher; till it became unquenchable, and enveloped all the world. Luther's heart's-desire[2] was to have this grief and other griefs amended; his thought was still far[3] other than that of introducing[3] separation in the Church, or revolting against the Pope, Father of Christendom. — The elegant Pagan Pope cared little about this Monk and his doctrines; wished, however, to have done with the noise of him: in a space of some three years, having tried various softer methods, he thought good to end it by *fire*. He dooms the Monk's writings to be burnt by the hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome, — probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome, the century before. A short argument, fire. Poor Huss: he came to that Constance[4] Council, with all imaginable promises and safe-conducts; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man: they laid him instantly in a stone dungeon 'three-feet[5] wide, six-feet[6] high, seven-feet[7] long;' *burnt* the true voice[8] of him out[8] of this world; choked it in smoke and fire. That was *not* well done!

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] step forth
[2] H[1] heart's desire
[3 3] H[1] H[2] far from introducing
[4] H[2] Constant
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] three feet
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] six feet
[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] seven feet
[8 8] H[1] H[2] voice out

I, for one, pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the Pope. The elegant Pagan, by this fire-decree of his, had kindled into noble just wrath the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest; it was now kindled. These words of mine, words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on Earth, and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on earth, answer them by the hangman and fire? You will burn me and them, for answer to the God's-message they strove to bring you? *You* are not God's vicegerent; you are another's[1] than his,[1] I think! I take your Bull, as an emparchmented Lie, and burn *it*. You will do what you see good next: this is what I do. — It was on the 10th[2] of December 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther, 'with a great concourse of people,' took this indignant step of burning the Pope's fire-decree 'at[3] the Elster-Gate of Wittenberg.'[3] Wittenberg looked on 'with shoutings;' the whole world was looking on. The Pope should not have provoked that 'shout'! It was the shout of the awakening of nations. The quiet German heart, modest, patient of much, had at length got more than it could bear. Formulism, Pagan Popeism,[4] and other Falsehood and corrupt Semblance had ruled long enough: and here once more was a man found who durst tell all men that God's-world stood not on semblances but on realities; that life was a truth, and not a lie!

At bottom, as was said above, we are to consider Luther as a Prophet Idol-breaker; a bringer-back[5] of men to reality. It is the function of great men and teachers. Mahomet said, These idols of yours are wood; you put

[1] [1] H[1] *another's* H[2] another's
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] tenth
[3] [3] H[1] in the market place of Wittenberg
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] Popism
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] bringer back

wax and oil on them, the flies stick on them: they are not God, I tell you, they are black wood! Luther said to the Pope, This thing of yours that you call a Pardon of Sins, it is a bit of rag-paper with ink. It *is* nothing else; it, and so much like it, is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. Popeship, spiritual Fatherhood of God's Church, is that a vain semblance, of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact. God's Church is not a semblance, Heaven and Hell are not semblances. I stand on this, since you drive me to it. Standing on this, I a poor German Monk am stronger than you all. I stand solitary, friendless,[1] but on[1] God's Truth; you with your tiaras, triple-hats, with your treasuries and armories, thunders spiritual and temporal, stand on the Devil's Lie, and are not so strong!—

The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilisation[2] takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Emperor Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there: Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that, stands-up[3] for God's Truth, one man, the[4] poor miner Hans Luther's Son.[4] Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode-out[5] to meet him, with still more earnest warnings; he answered, "Were there as many Devils in

[1] [1] H^1H^2 friendless, one man, on
[2] H^1 H^2 civilization
[3] H^1 H^2 H^3 stands up
[4] [4] H^1 Hans Luther the poor miner's son
[5] H^1 H^2 H^3 rode out

Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on." The people, on the morrow, as he went to the Hall of the Diet, crowded the windows and housetops, some of them calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant: "Whosoever denieth me before men!" they cried to him, — as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the whole world, lying in dark bondage of soul, paralysed under a black spectral Nightmare and triple-hatted Chimera, calling itself Father in God, and what not: "Free us; it rests with thee; desert us not!"[1]

Luther did not desert us. His speech, of two hours, distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; submissive to whatsoever could lawfully claim submission, not submissive to any more than that. His writings, he said, were partly his own, partly derived from the Word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it; unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless which it were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood on sound truth and the Word of God, he could not recant it. How could he? "Confute me," he concluded, "by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain just arguments: I cannot recant otherwise. For it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I can do no other: God assist me!" — It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the Modern History of Men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present: the germ of it all lay there: had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise! The European World was asking him: Am I to sink ever lower into falsehood, stagnant putrescence, loathsome accursed death; or, with whatever

[1] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

paroxysm, to cast the falsehoods out of me, and be cured and live? —

Great wars, contentions and disunion followed out of this Reformation; which last down to our day, and are yet far from ended. Great talk and crimination has been made about these. They are lamentable, undeniable; but after all, what has Luther or his cause to do with them? It seems strange reasoning to charge the Reformation with all this. When Hercules turned the purifying river into King Augeas's stables, I have no doubt the confusion that resulted was considerable all around: but I think it was not Hercules's blame; it was some other's blame! The Reformation might bring what results it liked when it came, but the Reformation simply could not help coming. To all Popes and Popes' advocates, expostulating, lamenting and accusing, the answer of the world is: Once for all, your Popehood has become untrue. No matter how good it was, how good you say it is, we cannot believe it; the light of our whole mind, given us to walk-by[1] from Heaven above, finds it henceforth a thing unbelievable. We will not believe it, we will not try to believe it, — we dare not! The thing is *untrue;* we were traitors against the Giver of all Truth, if we durst pretend to think it true. Away with it; let whatsoever likes come in the place of it: with *it* we can have no farther trade! — Luther and his Protestantism is not responsible for wars; the false Simulacra that forced him to protest, they are responsible. Luther did what every man that God has made has not only the right, but lies under the sacred duty, to do: answered a Falsehood when it questioned him, Dost thou believe me? — No! — At what cost soever, without counting of costs, this thing behoved to be done. Union, organisation spiritual and material, a far

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] walk by

nobler than any Popedom or Feudalism in their truest days, I never doubt, is coming for the world; sure to come. But on Fact alone, not on Semblance and Simulacrum, will it be able either to come, or to stand when come. With union grounded on falsehood, and ordering us to speak and act lies, we will not have anything to do. Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable, the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one!

And yet, in prizing justly the indispensable blessings of the New, let us not be unjust to the Old. The Old *was* true, if it no longer is. In Dante's days it needed no sophistry, self-blinding or other dishonesty, to get itself reckoned true. It was good then; nay there is in the soul of it a deathless good. The cry of 'No Popery' is foolish enough in these days. The speculation that Popery is on the increase, building new chapels and so forth, may pass for one of the idlest ever started. Very curious: to count-up[1] a few Popish chapels, listen to a few Protestant logic-choppings, — to much dull-droning drowsy inanity that still calls itself Protestant, and say: See, Protestantism is *dead;* Popeism[2] is more alive than it, will be alive after it! — Drowsy inanities, not a few, that call themselves Protestant are dead; but *Protestantism* has not died yet, that I hear of! Protestantism, if we will look, has in these days produced its Goethe, its Napoleon; German Literature and the French Revolution; rather considerable signs of life! Nay, at bottom, what else is alive *but* Protestantism? The life of most else that one meets is a galvanic one merely, — not a pleasant, not a lasting sort of life!

Popery can build new chapels; welcome to do so, to all lengths. Popery cannot come back, any more than Paganism can, — *which* also still lingers in some countries. But, indeed, it is with these things, as with the ebbing of the

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] count up [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Popism

sea: you look at the waves oscillating hither, thither on the beach; for *minutes* you cannot tell how it is going; look in half an hour where it is, — look in half a century where your Popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival! Thor may as soon try to revive. — And withal this oscillation has a meaning. The poor old Popehood will not die away entirely, as Thor has done, for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say, the Old never dies till this happen, Till all the soul of good that was in it have got itself transfused into the practical New. While a good work remains capable of being done by the Romish form; or, what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice too have appropriated whatsoever of truth was in it. Then, but also not till then, it will have no charm more for any man. It lasts here for a purpose. Let it last as long as it can. —

Of Luther I will add now, in reference to all these wars and bloodshed, the noticeable fact that none of them began so long as he continued living. The controversy did not get to fighting so long as he was there. To me it is proof of his greatness in all senses, this fact. How seldom do we find a man that has stirred-up[1] some vast commotion, who does not himself perish, swept-away[2] in it! Such is the usual course of revolutionists. Luther continued, in a good degree, sovereign of this greatest revolution; all Protestants, of what rank or function soever, looking much to him for guidance: and he held it peaceable, continued firm at the centre of it. A man to do this must have a

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] stirred up

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] swept away

kingly faculty: he must have the gift to discern at all turns where the true heart of the matter lies, and to plant himself courageously on that, as a strong true man, that other true men may rally round him there. He will not continue leader of men otherwise. Luther's clear deep force of judgment, his force of all sorts, of *silence*, of tolerance and moderation, among others, are very notable in these circumstances.

Tolerance, I say; a very genuine kind of tolerance: he distinguishes what is essential, and what is not; the unessential may go[1] very much as[1] it will. A complaint comes to him that such and such a Reformed Preacher 'will not preach without a cassock.' Well, answers Luther, what harm will a cassock do the man? 'Let him have a cassock to preach in; let him have three cassocks if he find benefit in them!' His conduct in the matter of Karlstadt's wild image-breaking; of the Anabaptists; of the Peasants' War, shows[2] a noble strength, very different from spasmodic violence. With sure prompt insight he discriminates what is what: a strong just man, he speaks-forth[3] what is the wise course, and all men follow him in that. Luther's Written Works[4] give similar testimony of him. The dialect of these speculations is now grown obsolete for us; but one still reads them with a singular attraction. And indeed the mere grammatical diction is still legible enough; Luther's merit in literary history is of the greatest; his dialect became the language of all writing. They are not well written, these Four-[5]and-twenty Quartos[5] of his; written hastily, with quite other than literary objects. But in no Books have I found a more robust, genuine, I will say noble faculty of a man than in these. A rugged honesty, home-

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] go as
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] speaks forth
[4] H[1] H[2] written works
[5] [5] H[1] H[2] four-and-twenty quartos

liness, simplicity; a rugged sterling sense and strength. He flashes-out[1] illumination from him; his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter. Good humour too, nay tender affection, nobleness, and depth: this man could have been a Poet too! He had to *work* an Epic Poem, not write one. I call him a great Thinker; as indeed his greatness of heart already betokens that.

Richter says of Luther's words, 'his words are half-battles.' They may be called so. The essential quality of him was, that he could fight and conquer; that he was a right piece of human Valour. No more valiant man, no mortal heart to be called *braver*, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour. His defiance of the 'Devils' in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken. It was a faith of Luther's that there were Devils, spiritual denizens of the Pit, continually besetting men. Many times, in his writings, this turns-up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg where he sat translating the Bible, they still show[2] you a black spot on the wall; the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms; he was worn-down[3] with long labour, with sickness, abstinence from food; there rose before him some hideous indefinable Image, which he took for the Evil One, to forbid his work: Luther started-up[4] with fiend-defiance; flung his inkstand at the spectre, and it disappeared! The spot still remains there; a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition, in a scientific sense: but the man's heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against Hell

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] flashes out
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] worn down
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] started up

itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before exists not on this Earth or under it. — Fearless enough! 'The[1] Devil is aware,' writes he on one occasion, 'that this does not proceed out of fear in me. I have seen and defied innumerable Devils. Duke George,' of Leipzig, a great enemy of his, 'Duke George is not equal to one Devil,' — far short of a Devil! 'If I had business at Leipzig, I would ride into Leipzig, though it rained Duke-Georges for nine days running.' What a reservoir of Dukes to ride into[1]! —

At the same time, they err greatly who imagine that this man's courage was ferocity, mere coarse disobedient obstinacy and savagery, as many do. Far from that. There may be an absence of fear which arises from the absence of thought or affection, from the presence of hatred and stupid fury. We do not value the courage of the tiger highly! With Luther it was far otherwise; no accusation could be more unjust than this of mere ferocious violence brought against him. A most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as indeed the truly valiant heart ever is. The tiger before a *stronger* foe — flies: the tiger is not what we call valiant, only fierce and cruel. I know few things more touching than those soft breathings of affection, soft as a child's or a mother's, in this great wild heart of Luther. So honest, unadulterated with any cant; homely, rude in their utterance; pure as water welling from the rock. What, in fact, was all that downpressed mood of despair and reprobation, which we saw in his youth, but the outcome of pre-eminent thoughtful gentleness, affections too keen and fine? It is the course such men as the poor Poet

[1] H[1] H[2] They spoke once about his not being at Leipzig, as if 'Duke George had hindered him,' a great enemy of his. It was not for Duke George, answered he: No; "if I had business at Leipzig, I would go, though it rained Duke Georges for nine days running."

Cowper fall into. Luther to a slight observer might have seemed a timid, weak man; modesty, affectionate shrinking tenderness the chief distinction of him. It is a noble valour which is roused in a heart like this, once stirred-up[1] into defiance, all kindled into a heavenly blaze.

In Luther's *Table-Talk*, a posthumous Book of anecdotes and sayings collected by his friends, the most interesting now of all the Books proceeding from him, we have many beautiful unconscious displays of the man, and what sort of nature he had. His behaviour at the deathbed of his little Daughter, so still, so great and loving, is among the most affecting things. He is resigned that his little Magdalene[2] should die, yet longs inexpressibly that she might live;—follows, in awestruck thought, the flight of her little soul through those unknown realms. Awestruck; most heart-felt, we can see; and sincere,—for after all dogmatic creeds and articles, he feels what nothing it is that we know, or can know: His little Magdalene[3] shall be with God, as God wills; for Luther too that is all; *Islam* is all.

Once, he looks-out[4] from his solitary Patmos,[5] the Castle[6] of Coburg,[6] in the middle of the night: The great vault of Immensity, long flights of clouds sailing through it,—dumb, gaunt, huge:—who supports all that? "None ever saw the pillars of it; yet it is supported." God supports it. We must know that God is great, that God is good; and trust, where we cannot see.—Returning home from Leipzig once, he is struck by the beauty of the harvest-fields; How it stands, that golden yellow corn, on its fair taper stem, its golden head bent, all rich and waving there,—the meek Earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again; the bread of man!—In the garden at Witten-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] stirred up
[2] H[1] Margaret
[3] H[1] Margaret
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] looks out
[5] H[1] 'Patmos'
[6] [6] H[1] Wartburg

berg one evening at sunset, a little bird has perched for the night: That little bird, says Luther, above it are the stars and deep Heaven of worlds; yet it has folded its little wings; gone trustfully to rest there as in its home: the Maker of it has given it too a home! — — Neither are mirthful turns wanting: there is a great free human heart in this man. The common speech of him has a rugged nobleness, idiomatic, expressive, genuine; gleams here and there with beautiful poetic tints. One feels him to be a great brother man. His love of Music, indeed, is not this, as it were, the summary of all these affections in him? Many a wild unutterability he spoke-forth [1] from him in the tones of his flute. The Devils fled from his flute, he says. Death-defiance on the one hand, and such love of music on the other; I could call these the two opposite poles of a great soul; between these two all great things had room.

Luther's face is to me expressive of him; in Kranach's best portraits I find the true Luther. A rude plebeian face; with its huge crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy; at first, almost a repulsive face. Yet in the eyes especially there is a wild silent sorrow; an unnamable [2] melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections; giving to the rest the true stamp of nobleness. Laughter was in this Luther, as we said; but tears also were there. Tears also were appointed him; tears and hard toil. The basis of his life was Sadness, Earnestness. In his latter days, after all triumphs and victories, he expresses himself heartily weary of living; he considers that God alone can and will regulate the course things are taking, and that perhaps the Day of Judgment is not far. As for him, he longs for one thing: that God would release him from his labour, and let him depart and be at rest. They understand little of the man who cite this in *dis*credit

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] spoke forth

[2] H[1] H[2] unnameable

of him! — I will call this Luther a true Great Man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable[1] and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain, — so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting-up[2] to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great! Ah yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the Heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right Spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more, a true Son of Nature and Fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven.

The most interesting phasis which the Reformation anywhere assumes, especially for us English, is that of Puritanism. In Luther's own country, Protestantism soon dwindled into a rather barren affair: not a religion or faith, but rather now a theological jangling of argument, the proper seat of it not the heart; the essence of it sceptical contention: which indeed has jangled more and more, down to Voltaireism[3] itself, — through Gustavus-Adolphus contentions onward to French-Revolution ones! But in our Island there arose a Puritanism, which even got itself established as a Presbyterianism and National Church among the Scotch; which came forth as a real business of the heart; and has produced in the world very notable fruit. In some senses, one may say it is the only phasis of Protestantism that ever got to the rank of being a Faith, a true heart-communication with Heaven, and of exhibiting itself in History as such. We must spare a few words for Knox; himself a brave and remarkable man; but still more important as Chief Priest and Founder, which one may consider him to be, of the Faith that became Scotland's,

[1] H[1] H[2] loveable [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] setting up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] Voltairism

New England's, Oliver Cromwell's. History will have something to say about this, for some time to come!

We may censure Puritanism as we please; and no one of us, I suppose, but would find it a very rough defective thing. But we, and all men, may understand that it was a genuine thing; for Nature has adopted it, and it has grown, and grows. I say sometimes, that all goes by wager-of-battle[1] in this world; that *strength*, well understood, is the measure of all worth. Give a thing time; if it can succeed, it is a right thing. Look now at American Saxondom; and at that little Fact of the sailing of the Mayflower, two-hundred[2] years ago, from Delft Haven in Holland! Were we of open sense as the Greeks were, we had found a Poem here; one of Nature's own Poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. For it was properly the beginning of America: there were straggling settlers in America before, some material as of a body was there; but the soul of it was first this. These poor men, driven-out[3] of their own country, not able well to live in Holland, determine on settling in the New World. Black untamed forests are there, and wild savage creatures; but not so cruel as Starchamber hangmen. They thought the Earth would yield them food, if they tilled honestly; the everlasting heaven would stretch, there too, overhead; they should be left in peace, to prepare for Eternity by living well in this world of Time; worshipping in what they thought the true, not the idolatrous way. They clubbed their small means together; hired a ship, the little ship Mayflower, and made ready to set sail.[4]

In Neal's[5] *History of the Puritans* * is an account of the ceremony of their departure: solemnity, we might call it

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] wager of battle
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] two hundred
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] driven out
[4] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]
[5] H[1] H[2] Neale's
* Neal (London, 1755), i. 490.

rather, for it was a real act of worship. Their minister went down with them to the beach, and their brethren whom they were to leave behind; all joined in solemn prayer,[1] That God would have pity on His poor children, and *go* with them into that waste wilderness, for He also had made that, He was there also as well as here. — Hah! These men, I think, had a work! The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable then; but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. Puritanism has got weapons and sinews; it has fire-arms, war-navies; it has cunning in its ten fingers, strength in its right arm; it can steer ships, fell forests, remove mountains; — it is one of the strongest things under this sun at present!

In the history of Scotland, too,[2] I can find properly but one epoch: we may say, it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacrings; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland at this day. Hungry fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from these poor drudges; but obliged, as the Columbian Republics are at this day, to make of every alteration a revolution; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets: this is a historical spectacle of no very singular significance! 'Bravery' enough, I doubt not; fierce fighting in abundance: but not braver or fiercer than that of their old Scandinavian Sea-king ancestors; *whose* exploits we have not found worth dwelling on! It is a country as yet without a soul: nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now at the Reformation, the internal life is kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this

[1] H[1] H[2] (the prayer too is given) [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Scotland too,

outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes kindles itself, like a beacon set on high; high as Heaven, yet attainable from Earth; — whereby the meanest man becomes not a Citizen only, but a Member of Christ's visible Church; a veritable Hero, if he prove a true man!

Well; this is what I mean by a whole 'nation of heroes;' a *believing* nation. There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a god-created soul which will be true to its origin; that will be a great soul! The like has been seen, we find. The like will be again seen, under wider forms than the Presbyterian: there can be no lasting good done till then. — Impossible! say some. Possible? Has it not *been*, in this world as a practised fact? Did Hero-worship fail in Knox's case? Or are we made of other clay now? Did the Westminster Confession of Faith add some new property to the soul of man? God made the soul of man. He did not doom any soul of man to live as a Hypothesis and Hearsay, in a world filled with such, and with the fatal work and fruit of such! — —

But to return: This that Knox did for his Nation, I say, we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price; — as life is. The people began to *live:* they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch Literature and Thought, Scotch Industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. Or what of Scotland? The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. A tumult in the High Church of Edinburgh spread into a universal

battle and struggle over all these realms; — there came out, after fifty-years[1] struggling, what we all call the '*Glorious* Revolution,' a *Habeas-Corpus* Act, Free Parliaments, and much else! — Alas, is it not too true what we said, That many men in the van do always, like Russian soldiers, march into the ditch of Schweidnitz,[2] and fill it up with their dead bodies, that the rear may pass-over[3] them dry-shod, and gain the honour? How many earnest rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor Peasant Covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, *bemired*, — before a beautiful Revolution of Eighty-eight can step-over[4] them in official pumps and silk-stockings, with universal three-times-three!

It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three-hundred[5] years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen! Had he been a poor Half-and-half, he could have crouched into the corner, like so many others; Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million 'unblamable'[6] Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot-at[7] through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologise[8] for

[1] H¹ H² fifty years
[2] H¹ H² H³ Schwiednitz
[3] H¹ H² H³ pass over
[4] H¹ H² H³ step over
[5] H¹ H² H³ three hundred
[6] H¹ H² unblameable
[7] H¹ H² H³ shot at
[8] H¹ H² apologize

Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two-hundred-and-fifty[1] years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we, for[2] our own sake, ought to look through the rumors and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

For one thing, I will remark that this post of Prophet to his Nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents; had got a college education[3]; become a Priest; adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as Tutor in gentlemen's families; preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine: resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called to do it; not ambitious of more; not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty; was with the small body of Reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrew's Castle, — when one day in their chapel, the Preacher after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, That there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak; — which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had: Had he not? said the Preacher, appealing to all the audience: what then is *his* duty? The people answered affirmatively; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand-up[4]; he

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] two hundred and fifty
[2] H[1] H[2] we for
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] college-education
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] stand up

attempted to reply; he could say no word; — burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptised[1] withal. He 'burst into tears.'

Our primary characteristic of a Hero, that he is sincere, applies emphatically to Knox. It is not denied anywhere that this, whatever might be his other qualities or faults, is among the truest of men. With a singular instinct he holds to the truth and fact; the truth alone is there for him, the rest a mere shadow and deceptive nonentity. However feeble, forlorn the reality may seem, on that and that only *can* he take his stand. In the Galleys of the River Loire, whither Knox and the others, after their Castle of St. Andrew's was taken, had been sent as Galley-slaves, — some officer or priest, one day, presented them an Image of the Virgin Mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence. Mother? Mother of God? said Knox, when the turn came to him: This is no Mother of God: this is 'a *pented bredd*,' — a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped, added Knox; and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting there: but come of it what might, this thing to Knox was and must continue nothing other than the real truth; it was a *pented bredd:* worship it he would not.[2]

He told his fellow-prisoners, in this darkest time, to be of courage; the Cause they had was the true one, and must and would prosper; the whole world could not put it down. Reality is of God's making; it is alone strong. How many *pented bredds*, pretending to be real, are fitter to swim than to be worshipped! — This Knox cannot live but by fact:

[1] H[1] H[2] baptized [2] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

he clings to reality as the shipwrecked sailor to the cliff. He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic: it is the grand gift he has. We find in Knox a good honest intellectual talent, no transcendent one; — a narrow, inconsiderable man, as compared with Luther: but in heartfelt instinctive adherence to truth, in *sincerity*, as we say, he has no superior; nay, one might ask, What equal he has? The heart of him is of the true Prophet cast. "He lies there," said the Earl of Morton at his grave, "who never feared the face of man." He resembles, more than any of the moderns, an Old-Hebrew Prophet. The same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid narrow-looking adherence to God's truth, stern rebuke in the name of God to all that forsake truth: an Old-Hebrew Prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century. We are to take him for that; not require him to be other.

Knox's conduct to Queen Mary, the harsh visits he used to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit! Knox was not there to do the courtier; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the nation and Cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises, and the Cause of God trampled

underfoot[1] of Falsehoods, Formulas and the Devil's Cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! "Better that women weep," said Morton, "than that bearded men be forced to weep." Knox was the constitutional opposition-party in Scotland: the Nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless Queen;—but the still more hapless Country, if *she* were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: "Who are you," said she once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?" —"Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he. Reasonably answered! If the 'subject' have truth to speak, it is not the 'subject's' footing that will fail him here.—

We blame Knox for his intolerance. Well, surely it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Yet, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the *un*essential; and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We[2] are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal.[2] We do not 'tolerate,'[3] Falsehoods,[4] Thieveries, Iniquities,[4] when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false, thou[5] art not tolerable[5]! We are here to extinguish[6] Falsehoods, and[7] put an end to them,[7] in some wise way! I will not quarrel so much with the way; the doing of the thing is our great concern. In this sense Knox was, full surely, intolerant.

A man sent to row in French Galleys, and suchlike,[8] for

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] under foot
[2] [2] *not in* H[1]
[3] H[1] tolerate
[4] [4] H[1] Falsehoods, Iniquities
[5] [5] H[1] and unjust
[6] H[1] *extinguish*
[7] [7] *not in* H[1]
[8] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like

teaching the truth in his own land, cannot always be in the mildest humour! I am not prepared to say that Knox had a soft temper; nor do I know that he had what we call an ill temper. An ill nature he decidedly had not. Kind honest affections dwelt in the much-enduring, hard-worn, ever-battling man. That he *could* rebuke Queens, and had such weight among those proud turbulent Nobles, proud enough whatever else they were; and could maintain to the end a kind of virtual Presidency and Sovereignty in that wild realm, he who was only 'a subject born within the same:' this of itself will prove to us that he was found, close at hand, to be no mean acrid man; but at heart a healthful, strong, sagacious man. Such alone can bear rule in that kind. They blame him for pulling-down[1] cathedrals, and so forth, as if he were a seditious rioting demagogue: precisely the reverse is seen to be the fact, in regard to cathedrals and the rest of it, if we examine! Knox wanted no pulling-down[2] of stone edifices; he wanted leprosy and darkness to be thrown out of the lives of men. Tumult was not his element; it was the tragic feature of his life that he was forced to dwell so much in that. Every such man is the born enemy of Disorder; hates to be in it: but what then? Smooth Falsehood is not Order; it is the general sumtotal of *Dis*order. Order is *Truth*, — each thing standing on the basis that belongs to it: Order and Falsehood cannot subsist together.

Withal, unexpectedly enough, this Knox has a vein of drollery in him; which I like much, in combination with his other qualities. He has a true eye for the ridiculous. His *History*, with its rough earnestness, is curiously enlivened with this. When the two Prelates, entering Glasgow Cathedral, quarrel about precedence; march rapidly up, take to hustling one another, twitching one another's

[1] H^1 H^2 H^3 pulling down [2] H^1 H^2 H^3 pulling down

rochets, and at last flourishing their crosiers like quarter-staves, it is a great sight for him everyway[1]! Not mockery, scorn, bitterness alone; though there is enough of that too. But a true, loving, illuminating laugh mounts-up[2] over the earnest visage; not a loud laugh; you would say, a laugh in the *eyes* most of all. An honest-hearted,[3] brotherly man; brother to the high, brother also to the low; sincere in his sympathy with both. He had his pipe of Bourdeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his; a cheery social man, with faces that loved him! They go far wrong who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all: he is one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious-hopeful, patient; a most shrewd, observing, quietly discerning man. In fact, he has very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present: a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him; insight enough; and a stouter heart than he himself knows of. He has the power of holding his peace over many things which do not vitally concern him, — "They? what are they?" But the thing which does vitally concern him, that thing he will speak of; and in a tone the whole world shall be made to hear: all the more emphatic for his long silence.

This Prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man! — He had a sore fight of an existence: wrestling with Popes and Principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering as an exile. A sore fight: but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, 'pointed upwards with his finger,' and so died. Honour to him[4]! His works have not died. The letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it never.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] every way
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] mounts up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] honesthearted
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] him.

One word more as to the letter of Knox's work. The unforgivable[1] offence in him is, that he wished to set-up[2] Priests over the head of Kings. In other words, he strove to make the Government of Scotland a *Theocracy*. This indeed is properly the sum of his offences, the essential sin; for which what pardon can there be? It is most true, he did, at bottom, consciously or unconsciously, mean a Theocracy, or Government of God. He did mean that Kings and Prime Ministers, and all manner of persons, in public or private, diplomatising or whatever else they might be doing, should walk according to the Gospel of Christ, and understand that this was their Law, supreme over all laws. He hoped once to see such a thing realised; and the Petition, *Thy Kingdom come*, no longer an empty word. He was sore grieved when he saw greedy worldly Barons clutch hold of the Church's property; when he expostulated that it was not secular property, that it was spiritual property, and should be turned to *true* churchly uses, education, schools, worship; — and the Regent Murray had to answer, with a shrug of the shoulders, "It is a devout imagination!" This was Knox's scheme of right and truth; this he zealously endeavoured after, to realise it. If we think his scheme of truth was too narrow, was not true, we may rejoice that he could not realise it; that it remained after two centuries of effort, unrealisable, and is a 'devout imagination' still. But how shall we blame *him* for struggling to realise it? Theocracy, Government of God, is precisely the thing to be struggled for! All Prophets, zealous Priests, are there for that purpose. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy; Cromwell wished it, fought for it; Mahomet attained it. Nay, is it not what all zealous men, whether called Priests, Prophets, or whatsoever else called, do essentially wish, and must wish? That right and truth, or God's Law, reign

[1] H[1] H[2] unforgiveable [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] set up

supreme among men, this is the Heavenly Ideal (well named in Knox's time, and namable[1] in all times, a revealed 'Will of God') towards which the Reformer will insist that all be more and more approximated. All true Reformers, as I said, are by the nature of them Priests, and strive for a Theocracy.

How far such Ideals can ever be introduced into Practice, and at what point our impatience with their non-introduction ought to begin, is always a question. I think we may say safely, Let them introduce themselves as far as they can contrive to do it! If they are the true faith of men, all men ought to be more or less impatient always where they are not found introduced. There will never be wanting Regent-Murrays enough to shrug their shoulders, and say, "A devout imagination!" We will praise the Hero-priest rather, who does what is in *him* to bring them in; and wears-out,[2] in toil, calumny, contradiction, a noble life, to make a God's Kingdom of this Earth. The Earth will not become too godlike!

[1] H[1] H[2] nameable [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] wears out

LECTURE V

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS

[Tuesday, 19th May 1840.][1]

HERO-GODS, Prophets, Poets, Priests are forms of Heroism that belong to the old ages, make their appearance in the remotest times; some of them have ceased to be possible long since, and cannot any more show[2] themselves in this world. The Hero as *Man of Letters*, again, of which class we are to speak today, is altogether a product of these new ages; and so long as the wondrous art of *Writing*, or of Ready-writing which we call *Printing*, subsists, he may be expected to continue, as one of the main forms of Heroism for all future ages. He is, in various respects, a very singular phenomenon.

He is new, I say; he has hardly lasted above a century in the world yet. Never, till about a hundred years ago, was there seen any figure of a Great Soul living apart in that anomalous manner; endeavouring to speak-forth[3] the inspiration that was in him by Printed Books, and find place and subsistence by what the world would please to give him for doing that. Much had been sold and bought, and left to make its own bargain in the marketplace; but the inspired wisdom of a Heroic Soul never till then, in that naked manner. He, with his copy-rights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling (for

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *date above title.* [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] speak forth

this is what he does), from his grave, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living, — is a rather curious spectacle! Few shapes of Heroism can be more unexpected.

Alas, the Hero from of old has had to cramp himself into strange shapes: the world knows not well at any time what to do with him, so foreign is his aspect in the world! It seemed absurd to us, that men, in their rude admiration, should take some wise great Odin for a god, and worship him as such; some wise great Mahomet for one god-inspired, and religiously follow his Law for twelve centuries: but that a wise great Johnson, a Burns, a Rousseau, should be taken for some idle nondescript, extant in the world to amuse idleness, and have a few coins and applauses thrown him, that he might live thereby; *this* perhaps, as before hinted, will one day seem a still absurder phasis of things! — Meanwhile, since it is the spiritual always that determines the material, this same Man-of-Letters Hero must be regarded as our most important modern person. He, such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. The world's manner of dealing with him is the most significant feature of the world's general position. Looking well at his life, we may get a glance, as deep as is readily possible for us, into the life of those singular centuries which have produced him, in which we ourselves live and work.

There are genuine Men of Letters, and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious. If *Hero* be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest; and was once well known to be the highest. He is uttering-forth,[1] in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] uttering forth

any case, can do. I say *inspired;* for what we call 'originality,' 'sincerity,' 'genius,' the heroic quality we have no good name for, signifies that. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life, as we said before, is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: all men's life is, — but the weak many know[1] not the fact, and are untrue to it,[1] in most times; the strong few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them. The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man Prophet, Priest, Divinity for doing; which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do.

Fichte the German Philosopher delivered, some forty years ago at Erlangen,[2] a highly remarkable Course of Lectures on this subject: '*Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*, On the Nature of the Literary Man.' Fichte, in conformity with the Transcendental Philosophy, of which he was a distinguished teacher, declares first: That all things which we see or work with in this Earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous Appearance: that under all there lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the 'Divine Idea of the World;' this is the Reality which 'lies at the bottom of all Appearance.' To the mass of men no such Divine Idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities and shows[3] of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them. But

[1] [1] H[1] know it not H[2] H[3] know not the fact, and are untrue to it
[2] H[1] H[2] Jena
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews

the Man of Letters is sent hither specially that he may discern for himself, and make manifest to us, this same Divine Idea: in every new generation it will manifest itself in a new dialect; and he is there for the purpose of doing that. Such is Fichte's phraseology; with which we need not quarrel. It is his way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name; what there is at present no name for: The unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendour, of wonder and terror, that lies in the being of every man, of every thing, — the Presence of the God who made every man and thing. Mahomet taught this in his dialect; Odin in his: it is the thing which all thinking hearts, in one dialect or another, are here to teach.[1]

Fichte calls the Man of Letters, therefore, a Prophet, or as he prefers to phrase it, a Priest, continually unfolding the Godlike to men: Men of Letters are a perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still present in their life; that all 'Appearance,' whatsoever we see in the world, is but as a vesture for the 'Divine Idea of the World,' for 'that which lies at the bottom of Appearance.' In the true Literary Man there is thus ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness: he is the light of the world; the world's Priest; — guiding it, like a sacred Pillar of Fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of Time. Fichte discriminates with sharp zeal the *true* Literary Man, what we here call the *Hero* as Man of Letters, from multitudes of false unheroic. Whoever lives not wholly in this Divine Idea, or living partially in it, struggles not, as for the one good, to live wholly in it, — he is, let him live where else he like, in what pomps and prosperities he like, no Literary Man; he is, says Fichte, a 'Bungler, *Stümper*.' Or at best, if he belong to the prosaic provinces, he may be a 'Hodman;' Fichte even calls him

[1] *no paragraph in* H¹ H² H³

elsewhere a 'Nonentity,' and has in short no mercy for him, no wish that *he* should continue happy among us! This is Fichte's notion of the Man of Letters. It means, in its own form, precisely what we here mean.

In this point of view, I consider that, for the last hundred years, by far the notablest of all Literary Men is Fichte's countryman, Goethe. To that man too, in a strange way, there was given what we may call a life in the Divine Idea of the World; vision of the inward divine mystery: and strangely, out of his Books, the world rises imaged once more as godlike, the workmanship and temple of a God. Illuminated all, not in fierce impure fire-splendour as of Mahomet, but in mild celestial radiance;—really a Prophecy in these most unprophetic times; to my mind, by far the greatest, though one of the quietest, among all the great things that have come to pass in them. Our chosen specimen of the Hero as Literary Man would be this Goethe. And it were a very pleasant plan for me here to discourse of his heroism: for I consider him to be a true Hero; heroic in what he said and did, and perhaps still more in what he did not say and did not do; to me a noble spectacle: a great heroic ancient man, speaking and keeping silence as an ancient Hero, in the guise of a most modern, high-bred, high-cultivated Man of Letters! We have had no such spectacle; no man capable of affording such, for the last hundred-and-fifty[1] years.[2]

But at present, such is the general state of knowledge about Goethe, it were worse than useless to attempt speaking of him in this case. Speak as I might, Goethe, to the great majority of you, would remain problematic, vague; no impression but a false one could be realised. Him we must leave to future times. Johnson, Burns, Rousseau, three great figures from a prior time, from a far inferior

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] hundred and fifty [2] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

state of circumstances, will suit us better here. Three men of the Eighteenth Century; the conditions of their life far more resemble what those of ours still are in England, than what Goethe's in Germany were. Alas, these men did not conquer like him; they fought bravely, and fell. They were not heroic bringers of the light, but heroic seekers of it. They lived under galling conditions; struggling as under mountains of impediment, and could not unfold themselves into clearness, or[1] victorious interpretation of that 'Divine Idea.' It is rather the *Tombs* of three Literary Heroes that I have to show[2] you. There[3] are the monumental heaps, under which three spiritual giants lie buried. Very mournful, but also great and full of interest for us. We will linger by them for a while.

Complaint is often made, in these times, of what we call the disorganised condition of society: how ill many arranged forces of society fulfil their work; how many powerful forces are seen working in a wasteful, chaotic, altogether unarranged manner. It is too just a complaint, as we all know. But perhaps if we look at this of Books and the Writers of Books, we shall find here, as it were, the summary of all other disorganisation[4]; — a sort of *heart*, from which,[5] and to which,[5] all other confusion circulates in the world! Considering what Book-writers do in the world, and what the world does with Book-writers, I should say, It is the most anomalous thing the world at present has to show.[6] — We should get into a sea far beyond sounding, did we attempt to give account of this: but we must glance at it for the sake of our subject. The worst element in the life of these three Literary Heroes

[1] *not in* H[1] H[2]
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew
[3] H[1] These
[4] H[1] disorganization
[5] [5] H[1] H[2] H[3] which and to which
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew

was, that they found their business and position such a chaos. On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable!

Our pious Fathers, feeling well what importance lay in the speaking of man to men, founded churches, made endowments, regulations; everywhere in the civilised world there is a Pulpit, environed with all manner of complex dignified appurtenances and furtherances, that therefrom a man with the tongue may, to best advantage, address his fellow-men. They felt that this was the most important thing; that without this there was no good thing. It is a right pious work, that of theirs; beautiful to behold! But now with the art of Writing, with the art of Printing, a total change has come over that business. The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong; — that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members are astray! Well; how he may do his work, whether he do it right or wrong, or do it at all, is a point which no man in the world has taken the pains to think of. To a certain shopkeeper, trying to get some money for his books, if lucky, he is of some importance; to no other man of any. Whence he came, whither he is bound, by what ways he arrived, by what he might be furthered on his course, no one asks. He is an accident in society. He wanders like a wild Ishmaelite, in a world of which he is as the spiritual light, either the guidance or the misguidance!

Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Odin's *Runes* were the first form of the work of a Hero; *Books*, written words, are still miraculous *Runes*, the latest form! In Books lies the *soul* of

the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined, — they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called-up[1] again into life. No magic *Rune* is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Do not Books still accomplish *miracles*, as *Runes* were fabled to do? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So 'Celia' felt, so 'Clifford' acted: the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid Practice one day. Consider whether any *Rune* in the wildest imagination of Mythologist ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done! What built St. Paul's Cathedral? Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine Hebrew Book,[2] — the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four-thousand[3] years ago, in the wildernesses of Sinai! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] called up [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Hebrew Book
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] four thousand

with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men; all modes of important work of men: teaching, preaching, governing, and all else.

To look at Teaching, for instance. Universities are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. Their existence too is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of Books. Universities arose while there were yet no Books procurable; while a man, for a single Book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you wanted to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty-thousand,[1] went to hear Abelard and that metaphysical theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had also something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience opened: so many thousands eager to learn were already assembled yonder; of all places the best place for him was that. For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. It only needed now that the King took notice of this new phenomenon; combined or agglomerated the various schools into one school; gave it edifices, privileges, encouragements, and named it *Universitas*, or School of all Sciences: the University of Paris, in its essential characters, was there. The model of all subsequent Universities; which down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on to found themselves. Such, I conceive, was the origin of Universities.

It is clear, however, that with this simple circumstance, facility of getting Books, the whole conditions of the busi-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] thirty thousand

ness from top to bottom were changed. Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all Universities, or superseded them! The Teacher[1] needed not now to gather men personally round him, that he might *speak* to them what he knew: print it in a Book, and all learners far and wide, for a trifle, had it each at his own fireside, much more effectually to learn it! — Doubtless there is still peculiar virtue in Speech; even writers of Books may still, in some circumstances, find it convenient to speak also, — witness our present meeting here! There is, one would say, and must ever remain while man has a tongue, a distinct province for Speech as well as for Writing and Printing. In regard to all things this must remain; to Universities among others. But the limits of the two have nowhere yet been pointed out, ascertained; much less put in practice: the University which would completely take-in[2] that great new fact, of the existence of Printed Books, and stand on a clear footing for the Nineteenth Century as the Paris one did for the Thirteenth, has not yet come into existence. If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest School can do for us, is still but what the first School began doing, — teach us to *read*. We learn to *read*, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.

But to the Church itself, as I hinted already, all is changed, in its preaching, in its working, by the introduction of Books. The Church is the working recognised Union of our Priests or Prophets, of those who by wise teaching guide the souls of men. While there was no Writ-

[1] H[1] teacher

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] take in

ing, even while there was no Easy-writing or *Printing*, the preaching of the voice was the natural sole method of performing this. But now with Books! — He that can write a true Book, to persuade England, is not he the Bishop and Archbishop, the Primate of England and of All[1] England? I many a time say, the writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets, Poems, Books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching, but even our worship, is not it too accomplished by means of Printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts, — is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? There are many, in all countries, who, in this confused time, have no other method of worship. He who, in any way, shows[2] us better than we knew before that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show[3] it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty; as the *handwriting*, made visible there, of the great Maker of the Universe? He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our heart the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic.[4]

Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an 'apocalypse of Nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named, in Fichte's style, a 'continuous revelation' of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever, in very truth, endure there; is brought out, now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are, con-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] all
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew
[4] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

sciously or unconsciously, doing so. The dark stormful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay the withered mockery of a French sceptic, — his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakspeare, of a Goethe; the cathedral-music of a Milton! They are something too, those humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns, — skylark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! For[1] all true singing is of the nature of worship; as indeed all true *working* may be said to be, — whereof such *singing* is but the record, and fit melodious representation, to us.[1] Fragments of real 'Church Liturgy' and 'Body[2] of Homilies,' strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed Speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.

Or turning now to the Government of men. Witenagemote, old Parliament, was a great thing. The affairs of the nation were there deliberated and decided; what we were to *do* as a nation. But does not, though the name Parliament subsists, the parliamentary debate go on now, everywhere and at all times, in a far more comprehensive way, *out* of Parliament altogether? Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty saying; it is a literal fact, — very momentous to us in these times. Literature is our Parliament too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is equivalent to Democracy: invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing; brings universal everyday extempore Printing, as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speak-

[1] [1] *not in* H[1] [2] H[1] body

ing now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures: the requisite thing is, that he have a tongue which others will listen to; this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation: Democracy is virtually *there*. Add only, that whatsoever power exists will have itself, by and by, organised; working secretly under bandages, obscurations, obstructions, it will never rest till it get to work free, unencumbered,[1] visible to all. Democracy virtually extant will insist on becoming palpably extant. —

On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them; — from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing! — For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a Book? It is the *Thought* of man; the true thaumaturgic virtue; by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does, and brings to pass, is the vesture of a Thought. This London City, with all its houses, palaces, steamengines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a Thought, but millions of Thoughts made into One; — a huge immeasurable Spirit of a Thought, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, Palaces, Parliaments, Hackney Coaches, Katherine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to *think* of the making of that brick. — The thing we called 'bits of paper with traces of black ink,' is the *purest* embodiment a Thought

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] unincumbered

of man can have. No wonder it is, in all ways, the activest and noblest.

All this, of the importance and supreme importance of the Man of Letters in modern Society, and how the Press is to such a degree superseding the Pulpit, the Senate, the *Senatus Academicus* and much else, has been admitted for a good while; and recognised often enough, in late times, with a sort of sentimental triumph and wonderment. It seems to me, the Sentimental by and by will have to give place to the Practical. If Men of Letters *are* so incalculably influential, actually performing such work for us from age to age, and even from day to day, then I think we may conclude that Men of Letters will not always wander like unrecognised unregulated Ishmaelites among us! Whatsoever thing, as I said above, has virtual unnoticed power will cast-off[1] its wrappages, bandages, and step-forth[2] one day with palpably articulated, universally visible power. That one man wear the clothes, and take the wages, of a function which is done by quite another: there can be no profit in this; this is not right, it is wrong. And yet, alas, the *making* of it right, — what a business, for long times to come! Sure enough, this that we call Organisation of the Literary Guild is still a great way off, encumbered[3] with all manner of complexities. If you asked me what were the best possible organisation for the Men of Letters in modern society; the arrangement[4] of furtherance and regulation, grounded the most accurately on the actual facts of their position and of the world's position, — I should beg to say that the problem far exceeded my faculty! It is not one man's faculty; it is that of many successive men turned earnestly upon it, that will bring-out[5] even an approximate

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] cast off
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] step forth
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] incumbered
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] arrangement,
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] bring out

solution. What the best arrangement were, none of us could say. But if you ask, Which is the worst? I answer: This which we now have, that Chaos should sit umpire in it; this is the worst. To the best, or any good one, there is yet a long way.

One remark I must not omit, That royal or parliamentary grants of money are by no means the chief thing wanted! To give our Men of Letters stipends, endowments and all furtherance of cash, will do little towards the business. On the whole, one is weary of hearing about the omnipotence of money. I will say rather that, for a genuine man, it is no evil to be poor; that there ought to be Literary Men poor, — to show[1] whether they are genuine or not! Mendicant Orders, bodies of good men doomed to *beg*, were instituted in the Christian Church; a most natural and even necessary development of the spirit of Christianity. It was itself founded on Poverty, on Sorrow, Contradiction, Crucifixion, every species of worldly Distress and Degradation. We may say, that he who has not known those things, and learned from them the priceless lessons they have to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling. To beg, and go barefoot, in coarse woollen cloak with a rope round your loins, and be despised of all the world, was no beautiful business; — nor an honourable one in any eye, till the nobleness of those who did so had made it honoured of some![2]

Begging is not in our course at the present time: but for the rest of it, who will say that a Johnson is not perhaps the better for being poor? It is needful for him, at all rates, to know that outward profit, that success of any kind is *not* the goal he has to aim at. Pride, vanity, ill-conditioned egoism of all sorts, are bred in his heart, as in

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew

[2] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

every heart; need, above all, to be cast-out [1] of his heart, — to be, with whatever pangs, torn-out [2] of it, cast-forth [3] from it, as a thing worthless. Byron, born rich and noble, made-out [4] even less than Burns, poor and plebeian. Who knows but, in that same 'best possible organisation' as yet far off, Poverty may still enter as an important element? What if our Men of Letters, men setting-up [5] to be Spiritual Heroes, were still *then*, as they now are, a kind of 'involuntary monastic order;' bound still to this same ugly Poverty, — till they had tried what was in it too, till they had learned to make it too do for them! Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there; and even spurn it back, when it wishes to get farther.

Besides, were the money-furtherances, the proper season for them, the fit assigner of them, all settled, — how is the Burns to be recognised that merits these? He must pass through the ordeal, and prove himself. *This* ordeal; this wild welter of a chaos which is called Literary Life: this too is a kind of ordeal! There is clear truth in the idea that a struggle from the lower classes of society, towards the upper regions and rewards of society, must ever continue. Strong men are born there, who ought to stand elsewhere than there. The manifold, inextricably complex, universal struggle of these constitutes, and must constitute, what is called the progress of society. For Men of Letters, as for all other sorts of men. How to regulate that struggle? There is the whole question. To leave it as it is, at the mercy of blind Chance; a whirl of distracted atoms, one cancelling the other; one of the thousand arriving saved, nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine [6] lost by the way; your

[1] H¹ H² H³ cast out
[2] H¹ H² H³ torn out
[3] H¹ H² H³ cast forth
[4] H¹ H² H³ made out
[5] H¹ H² H³ setting up
[6] H¹ H² H³ nine hundred and ninety nine

royal Johnson languishing inactive in garrets, or harnessed to the yoke of Printer Cave[1]; your Burns dying broken-hearted[2] as a Gauger[3]; your Rousseau driven into mad exasperation, kindling French Revolutions by his paradoxes: this, as we said, is clearly enough the *worst* regulation. The *best*, alas, is far from us!

And yet there can be no doubt but it is coming; advancing on us, as yet hidden in the bosom of centuries: this is a prophecy one can risk. For so soon as men get to discern the importance of a thing, they do infallibly set about arranging it, facilitating, forwarding it; and rest not till, in some approximate degree, they have accomplished that. I say, of all Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Governing Classes at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that Priesthood of the Writers of Books. This is a fact which he who runs may read, — and draw inferences from. "Literature will take care of itself," answered Mr. Pitt, when applied-to[4] for some help for Burns. "Yes," adds[5] Mr. Southey, "it will take care of itself; *and of you too*, if you do not look to it!"

The result to individual Men of Letters is not the momentous one; they are but individuals, an infinitesimal fraction of the great body; they can struggle on, and live or else die, as they have been wont. But it deeply concerns the whole society, whether it will set its *light* on high places, to walk thereby; or trample it under foot, and scatter it in all ways of wild waste (not without conflagration), as heretofore! Light is the one thing wanted for the world. Put wisdom in the head of the world, the world[6] will fight its battle victoriously, and be the best world man can make it. I call[7] this anomaly of a disorganic Literary Class

[1] H[1] H[2] Cave,
[2] H[1] H[2] brokenhearted
[3] H[1] H[2] Gauger,
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] applied to
[5] H[1] answers
[6] H[1] it
[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] called

the heart of all other anomalies, at once product and parent; some good arrangement for that would be as the *punctum saliens* of a new vitality and just arrangement for all. Already, in some European countries, in France, in Prussia, one traces some beginnings of an arrangement for the Literary Class; indicating the gradual possibility of such. I believe that it is possible; that it will have to be possible.

By far the most interesting fact I hear about the Chinese is one on which we cannot arrive at clearness, but which excites endless curiosity even in the dim state: this namely, that they do attempt to make their Men of Letters their Governors! It would be rash to say, one understood how this was done, or with what degree of success it was done. All such things must be very *un*successful; yet a small degree of success is precious; the very attempt how precious! There does seem to be, all over China, a more or less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for every one: a foolish sort of training, yet still a sort. The youths who distinguish themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the higher, that they may still more distinguish themselves, — forward and forward: it appears to be out of these that the Official Persons, and incipient Governors, are taken. These are they whom they *try* first, whether they can govern or not. And surely with the best hope: for they are the men that have already shown[1] intellect. Try them[2]: they have not governed or administered as yet; perhaps they cannot; but there is no doubt they *have* some Understanding,[3] — without which no man can! Neither is Understanding a *tool*, as we are too apt to figure; 'it is a *hand* which can

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shewn [2] H[1] them,
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] understanding

handle any tool.' Try these men: they are of all others the best worth trying. — Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement, that I know of in this world, so promising to one's scientific curiosity as this. The man of intellect at the top of affairs: this is the aim of all constitutions and revolutions, if they have any aim. For the man of true intellect, as I assert and believe always, is the noblehearted man withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man. Get *him* for governor, all is got; fail to get him, though you had Constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a Parliament in every village, there is nothing yet got! —

These things look strange, truly; and are not such as we commonly speculate upon. But we are fallen into strange times; these things will require to be speculated upon; to be rendered practicable, to be in some way put in practice. These, and many others. On all hands of us, there is the announcement, audible enough, that the old Empire of Routine has ended; that to say a thing has long been, is no reason for its continuing to be. The things which have been are fallen into decay, are fallen into incompetence; large masses of mankind, in every society of our Europe, are no longer capable of living at all by the things which have been. When millions of men can no longer by their utmost exertion gain food for themselves, and 'the third man for thirty-six weeks each year is short of third-rate potatoes,' the things which have been must decidedly prepare to alter themselves! — I will now quit this of the organisation of Men of Letters.

Alas, the evil that pressed heaviest on those Literary Heroes of ours was not the want of organisation for Men of Letters, but a far deeper one; out of which, indeed, this and so many other evils for the Literary Man, and for all

men, had, as from their fountain, taken rise. That our Hero as Man of Letters had to travel without highway, companionless, through an inorganic chaos, — and to leave his own life and faculty lying there, as a partial contribution towards *pushing* some highway through it: this, had not his faculty itself been so perverted and paralysed, he might have put-up[1] with, might have considered to be but the common lot of Heroes. His fatal misery was the *spiritual paralysis*, so we may name it, of the Age in which his life lay; whereby his life too, do what he might, was half-paralysed! The Eighteenth was a *Sceptical* Century; in which little word there is a whole Pandora's Box of miseries. Scepticism means not intellectual Doubt alone, but moral Doubt; all sorts of *in*fidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis. Perhaps, in few centuries that one could specify since the world began, was a life of Heroism more difficult for a man. That was not an age of Faith, — an age of Heroes! The very possibility of Heroism had been, as it were, formally abnegated in the minds of all. Heroism was gone forever; Triviality, Formulism and Commonplace were come forever. The 'age of miracles' had been, or perhaps had not been; but it was not any longer. An effete world; wherein Wonder, Greatness, Godhood could not now dwell; — in one word, a godless world!

How mean, dwarfish are their ways of thinking, in this time, — compared not with the Christian Shakspeares and Miltons, but with the old Pagan Skalds, with any species of believing men! The living TREE Igdrasil, with the melodious prophetic waving of its world-wide boughs, deep-rooted as Hela, has died-out[2] into the clanking of a World-MACHINE. 'Tree' and 'Machine:' contrast these two

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] put up
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] died out

things. I,[1] for my share, declare the world to be no machine! I say that it does *not* go by wheel-and-pinion 'motives,' self-interests, checks, balances; that there is something far other in it than the clank of spinning-jennies, and parliamentary majorities; and, on the whole, that it is not a machine at all[1]! — The old Norse Heathen had a truer notion of God's-world than these poor Machine-Sceptics: the old Heathen Norse were *sincere* men. But for these poor Sceptics there was no sincerity, no truth. Half-truth and hearsay was called truth. Truth, for most men, meant plausibility; to be measured by the number of votes you could get. They had lost any notion that sincerity was possible, or of what sincerity was. How many Plausibilities asking, with unaffected surprise and the air of offended virtue, What! am not I sincere? Spiritual Paralysis, I say, nothing left but a Mechanical life, was the characteristic of that century. For the common man, unless happily he stood *below* his century and belonged to another prior one, it was impossible to be a Believer, a Hero; he lay buried, unconscious, under these baleful influences. To the strongest man, only with infinite struggle and confusion was it possible to work himself half-loose; and lead as it were, in an enchanted, most tragical way, a spiritual death-in-life, and be a Half-Hero!

Scepticism is the name we give to all this; as the chief symptom, as the chief origin of all this. Concerning which so much were to be said! It would take many Discourses, not a small fraction of one Discourse, to state what one feels about that Eighteenth Century and its ways. As indeed this, and the like of this, which we now call Scepticism, is precisely the black malady and life-foe, against which all teaching and discoursing since man's life began

[1] [1] H[1] I, for my share, declare the world to be no Machine; it does not go by wheels and pinions at all!

has directed itself: the battle of Belief against Unbelief is the never-ending battle! Neither is it in the way of crimination that one would wish to speak. Scepticism, for that century, we must consider as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new better and wider ways, — an inevitable thing. We will not blame men for it; we will lament their hard fate. We will understand that destruction of old *forms* is not destruction of everlasting *substances;* that Scepticism, as sorrowful and hateful as we see it, is not an end but a beginning.

The other day speaking, without prior purpose that way, of Bentham's theory of man and man's life, I chanced to call it a more beggarly one than Mahomet's. I am bound to say, now when it is once uttered, that such is my deliberate opinion. Not that one would mean offence against the man Jeremy Bentham, or those who respect and believe him. Bentham himself, and even the creed of Bentham, seems to me comparatively worthy of praise. It is a determinate *being* what all the world, in a cowardly half-and-half manner, was tending to be. Let us have the crisis; we shall either have death or the cure. I call this gross, steam-engine Utilitarianism an approach towards new Faith. It was a laying-down[1] of cant; a saying to oneself: "Well then, this world is a dead iron machine, the god of it Gravitation and selfish Hunger; let us see what, by checking and balancing, and good adjustment of tooth and pinion, can be made of it!" Benthamism has something complete, manful, in such fearless committal of itself to what it finds true; you may call it Heroic, though a Heroism with its *eyes* put out! It is the culminating point, and fearless ultimatum, of what lay in the half-and-half state, pervading man's whole existence in that Eighteenth Century. It seems to me, all deniers of Godhood, and all lip-believers

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] laying down

of it, are bound to be Benthamites, if they have courage and honesty. Benthamism is an *eyeless* Heroism: the Human Species, like a hapless blinded Samson grinding in the Philistine Mill, clasps convulsively the pillars of its Mill; brings huge ruin down, but ultimately deliverance withal. Of Bentham I meant to say no harm.

But this I do say, and would wish all men to know and lay to heart, that he who discerns nothing but Mechanism in the Universe has in the fatalest[1] way missed the secret of the Universe altogether. That all Godhood should vanish out of men's conception of this Universe seems to me precisely the most brutal error, — I will not disparage Heathenism by calling it a Heathen error, — that men could fall into. It is not true; it is false at the very heart of it. A man who thinks so will think *wrong* about all things in the world; this original sin will vitiate all other conclusions he can form. One might call it the most lamentable of Delusions, — not forgetting Witchcraft itself! Witchcraft worshipped at least a living Devil; but this worships a dead iron Devil; no God, not even a Devil! — Whatsoever is noble, divine, inspired, drops thereby out of life. There remains everywhere in life a despicable *caput-mortuum;* the mechanical hull, all soul fled out of it. How can a man act heroically? The 'Doctrine of Motives' will teach him that it is, under more or less disguise, nothing but a wretched love of Pleasure, fear of Pain; that Hunger, of applause, of cash, of whatsoever victual it may be, is the ultimate fact of man's life. Atheism, in brief; — which does indeed frightfully punish itself. The man, I say, is become spiritually a paralytic man; this godlike Universe a dead mechanical steamengine,[2] all working by motives, checks, balances, and I know not what; wherein,

[1] H³ fatallest

[2] H¹ Steamengine H² Steam-engine

as in the detestable belly of some Phalaris'-Bull of his own contriving, he, the poor Phalaris sits miserably dying [1]!

Belief I define to be the healthy act of a man's mind. It is a mysterious indescribable process, that of getting to believe; — indescribable, as all vital acts are. We have our mind given us, not that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something, give us clear belief and understanding about something, whereon we are then to proceed to act. Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. Certainly we do not rush out, clutch-up [2] the first thing we find, and straightway believe that! All manner of doubt, inquiry, σκέψις as it is named, about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind, on the object it is *getting* to know and believe. Belief comes out of all this, above ground, like the tree from its hidden *roots*. But now if, even on common things, we require that a man keep his doubts *silent*, and not babble of them till they in some measure become affirmations or denials; how much more in regard to the highest things, impossible to speak-of [3] in words at all! That a man parade his doubt, and get to imagine that debating and logic (which means at best only the manner of *telling* us your thought, your [4] belief or disbelief, about a thing) is the triumph and true work of what intellect he has: alas, this is as if you should *overturn* the tree, and instead of green boughs, leaves and fruits, show [5] us ugly taloned roots turned-up [6] into the air, — and no growth, only death and misery going-on [7]!

For the Scepticism, as I said, is not intellectual only; it is moral also; a chronic atrophy and disease of the whole

[1] H[1] H[2] dying! —
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] clutch up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] speak of
[4] *not in* H[1]
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] turned up
[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] going on!

soul. A man lives by believing something; not by debating and arguing about many things. A sad case for him when all that he can manage to believe is something he can button in his pocket, and with one or the other organ eat and digest! Lower than that he will not get. We call those ages in which he gets so low the mournfulest,[1] sickest and meanest of all ages. The world's heart is palsied, sick: how can any limb of it be whole? Genuine Acting ceases in all departments of the world's work; dextrous[2] Similitude of Acting begins. The world's wages are pocketed, the world's work is not done. Heroes have gone-out[3]; Quacks have come-in.[4] Accordingly, what Century, since the end of the Roman world, which also was a time of scepticism, simulacra and universal decadence, so abounds with Quacks as that Eighteenth? Consider them, with their tumid sentimental vapouring about virtue, benevolence, — the wretched Quack-squadron, Cagliostro at the head of them! Few men were without quackery; they had got to consider it a necessary ingredient and amalgam for truth. Chatham, our brave Chatham himself, comes down to the House, all wrapt and bandaged; he 'has crawled out in great bodily suffering,' and so on; — *forgets*, says Walpole, that he is acting the sick man; in the fire of debate, snatches his arm from the sling, and oratorically swings and brandishes it! Chatham himself lives the strangest mimetic life, half-hero, half-quack, all along. For indeed the world is full of dupes; and you have to gain the *world's* suffrage! How the duties of the world will be done in that case, what quantities of error, which means failure, which means sorrow and misery, to some and to many, will gradually accumulate in all provinces of the world's business, we need not compute.

[1] H³ mournfullest
[2] H¹ H² H³ dexterous
[3] H¹ H² H³ gone out
[4] H¹ H² H³ come in

It seems to me, you lay your finger here on the heart of the world's maladies, when you call it a Sceptical World. An insincere world; a godless untruth of a world! It is out of this, as I consider, that the whole tribe of social pestilences, French Revolutions, Chartisms, and what not, have derived their being, — their chief necessity to be. This must alter. Till this alter, nothing can beneficially alter. My one hope of the world, my inexpugnable consolation in looking at the miseries of the world, is that this is altering. Here and there one does now find a man who knows, as of old, that this world is a Truth, and no Plausibility and Falsity; that he himself is alive, not dead or paralytic; and that the world is alive, instinct with Godhood, beautiful and awful, even as in the beginning of days! One man once knowing this, many men, all men, must by and by come to know it. It lies there clear, for whosoever will take the *spectacles* off his eyes and honestly look, to know! For such a man the Unbelieving Century, with its unblessed Products, is already past: a new century is already come. The old unblessed Products and Performances, as solid as they look, are Phantasms, preparing speedily to vanish. To this and the other noisy, very great-looking Simulacrum with the whole world huzzahing at its heels, he can say, composedly stepping aside: Thou art not *true;* thou art not extant, only semblant; go thy way! — Yes, hollow Formulism, gross Benthamism, and other unheroic atheistic Insincerity is visibly and even rapidly declining. An unbelieving Eighteenth Century is but an exception, — such as now and then occurs. I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere;* a believing world; with *many* Heroes in it, a heroic world! It will then be a victorious world; never till then.

Or indeed what of the world and its victories? Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let

the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a Life of his own to lead? One Life; a little gleam of Time between two Eternities; no second chance to us forevermore! It were well for *us* to live not as fools and simulacra, but as wise and realities. The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves: there is great merit here in the 'duty of staying at home'! And, on the whole, to say truth, I never heard of 'worlds' being 'saved' in any other way. That mania of saving worlds is itself a piece of the Eighteenth Century with its windy sentimentalism. Let us not follow it too far. For the saving of the *world* I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to! — In brief, for the world's sake, and for our own, we will rejoice greatly that Scepticism, Insincerity, Mechanical Atheism, with all their poison-dews, are going, and as good as gone. —

Now it was under such conditions, in those times of Johnson, that our Men of Letters had to live. Times in which there was properly no truth in life. Old truths had fallen nigh dumb; the new lay yet hidden, not trying to speak. That Man's Life here below was a Sincerity and Fact, and would forever continue such, no new intimation, in that dusk of the world, had yet dawned. No intimation; not even any French Revolution, — which we define to be a Truth once more, though a Truth clad in hellfire! How different was the Luther's pilgrimage, with its assured goal, from the Johnson's,[1] girt with mere traditions, suppositions, grown now incredible, unintelligible! Mahomet's Formulas were of 'wood waxed and oiled,' and could be *burnt* out of one's way: poor Johnson's were far more difficult to burn. — The strong man will ever find *work*,

[1] H[1] H[2] Johnson's

which means difficulty, pain, to the full measure of his strength. But to make-out[1] a victory, in those circumstances of our poor Hero as Man of Letters, was perhaps more difficult than in any. Not obstruction, disorganisation, Bookseller Osborne and Four-pence-halfpenny a day; not this alone; but the light of his own soul was taken from him. No landmark on the Earth; and, alas, what is that to having no loadstar in the Heaven! We need not wonder that none of those Three men rose to victory. That they fought truly is the highest praise. With a mournful sympathy we will contemplate, if not three living victorious Heroes, as I said, the Tombs of three fallen Heroes! They fell for us too; making a way for us. There are the mountains which they hurled abroad in their confused War of the Giants; under which, their strength and life spent, they now lie buried.

I have already written of these three Literary Heroes, expressly or incidentally; what I suppose is known to most of you; what need not be spoken or written a second time. They concern us here as the singular *Prophets* of that singular age; for such they virtually were; and the aspect they and their world exhibit, under this point of view, might lead us into reflections[2] enough! I call them, all three, Genuine Men more or less; faithfully, for most part unconsciously, struggling, to[3] be genuine, and plant themselves on the everlasting truth of things. This to a degree that eminently distinguishes them from the poor artificial mass of their contemporaries; and renders them worthy to be considered as Speakers, in some measure, of the everlasting truth, as Prophets in that age of theirs. By Nature herself a noble necessity was laid on them to be so. They were

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] make out [2] H[1] H[2] reflexions
[3] H[1] struggling to

men of such magnitude that they could not live on unrealities, — clouds, froth and all inanity gave-way [1] under them: there was no footing for them but on firm earth; no rest or regular motion for them, if they got not footing there. To a certain extent, they were Sons of Nature once more in an age of Artifice; once more, Original Men.

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been, — Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better! — Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots-in [2] on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript-off,[3] which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] gave way [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shoots in
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] stript off

thing he could come at: school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny[1] a day.' Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out[2]; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with dim eyes, with what thoughts, — pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching-away[3] of the shoes. An original man; — not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that; — on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us! —

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new:* Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions

[1] H[1] H[2] fourpence halfpenny [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] worn out
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] pitching away

credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he could so stand: but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared[1] in, forever[1] wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man too! How he harmonised his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances: that is a thing worth seeing. A thing 'to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe.' That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place.

It was in virtue of his *sincerity*, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of Nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a Prophet. Are not all dialects 'artificial'? Artificial things are not all false; — nay every true Product of Nature will infallibly *shape* itself; we may say all artificial things are, at the starting of them, *true*. What we call 'Formulas' are not in their origin bad; they are indispensably good. Formula is *method*, habitude; found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion themselves as Paths do, as beaten Highways, leading towards some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it. One man, full of heartfelt earnest impulse, finds-out[2] a way of doing somewhat, — were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow-man. An inventor was needed to do that, a *poet;* he has articulated the dim-struggling thought

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] H[3] glared-in forever [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] finds out

that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that; these are his footsteps, the beginning of a 'Path.' And now see: the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer, it is the *easiest* method. In the footsteps of his foregoer; yet with improvements, with[1] changes where such seem good; at all events with enlargements, the Path ever *widening* itself as more travel it; — till at last there is a broad Highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive. While there remains a City or Shrine, or any Reality to drive to, at the farther end, the Highway shall be right welcome! When the City is gone, we will forsake the Highway. In this manner all Institutions, Practices, Regulated Things in the world have come into existence, and gone out of existence. Formulas all begin by being *full* of substance; you may call them the *skin*, the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a substance that is already there: *they* had not been there otherwise. Idols, as we said, are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart. Much as we talk against Formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of the high significance of *true* Formulas; that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world. — —

Mark, too, how little Johnson boasts of his 'sincerity.' He has no suspicion of his being particularly sincere, — of his being particularly anything! A hard-struggling, weary-hearted man, or 'scholar' as he calls himself, trying hard to get some honest livelihood in the world, not to starve, but to live — without stealing! A noble unconsciousness is in him. He does not 'engrave *Truth* on his watch-seal;' no, but he stands by truth, speaks by it, works and lives by it. Thus it ever is. Think of it once more. The man whom Nature has appointed to do great things is, first of

[1] *not in* H[1]

all, furnished with that openness to Nature which renders him incapable of being *in*sincere! To his large, open, deep-feeling heart Nature is a Fact: all hearsay is hearsay; the unspeakable greatness of this Mystery of Life, let him acknowledge it or not, nay even though he seem to forget it or deny it, is ever present to *him*, — fearful and wonderful, on this hand and on that. He has a basis of sincerity; unrecognised, because never questioned or capable of question. Mirabeau, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon: all the Great Men I ever heard-of[1] have this as the primary material of them. Innumerable commonplace men are debating, are talking everywhere their commonplace doctrines, which they have learned by logic, by rote, at secondhand[2]: to that kind of man all this is still nothing. He must have truth; truth which *he* feels to be true. How shall he stand otherwise? His whole soul, at all moments, in all ways, tells him that there is no standing. He is under the noble necessity of being true. Johnson's way of thinking about this world is not mine, any more than Mahomet's was: but I recognise the everlasting element of heart-*sincerity* in both; and see with pleasure how neither of them remains ineffectual. Neither of them is as *chaff* sown; in both of them is something which the seed-field will *grow*.

Johnson was a Prophet to his people; preached a Gospel to them, — as all like him always do. The highest Gospel he preached we may describe as a kind of Moral Prudence: 'in a world where much is to be done, and little is to be known,' see how you will *do* it! A thing well worth preaching. 'A world where much is to be done, and little is to be known:' do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of Doubt, of wretched god-forgetting[3] Unbelief; — you were miserable then, powerless, mad: how could you

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] heard of [2] H[1] second-hand
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] godforgetting

do or work at all? Such Gospel Johnson preached and taught; — coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great Gospel, 'Clear your mind of Cant!' Have no trade with Cant: stand on the cold mud in the frosty weather, but let it be in your own *real* torn shoes: 'that will be better for you,' as Mahomet says! I call this, I call these two things *joined together*, a great Gospel, the greatest perhaps that was possible at that time.

Johnson's Writings, which once had such currency and celebrity, are now, as it were,[1] disowned by the young generation. It is not wonderful; Johnson's opinions are fast becoming obsolete: but his style of thinking and of living, we may hope, will never become obsolete. I find in Johnson's Books the indisputablest traces of a great intellect and a great heart; — ever welcome, under what obstructions and perversions soever. They are *sincere* words, those of his; he means things by them. A wondrous buckram style, — the best he could get to then; a measured grandiloquence, stepping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid *size* of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it: all this you will put-up[2] with. For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always *something within it*. So many beautiful styles and books, with *nothing* in them; — a man is a *male*factor to the world who writes such! *They* are the avoidable kind! — Had Johnson left nothing but his *Dictionary*, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness; it stands there like a great solid square-built edifice, finished, symmetrically complete: you judge that a true Builder did it.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] were

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] put up

One word, in spite of our haste, must be granted to poor Bozzy. He passes for a mean, inflated, gluttonous creature; and was so in many senses. Yet the fact of his reverence for Johnson will ever remain noteworthy. The foolish conceited Scotch Laird, the most conceited man of his time, approaching in such awestruck attitude the great dusty irascible Pedagogue in his mean garret there: it is a genuine reverence for Excellence; a *worship* for Heroes, at a time when neither Heroes nor worship were surmised to exist. Heroes, it would seem, exist always, and a certain worship of them! We will also take the liberty to deny altogether that of the witty Frenchman, that no man is a Hero to his valet-de-chambre. Or if so, it is not the Hero's blame, but the Valet's: that his soul, namely, is a mean *valet*-soul! He expects his Hero to advance in royal stage-trappings, with measured step, trains borne behind him, trumpets sounding before him. It should stand rather, No man can be a *Grand-Monarque* to his valet-de-chambre. Strip your Louis Quatorze of his king-gear, and there *is* left nothing but a poor forked raddish [1] with a head fantastically carved; — admirable to no valet. The Valet does not know a Hero when he sees him! Alas, no: it requires a kind of *Hero* to do that; — and one of the world's wants, in *this* as in other senses, is for most part want of such.

On the whole, shall we not say, that Boswell's admiration was well bestowed; that he could have found no soul in all England so worthy of bending down before? Shall we not say, of this great mournful Johnson too, that he guided his difficult confused existence wisely; led it *well*, like a right-valiant [2] man? That waste chaos of Authorship by trade [3]; that waste chaos of Scepticism in religion and politics, in life-theory and life-practice; in his poverty, in his dust and

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] radish [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] right valiant
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] Trade

dimness, with the sick body and the rusty coat: he made it do for him, like a brave man. Not wholly without a loadstar in the Eternal; he had still a loadstar, as the brave all need to have: with his eye set on that, he would change his course for nothing in these confused vortices of the lower sea of Time. 'To the Spirit of Lies, bearing death and hunger, he would in no wise strike his flag.' Brave old Samuel: *ultimus Romanorum!*

Of Rousseau and his Heroism I cannot say so much. He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong. He had not 'the talent of Silence,' an invaluable talent; which few Frenchmen, or indeed men of any sort in these times, excel in! The suffering man ought really 'to consume his own smoke;' there is no good in emitting *smoke* till you have made it into *fire*, — which, in the metaphorical sense too, all smoke is capable of becoming! Rousseau has not depth or width, not calm force for difficulty; the first characteristic of true greatness. A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion-fits; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man.

Poor Rousseau's face is to me expressive of him. A high but narrow contracted intensity in it: bony brows; deep, strait-set eyes, in which there is something bewildered-looking, — bewildered, peering with lynx-eagerness. A face full of misery, even ignoble misery, and also of the antagonism against that; something mean, plebeian there, redeemed only by *intensity:* the face of what is called a

Fanatic, — a sadly *contracted* Hero! We name him here because, with all his drawbacks, and they are many, he has the first and chief characteristic of a Hero: he is heartily *in earnest*. In earnest, if ever man was; as none of these French Philosophes were. Nay, one would say, of an earnestness too great for his otherwise sensitive, rather feeble nature; and which indeed in the end drove him into the strangest incoherences, almost delirations. There had come, at last, to be a kind of madness in him: his Ideas *possessed* him like demons; hurried him so about, drove him over steep places! —

The fault and misery of Rousseau was what we easily name by a single word, *Egoism;* which is indeed the source and summary of all faults and miseries whatsoever. He had not perfected himself into victory over mere Desire; a mean Hunger, in many sorts, was still the motive principle of him. I am afraid he was a very vain man; hungry for the praises of men. You remember Genlis's experience of him. She took Jean Jacques to the Theatre; he bargaining for a strict incognito, — "*He* would not be seen there for the world!" The curtain did happen nevertheless to be drawn aside: the Pit recognised Jean Jacques, but took no great notice of him! He expressed the bitterest indignation; gloomed all evening, spake no other than surly words. The glib Countess remained entirely convinced that his anger was not at being seen, but at not being applauded when seen. How the whole nature of the man is poisoned; nothing but suspicion, self-isolation, fierce moody ways! He could not live with anybody. A man of some rank from the country, who visited him often, and used to sit with him, expressing all reverence and affection for him, comes one day, finds Jean Jacques full of the sourest unintelligible humour. "Monsieur," said Jean Jacques, with flaming eyes, "I know why you come here.

You come to see what a poor life I lead; how little is in my poor pot that is boiling there. Well, look into the pot! There is half a pound of meat, one carrot and three onions; that is all: go and tell the whole world that, if you like, Monsieur!" — A man of this sort was far gone. The whole world got itself supplied with anecdotes, for light laughter, for a certain theatrical interest, from these perversions and contortions of poor Jean Jacques. Alas, to him they were not laughing or theatrical; too real to him! The contortions of a dying gladiator: the crowded amphitheatre looks-on[1] with entertainment; but the gladiator is in agonies and dying.

And yet this Rousseau, as we say, with his passionate appeals to Mothers, with his *Contrat-social*, with his celebrations of Nature, even of savage life in Nature, did once more touch upon Reality, struggle towards Reality; was doing the function of a Prophet to his Time. As *he* could, and as the Time could! Strangely through all that defacement, degradation and almost madness, there is in the inmost heart of poor Rousseau a spark of real heavenly fire. Once more, out of the element of that withered mocking Philosophism, Scepticism and Persiflage, there has arisen in this man the ineradicable feeling and knowledge that this Life of ours is *true;* not a Scepticism, Theorem, or Persiflage, but a Fact, an awful Reality. Nature had made that revelation to him; had ordered him to speak it out. He got it spoken out; if not well and clearly, then ill and dimly, — as clearly as he could. Nay what are all errors and perversities of his, even those stealings of ribbons, aimless confused miseries and vagabondisms, if we will interpret them kindly, but the blinkard dazzlement and staggerings to and fro of a man sent on an errand he is too weak for, by a path he cannot yet find? Men are

[1] H¹ H² H³ looks on

led by strange ways. One should have tolerance for a man, hope of him; leave him to try yet what he will do. While life lasts, hope lasts for every man.

Of Rousseau's literary talents, greatly celebrated still among his countrymen, I do not say much. His Books, like himself, are what I call unhealthy; not the good sort of Books. There is a sensuality in Rousseau. Combined with such an intellectual gift as his, it makes pictures of a certain gorgeous attractiveness: but they are not genuinely poetical. Not white sunlight: something *operatic;* a kind of rosepink, artificial bedizenment. It is frequent, or rather it is universal, among the French since his time. Madame de Staël has something of it; St. Pierre; and down onwards to the present astonishing convulsionary 'Literature of Desperation,' it is everywhere abundant. That same *rose-pink* is not the right hue. Look at a Shakspeare, at a Goethe, even at a Walter Scott! He who has once seen into this, has seen the difference of the True from the Sham-True, and will discriminate them ever afterwards.

We had to observe in Johnson how much good a Prophet, under all disadvantages and disorganisations, can accomplish for the world. In Rousseau we are called to look rather at the fearful amount of evil which, under such disorganisation, may accompany the good. Historically it is a most pregnant spectacle, that of Rousseau. Banished into Paris garrets, in the gloomy company of his own Thoughts and Necessities there; driven from post to pillar; fretted, exasperated till the heart of him went mad, he had grown to feel deeply that the world was not his friend nor the world's law. It was expedient, if anyway[1] possible, that such a man should *not* have been set in flat hostility with the world. He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a maniac, left to starve like a wild-beast[2] in

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] any way [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] wild beast

his cage; — but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. The French Revolution found its Evangelist in Rousseau. His semi-delirious speculations on the miseries of civilised life, the preferability of the savage to the civilised, and suchlike,[1] helped well to produce a whole delirium in France generally. True, you may well ask, What could the world, the governors of the world, do with such a man? Difficult to say what the governors of the world could do with him! What he could do with them is unhappily clear enough, — *guillotine* a great many of them! Enough now of Rousseau.

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, secondhand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places, — like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall fire-work; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like

lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.[1]

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, 'which threw us all into tears.' The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters 'threw us all into tears:' figure it. The brave Father, I say always;—a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor 'seven acres of nursery-ground,'—not[2] that,[2] nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man;—swallowing-down[3] how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero,—nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs[4] about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost: nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him,—and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally

[1] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]
[2] [2] *not in* H[1]
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] swallowing down
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] newspaper-paragraphs

recognised as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world; —rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity;—like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god!—

Burns's Brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript cutting peats in the bog, or suchlike,[1] than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth (*'fond gaillard,'* as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal-element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking 'dew-drops from his mane;' as the swift-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like

bounding horse, that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear. — But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection, — such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest[1] utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight; all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech 'led them off their feet.' This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers: — they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it.* "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak other-

[1] H[3] gracefullest

wise! — But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* everyway, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him, — where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked[1] strength of body as of soul; — built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicised, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible: this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great ever-memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: 'You are to work, not think.' Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gauge beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable; — and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] thicknecked

answered! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *un*thinking man, the man who cannot think and *see;* but only grope, and hallucinate, and *mis*see the nature of the thing he works with? He missees it, and mis*takes* it as we say; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing, — and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men. — "Why[1] complain of this?"[1] say some: "Strength[2] is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old."[2] Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, answer[3] I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer, — is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at! —

Once more we have to say here, that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so[4] in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity, — not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship, — Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshipper. Rousseau had worshippers enough; princes

1 1 *Quotation marks not in* H¹ H²
2 2 *Quotation marks not in* H¹ H²
3 H¹ say
4 *not in* H¹

calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied. "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshippers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital wellbeing or illbeing to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate? — And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine,[1] or as unblessed black thunder and tornado, — with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of[2] it is not alterable by[2] any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed.— My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history,[3] — his[3] visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] summer-sunshine [2 2] H[1] H[2] of it not; by [3 3] H[1] history his

what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the 'rank is but the guinea-stamp;' that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show[1] *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag, — inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, 'there is no resurrection of the body;' worse than a living dog! — Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew

He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone; — solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement; — and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of 'Light-chafers,' large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honour to the Fire-flies. But — ! —

LECTURE VI

THE HERO AS KING. CROMWELL, NAPOLEON: MODERN REVOLUTIONISM

[Friday, 22d May 1840.][1]

We come now to the last form of Heroism; that which we call Kingship. The Commander over Men; he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of Great Men. He is practically the summary for us of *all* the various figures of Heroism; Priest, Teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to *command* over us, to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to *do*. He is called *Rex*, Regulator, *Roi*: our own name is still better; King, *Könning*, which means *Can*-ning, Able-man.

Numerous considerations, pointing towards deep, questionable, and indeed unfathomable regions, present themselves here: on the most of which we must resolutely for the present forbear to speak at all. As Burke said that perhaps fair *Trial by Jury* was the soul of Government, and that all legislation, administration, parliamentary debating, and the rest of it, went on, in order 'to bring twelve impartial men into a jury-box;'—so, by much stronger reason, may I say here, that the finding of your *Ableman* and

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] *date above title.*

getting him invested with the *symbols of ability*, with dignity, worship (*worth*-ship), royalty, kinghood, or whatever we call it, so that *he* may actually have room to guide according to his faculty of doing it, — is the business, well or ill accomplished, of all social procedure whatsoever in this world! Hustings-speeches, Parliamentary motions, Reform Bills, French Revolutions, all mean at heart this; or else nothing. Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state; an ideal country. The Ablest Man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man: what he *tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn; — the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do! Our *doing* and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of constitutions.

Alas, we know very well that Ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a very great way off; and we will right thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously 'measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality' in this poor world of ours. We will esteem him no wise man; we will esteem him a sickly, discontented, foolish man. And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that Ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! Infallibly. No bricklayer builds a wall *perfectly* perpendicular, mathematically this is not possible; a certain degree of perpendicularity suffices him; and he, like a good bricklayer, who must

have done with his job, leaves it so. And yet if he sway *too much* from the perpendicular; above all, if he throw plummet and level quite away from him, and pile brick on brick heedless, just as it comes to hand — ! Such bricklayer, I think, is in a bad way. *He* has forgotten himself: but the Law of Gravitation does not forget to act on him; he and his wall rush-down [1] into confused welter of ruin ! —

This is the history of all rebellions, French Revolutions, social explosions in ancient or modern times. You have put the too *Un*able Man at the head of affairs ! The too ignoble, unvaliant, fatuous man. You have forgotten that there is any rule, or natural necessity whatever, of putting the Able Man there. Brick must lie on brick as it may and can. Unable Simulacrum of Ability, *quack*, in a word, must adjust himself with quack, in all manner of administration of human things; — which accordingly lie unadministered, fermenting into unmeasured masses of failure, of indigent misery: in the outward, and in the inward or spiritual, miserable millions stretch-out [2] the hand for their due supply, and it is not there. The 'law of gravitation' acts; Nature's laws do none of them forget to act. The miserable millions burst-forth [3] into Sansculottism, or some other sort of madness: bricks and bricklayer lie as a fatal chaos ! —

Much sorry stuff, written some hundred years ago or more, about the 'Divine right of Kings,' moulders unread now in the Public Libraries of this country. Far be it from us to disturb the calm process by which it is disappearing harmlessly from the earth, in those repositories ! At the same time, not to let the immense rubbish go without leaving us, as it ought, some soul of it behind — I will say that it did mean something; something true, which it is important for us and all men to keep in mind. To assert

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] rush down [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] stretch out
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] burst forth

that in whatever man you chose to lay hold of (by this or the other plan of clutching at him); and clapt a round piece of metal on the head of, and called King, — there straightway came to reside a divine virtue, so that *he* became a kind of god, and a Divinity inspired him with faculty and right to rule over you to all lengths: this, — what can we do with this but leave it to rot silently in the Public Libraries? But I will say withal, and that is what these Divine-right men meant, That in Kings, and in all human Authorities, and relations that men god-created can form among each other, there is verily either a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong; one or the other of these two! For it is false altogether, what the last Sceptical Century taught us, that this world is a steam-engine. There is a God in this world; and a God's-sanction, or else the violation of such, does look-out[1] from all ruling and obedience, from all moral acts of men. There is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience. Woe to him that claims obedience when it is not due; woe to him that refuses it when it is! God's law is in that, I say, however the Parchment-laws may run: there is a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong at the heart of every claim that one man makes upon another.

It can do none of us harm to reflect on this: in all the relations of life it will concern us; in Loyalty and Royalty, the highest of these. I esteem the modern error, That all goes by self-interest and the checking and balancing of greedy knaveries, and that, in short, there is nothing divine whatever in the association of men, a still more despicable error, natural as it is to an unbelieving century, than that of a 'divine right' in people *called* Kings. I say, Find me the true *Könning*, King, or Able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me. That we knew in some tolerable measure

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] look out

how to find him, and that all men were ready to acknowledge his divine right when found: this is precisely the healing which a sick world is everywhere, in these ages, seeking after! The true King, as guide of the practical, has ever something of the Pontiff in him, — guide of the spiritual, from which all practice has its rise. This too is a true saying, That the *King* is head of the *Church*. — But we will leave the Polemic stuff of a dead century to lie quiet on its bookshelves.

Certainly it is a fearful business, that of having your Able-man to *seek*, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it! That is the world's sad predicament in these times of ours. They are times of revolution, and have long been. The bricklayer with his bricks, no longer heedful of plummet or the law of gravitation, have toppled, tumbled, and it all welters as we see! But the beginning of it was not the French Revolution; that is rather the *end*, we can hope. It were truer to say, the *beginning* was three centuries farther back: in the Reformation of Luther. That the thing which still called itself Christian Church had become a Falsehood, and brazenly went about pretending to pardon men's sins for metallic coined money, and to do much else which in the everlasting truth of Nature it did *not* now do: here lay the vital malady. The inward being wrong, all outward went ever more and more wrong. Belief died away; all was Doubt, Disbelief. The builder *cast away* his plummet; said to himself, "What is gravitation? Brick lies on brick there!" Alas, does it not still sound strange to many of us, the assertion that there *is* a God's-truth in the business of god-created men; that all is not a kind of grimace, an 'expediency,' diplomacy, one knows not what! —

From that first necessary assertion of Luther's, "You,

self-styled *Papa*, you are no Father in God at all; you are — a[1] Chimera, whom I know not how to name in polite language!" — from that onwards to the shout which rose round Camille Desmoulins in the Palais-Royal, "*Aux armes!*" when the people had burst-up[2] against *all* manner of Chimeras, — I find a natural historical sequence. That shout too, so frightful, half-infernal, was a great matter. Once more the voice of awakened nations; — starting confusedly, as out of nightmare, as out of death-sleep, into some dim feeling that Life was real; that God's-world was not an expediency and diplomacy! Infernal; — yes, since they would not have it otherwise. Infernal, since not celestial or terrestrial! Hollowness, insincerity *has* to cease; sincerity of some sort has to begin. Cost what it may, reigns of terror, horrors of French Revolution or what else, we have to return to truth. Here is a Truth, as I said: a Truth clad in hellfire, since they would not but have it so! —

A common theory among considerable parties of men in England and elsewhere used to be, that the French Nation had, in those days, as it were gone *mad;* that the French Revolution was a general act of insanity, a temporary conversion of France and large sections of the world into a kind of Bedlam. The Event had risen and raged; but was a madness and nonentity, — gone now happily into the region of Dreams and the Picturesque! — To such comfortable philosophers, the Three Days of July 1830 must have been a surprising phenomenon. Here is the French Nation risen again, in musketry and death-struggle, out shooting and being shot, to make that same mad French Revolution good! The sons and grandsons of those men, it would seem, persist in the enterprise: they do not disown it; they will have it made good; will have themselves shot, if

[1] H[1] are a [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] burst up

it be not made good! To philosophers who had made-up[1] their life-system on that 'madness' quietus,[2] no phenomenon could be more alarming. Poor Niebuhr, they say, the Prussian Professor and Historian, fell broken-hearted in consequence; sickened, if we can believe it, and died of the Three Days! It was surely not a very heroic death;—little better than Racine's, dying because Louis Fourteenth looked sternly on him once. The world had stood some considerable shocks, in its time; might have been expected to survive the Three Days too, and be found turning on its axis after even them! The Three Days told all mortals that the old French Revolution, mad as it might look, was not a transitory ebullition of Bedlam, but a genuine product of this Earth where we all live; that it was verily a Fact, and that the world in general would do well everywhere to regard it as such.

Truly, without the French Revolution, one would not know what to make of an age like this at all. We will hail the French Revolution, as shipwrecked mariners might the sternest rock, in a world otherwise all of baseless sea and waves. A true Apocalypse, though a terrible one, to this false withered artificial time; testifying once more that Nature is *preter*natural; if not divine, then diabolic; that Semblance is not Reality; that it has to become Reality, or the world will take-fire[3] under it,—burn *it* into what it is, namely Nothing! Plausibility has ended; empty Routine has ended; much has ended. This, as with a Trump of Doom, has been proclaimed to all men. They are the wisest who will learn it soonest. Long confused generations before it be learned; peace impossible till it be! The earnest man, surrounded, as ever, with a world of inconsistencies, can await patiently, patiently strive to do *his*

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] made up [2] H[1] H[2] madness-quietus
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] take fire

work, in the midst of that. Sentence of Death is written down in Heaven against all that; sentence of Death is now proclaimed on the Earth against it: this he with his eyes may see. And surely, I should say, considering the other side of the matter, what enormous difficulties lie there, and how fast, fearfully fast, in all countries, the inexorable demand for solution of them is pressing on, — he may easily find other work to do than labouring in the Sansculottic province at this time of day!

To me, in these circumstances, that of 'Hero-worship' becomes a fact inexpressibly precious; the most solacing fact one sees in the world at present. There is an everlasting hope in it for the management of the world. Had all traditions, arrangements, creeds, societies that men ever instituted, sunk away, this would remain. The certainty of Heroes being sent us; our faculty, our necessity, to reverence Heroes when sent: it shines like a polestar[1] through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration.

Hero-worship would have sounded very strange to those workers and fighters in the French Revolution. Not reverence for Great Men; not any hope[2] or belief, or even wish, that Great Men could again appear in the world! Nature, turned into a 'Machine,' was as if effete now; could not any longer produce Great Men: — I can tell her, she may give-up[3] the trade altogether, then; we cannot do without Great Men! — But neither have I any quarrel with that of 'Liberty and Equality;' with the faith that, wise great men being impossible, a level immensity of foolish small men would suffice. It was a natural faith then and there. "Liberty and Equality; no Authority needed any longer. Hero-worship, reverence for *such* Authorities, has proved

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] pole-star [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] hope,
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] give up

false, is itself a falsehood; no more of it! We have had such *forgeries*, we will now trust nothing. So many base plated coins passing in the market, the belief has now become common that no gold any longer exists, — and even that we can do very well without gold!" I find this, among other things, in that universal cry of Liberty and Equality; and find it very natural, as matters then stood.

And yet surely it is but the *transition* from false to true. Considered as the whole truth, it is false altogether; — the product of entire sceptical blindness, as yet only *struggling* to see. Hero-worship exists forever, and everywhere: not Loyalty alone; it extends from divine adoration down to the lowest practical regions of life. 'Bending before men,' if it is not to be a mere empty grimace, better dispensed with than practised, is Hero-worship, — a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our brother something divine; that every created man, as Novalis said, is a 'revelation in the Flesh.' They were Poets too, that devised all those graceful courtesies which make life noble! Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace; it need not be such. And Loyalty, religious Worship itself, are still possible; nay still inevitable.

May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late Heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that nevertheless every Great Man, every genuine man, is by the nature of him a son of Order, not of Disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and indeed a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step, — him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful. His mission is Order; every man's is. He is here to make what was disorderly, chaotic, into a thing ruled, regular. He is the missionary of Order. Is not all work of man in this world a *making of Order?* The carpenter finds rough trees;

shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We are all born enemies of Disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling; for the Great Man, *more* a man than we, it is doubly tragical.

Thus too all human things, maddest French Sansculottisms, do and must work towards Order. I say, there is not a *man* in them, raging in the thickest of the madness, but is impelled withal, at all moments, towards Order. His very life means that; Disorder is dissolution, death. No chaos but it seeks a *centre* to revolve round. While man is man, some Cromwell or Napoleon is the necessary finish of a Sansculottism. — Curious: in those days when Hero-worship was the most incredible thing to every one, how it does come-out[1] nevertheless, and assert itself practically, in a way which all have to credit. Divine *right*, take it on the great scale, is found to mean divine *might* withal! While old false Formulas are getting trampled everywhere into destruction, new genuine Substances unexpectedly unfold themselves indestructible. In rebellious ages, when Kingship itself seems dead and abolished, Cromwell, Napoleon step-forth[2] again as Kings. The history of these men is what we have now to look at, as our last phasis of Heroism. The old ages are brought back to us; the manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise, is again exhibited in the history of these Two.

We have had many civil-wars in England; wars of Red and White Roses, wars of Simon de Montfort; wars enough, which are not very memorable. But that war of the Puritans has a significance which belongs to no one of the others. Trusting to your candour, which will suggest on the other side what I have not room to say, I will call it a

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] come out [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] step forth

section once more of that great universal war which alone makes-up[1] the true History of the World, — the war of Belief against Unbelief! The struggle of men intent on the real essence of things, against men intent on the semblances and forms of things. The Puritans, to many, seem mere savage Iconoclasts, fierce destroyers of Forms; but it were more just to call them haters of *untrue* Forms. I hope we know how to respect Laud and his King as well as them. Poor Laud seems to me to have been weak and ill-starred, not dishonest; an unfortunate Pedant rather than anything worse. His 'Dreams' and superstitions, at which they laugh so, have an affectionate, lovable[2] kind of character. He is like a College-Tutor, whose whole world is forms, College-rules; whose notion is that these are the life and safety of the world. He is placed suddenly, with that unalterable luckless notion of his, at the head not of a College but of a Nation, to regulate the most complex deep-reaching interests of men. He thinks they ought to go by the old decent regulations; nay that their salvation will lie in extending and improving these. Like a weak man, he drives with spasmodic vehemence towards his purpose; cramps himself to it, heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity: He will have his College-rules obeyed by his Collegians; that first; and till that, nothing. He is an ill-starred Pedant, as I said. He would have it the world was a College of that kind, and the world *was not* that. Alas, was not his doom stern enough? Whatever wrongs he did, were they not all frightfully avenged on him?

It is meritorious to insist on forms; Religion and all else naturally clothes itself in forms. Everywhere the *formed* world is the only habitable one. The naked formlessness of Puritanism is not the thing I praise in the Puritans; it is the thing I pity, — praising only the spirit which had

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] makes up [2] H[1] H[2] loveable

rendered that inevitable! All substances clothe themselves in forms: but there are suitable true forms, and then there are untrue unsuitable. As the briefest definition, one might say, Forms which *grow* round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true, good; forms which are consciously *put* round a substance, bad. I invite you to reflect on this. It distinguishes true from false in Ceremonial Form, earnest solemnity from empty pageant, in all human things.

There must be a veracity, a natural spontaneity in forms. In the commonest meeting of men, a person making, what we call 'set speeches,' is not he an offence? In the mere drawing-room, whatsoever courtesies you see to be grimaces, prompted by no spontaneous reality within, are a thing you wish to get away from. But suppose now it were some matter of vital concernment, some transcendent matter (as Divine Worship is), about which your whole soul, struck dumb with its excess of feeling, knew not how to *form* itself into utterance at all, and preferred formless silence to any utterance there possible, — what should we say of a man coming forward to represent or utter it for you in the way of upholsterer-mummery? Such a man, — let him depart swiftly, if he love himself! You have lost your only son; are mute, struck down, without even tears: an importunate man importunately offers to celebrate Funeral Games for him in the manner of the Greeks! Such mummery is not only not to be accepted,[1] — it[1] is hateful, unendurable. It is what the old Prophets called 'Idolatry,' worshipping of hollow *shows*[2]; what all earnest men do and will reject. We can partly understand what those poor Puritans meant. Laud dedicating that St. Catherine Creed's Church, in the manner we have it described; with his multiplied ceremo-

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] H[3] accepted; it [2] H[2] H[3] shews

nial bowings, gesticulations, exclamations: surely it is rather the rigorous formal *Pedant*, intent on his 'College-rules,' than the earnest Prophet, intent on the essence of the matter!

Puritanism found *such* forms insupportable; trampled on such forms; — we have to excuse it for saying, No form at all rather than such! It stood preaching in its bare pulpit, with nothing but the Bible in its hand. Nay, a man preaching from his earnest *soul* into the earnest *souls* of men: is not this virtually the essence of all Churches whatsoever? The nakedest, savagest reality, I say, is preferable to any semblance, however dignified. Besides, it will clothe itself with *due* semblance by and by, if it be real. No fear of that; actually no fear at all. Given the living *man*, there will be found *clothes* for him; he will find himself clothes. But the suit-of-clothes pretending that *it* is both clothes and man — ! — We cannot 'fight the French' by three-hundred-thousand[1] red uniforms; there must be *men* in the inside of them! Semblance, I assert, must actually *not* divorce itself from Reality. If Semblance do, — why then there must be men found to rebel against Semblance, for it has become a lie! These two Antagonisms at war here, in the case of Laud and the Puritans, are as old nearly as the world. They went to fierce battle over England in that age; and fought-out[2] their confused controversy to a certain length, with many results for all of us.

In the age which directly followed that of the Puritans, their cause or themselves were little likely to have justice done them. Charles Second and his Rochesters were not the kind of men you would set to judge what the worth or meaning of such men might have been. That there could be any faith or truth in the life of a man, was what these

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] three hundred thousand [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] fought out

poor Rochesters, and the age they ushered-in,[1] had forgotten. Puritanism was hung on gibbets, — like the bones of the leading Puritans. Its work nevertheless went on accomplishing itself. All true work of a man, hang the author of it on what gibbet you like, must and will accomplish itself. We have our *Habeas-Corpus*, our free Representation of the People; acknowledgment, wide as the world, that all men are, or else must, shall, and will become, what we call *free* men; — men with their life grounded on reality and justice, not on tradition, which has become unjust and a chimera! This in part, and much besides this, was the work of the Puritans.

And indeed, as these things became gradually manifest, the character of the Puritans began to clear itself. Their memories were, one after another, taken *down* from the gibbet; nay a certain portion of them are now, in these days, as good as canonised.[2] Eliot, Hampden, Pym, nay Ludlow, Hutchinson,[3] Vane himself, are admitted to be a kind of Heroes; political Conscript Fathers, to whom in no small degree we owe what makes us a free England: it would not be safe for anybody to designate these men as wicked now.[4] Few Puritans of note but find their apologists somewhere, and have a certain reverence paid them by earnest men. One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and find no hearty apologist anywhere. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness. A man of ability, infinite talent, courage, and so forth: but he betrayed the Cause. Selfish ambition, dishonesty, duplicity; a fierce, coarse, hypocritical *Tartufe*[5]; turning all that noble struggle for constitutional Liberty into a sorry farce played for

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] ushered in
[2] H[1] H[2] canonized
[3] H[1] H[2] Hutcheson
[4] *not in* H[1]
[5] H[1] H[2] *Tartuffe*

his own benefit: this and worse is the character they give of Cromwell. And then there come contrasts with Washington and others; above all, with these noble Pyms and Hampdens, whose noble work he stole for himself, and ruined into a futility and deformity.

This view of Cromwell seems to me the not unnatural product of a century like the Eighteenth. As we said of the Valet, so of the Sceptic: He does not know a Hero when he sees him! The Valet expected purple mantles, gilt sceptres, body guards and flourishes of trumpets: the Sceptic of the Eighteenth century looks for regulated respectable Formulas, 'Principles,' or what else he may call them; a style of speech and conduct which has got to seem 'respectable,' which can plead for itself in a handsome articulate manner, and gain the suffrages of an enlightened sceptical Eighteenth century! It is, at bottom, the same thing that both the Valet and he expect: the garnitures of some *acknowledged* royalty, which *then* they will acknowledge! The King coming to them in the rugged *un*formulistic state shall be no King.

For my own share, far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at; — with the honestest wish to admire, to love and worship them like Heroes; but I am sorry to say, if the real truth must be told, with very indifferent success! At bottom, I found that it would not do. They are very noble men, these; step along in their stately way, with their measured euphemisms,[1] philosophies, parliamentary eloquences, Ship-moneys,[2] *Monarchies of Man;* a most constitutional, unblamable,[3] dignified set of

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] euphuisms [2] H[1] H[2] Ship-monies
[3] H[1] H[2] unblameable

men. But the heart remains cold before them; the fancy alone endeavours to get-up[1] some worship of them. What man's heart does, in reality, break-forth[2] into any fire of brotherly love for these men? They are become dreadfully dull men! One breaks-down[3] often enough in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy, — heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay[4]; that, in a word, for you there is little or nothing now surviving there! One leaves all these Nobilities standing in their niches of honour: the rugged outcast Cromwell, he is the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The great savage *Berserk:* he could write no euphemistic[5] *Monarchy of Man;* did not speak, did not work with glib regularity; had no straight story to tell for himself anywhere. But he stood bare, not cased in euphemistic[6] coat-of-mail; he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things! That, after all, is the sort of man for one. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven Respectabilities not a few one finds, that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on!

Neither, on the whole, does this constitutional tolerance of the Eighteenth century for the other happier Puritans seem to be a very great matter. One might say, it is but a piece of Formulism and Scepticism, like the rest. They tell us, It was a sorrowful thing to consider that the foundation of our English Liberties should have been laid by 'Superstition.' These Puritans came forward with Calvin-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] get up
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] break forth
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] breaks down
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] brick clay
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] euphuistic
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] euphuistic

istic incredible Creeds, Anti-Laudisms, Westminster Confessions; demanding, chiefly of all, that they should have liberty to *worship* in their own way. Liberty to *tax* themselves: that was the thing they should have demanded! It was Superstition, Fanaticism, disgraceful ignorance of Constitutional Philosophy to insist on the other thing!—Liberty to *tax* oneself? Not to pay-out [1] money from your pocket except on reason shown [2]? No century, I think, but a rather barren one would have fixed on that as the first right of man! I should say, on the contrary, A just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his Government. Ours is a most confused world; in which a good man will be thankful to see any kind of Government maintain itself in a not insupportable manner: and here in England, to this hour, if he is not ready to pay a great many taxes which *he* can see very small reason in, it will not go well with him, I think! He must try some other climate than this. Taxgatherer? Money? He will say: "Take my money, since you *can*, and it is so desirable to you; take it,—and take yourself away with it; and leave me alone to my work here. *I* am still here; can still work, after all the money you have taken from me!" But if they come to him, and say, "Acknowledge a Lie; pretend to say you are worshipping God, when you are not doing it: believe not the thing that *you* find true, but the thing that I find, or pretend to find true!" He will answer: "No; by God's help, no [3]! You may take my purse; but I cannot have my moral Self annihilated. The purse [4] is any Highwayman's who might meet me with a loaded pistol: but the Self is mine and God my Maker's; it is not yours; and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and, on

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] pay-out
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shewn
[3] H[1] No
[4] H[1] cash

the whole, front all manner of extremities, accusations and confusions, in defence of that!"

Really, it seems to me the one reason which could justify revolting, this of the Puritans. It has been the soul of all just revolts among men. Not *Hunger* alone produced even the French Revolution; no, but the feeling of the insupportable all-pervading *Falsehood* which had now embodied itself in Hunger, in universal material Scarcity and Nonentity, and thereby become *indisputably* false in the eyes of all! We will leave the Eighteenth century with its 'liberty to tax itself.' We will not astonish ourselves that the meaning of such men as the Puritans remained dim to it. To men who believe in no reality at all, how shall a *real* human soul, the intensest of all realities, as it were the Voice of this world's Maker still speaking to *us*, — be intelligible? What it cannot reduce into constitutional doctrines relative to 'taxing,' or other the like material interest, gross, palpable to the sense, such a century will needs reject as an amorphous heap of rubbish. Hampdens, Pyms and Ship-money will be the theme of much constitutional eloquence, striving to be fervid; — which will glitter, if not as fire does, then as *ice* does: and the irreducible Cromwell will remain a chaotic mass of 'madness,'[1] 'hypocrisy,'[2] and much else.

From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. Nay I cannot believe the like, of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in History as false selfish men; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows; we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for the surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] 'Madness' [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] 'Hypocrisy'

be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small? — No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. It is like Pococke asking Grotius, Where is your *proof* of Mahomet's Pigeon? No proof! — Let us leave all these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man; they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness.

Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me, a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate,[1] sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness *too* deep for him. Of[2] those stories of 'Spectres'; of the white Spectre

[1] H¹ H² hearty,

[2] 2 H¹ You remember that story of his having a vision of the Evil Spirit, predicting that he would be Sovereign of England, and so forth. In broad daylight, some huge white Spectre, which he took to be the Devil, with preternatural monitions of some sort, shews itself to him; the Royalists made immense babble about it; but apart from their speculations, we can suppose this story of the Spectre to be true. Then there are afterwards those hypochondriacal visions: the Doctor sent for: Oliver imagining that "the steeple of Huntingdon was about to tumble on him."

H² You remember that story of his having a vision of the Evil Spirit, predicting that he would be Sovereign of England. In broad daylight, some huge white Spectre, which he took to be the Devil, with preternatural monitions of some sort, shews itself to him: it is a universal

in broad daylight, predicting that he should be King of England, we are not bound to believe much; — probably no more than of the other black Spectre, or Devil in person, to whom the Officer *saw* him sell himself before Worcester Fight! But the mournful, over-sensitive, hypochondriac humour of Oliver, in his young years, is otherwise indisputably known. The Huntingdon Physician told Sir Philip Warwick himself, He had often been sent for at midnight; Mr. Cromwell was full of hypochondria, thought himself near dying, and "had fancies about the Town-cross." These[1] things are significant.[2] Such an excitable deep-feeling nature, in that rugged stubborn strength[2] of his,[3] is not the symptom of falsehood; it is the symptom and promise of quite other than falsehood[3]!

The young Oliver is sent to study Law; falls, or[4] is said to have fallen,[4] for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth; but if[5] so,[5] speedily repents, abandons all this: not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man. 'He[6] pays-back[7] what money he had won at gambling,'[6] says[8] the story[8]; — he does not think any gain of that kind could be really *his*. It is very interesting, very natural, this 'conversion,' as they well name it; this awakening of a great true soul from the wordly slough, to see into the awful *truth* of things; — to see that Time and its shows[9] all rested on Eternity, and

story of those times; and, apart from all Royalist and other speculations on it, we can well suppose this story of the Spectre to be true. Then there are afterwards those other hypochondriacal visions: the Doctor sent for; Oliver 'has fancies about the town-cross of Huntingdon.'

[1] H[3] The

[2] H[1] bulk

[3 3] H[1] his; in other words, a soul of such *intensity*, such sensibility, with all its strength!

[4 4] *not in* H[1] H[2]

[5 5] *not in* H[1] H[2]

[6 6] *no marks of quotation in* H[1] H[2]

[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] pays back

[8 8] *not in* H[1] H[2]

[9] H[2] H[3] shews

this poor Earth of ours was the threshold either of Heaven or of Hell! Oliver's life at St.[1] Ives and[1] Ely, as a sober industrious Farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and[2] devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways; *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay can himself preach, — exhorts his neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what 'hypocrisy,' 'ambition,' 'cant,' or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World; his aim to get well *thither*, by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice: what could notice here do for him? 'Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.'[3]

It is striking, too, how he comes-out once into public view; he, since no other is willing to come: in resistance to a public grievance. I mean, in that matter of the Bedford Fens. No one else will go to law with Authority; therefore he will. That matter once settled, he returns back into obscurity, to his Bible and his Plough. 'Gain influence'? His influence is the most legitimate; derived from personal knowledge of him, as a just, religious, reasonable and determined man. In this way he has lived till past forty; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of Death and Eternity; it was at this point that he suddenly became 'ambitious'! I do not interpret his Parliamentary mission in that way!

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him than other men. His prayers to God; his spoken

[1] [1] *not in* H[1] [2] *not in* H[1] H[2]
[3] *no paragraph in* H[1]

thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death-hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshipping not God but their own 'lovelocks,' frivolities and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a King! But if you once go to war with him, it lies *there;* this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious indeed as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows[1] himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand:*—whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather: but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play-off[2]

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] play off

party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper?" No!—

In fact, everywhere we have to note the decisive practical *eye* of this man; how he drives towards the practical and practicable; has a genuine insight into what *is* fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man: the false man sees false shows,[1] plausibilities, expediencies: the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, How they were to dismiss their city-tapsters, flimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose heart was in the work, to be soldiers for them: this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into Fact! Cromwell's *Ironsides* were the embodiment of this insight of his; men fearing God; and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed: "If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King." Why not? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a Higher than Kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The Parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting '*for* the King;' but we, for our share, cannot understand that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have

[1] H² H³ shews

brought it to the calling-forth[1] of *War;* horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage, — the *infernal* element in man called forth, to try it by that! *Do* that therefore; since that is the thing to be done. — The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon Farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it! —

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into Scepticism, into dilettantism, insincerity; not to know a Sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal? The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true *King* be sent them is of small use; they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy; and can accomplish little. For himself he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all; but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness-box: in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect 'detects' him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell gets, is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] calling forth

Lamentable this! I say, this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. 'Detect quacks'? Yes do, for Heaven's sake; but know withal the men that are to be trusted! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge; how shall we even so much as 'detect'? For[1] the vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and 'detects' in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many: but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist! First recognise what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false; and properly never till then.

'Know the men that are to be trusted:' alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognise sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of *Valets;*—the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise! Yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we? Ballot-boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions:— if we are as Valets, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these? A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred-and-fifty[2] years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving world is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of quacks[3] and quackeries[4]! Misery, confusion, unveracity are alone possible there. By ballot-boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The Valet-World *has* to be governed by the Sham-Hero, by the King merely *dressed* in King-gear. It is his; he is its! In[5] brief,[5] one of two things: We shall either learn to

[1] *not in* H[1] H[2]
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] hundred and fifty
[3] H[1] Quacks
[4] H[1] Quackeries
[5 5] *not in* H[1]

know a Hero, a true Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him; or else go on to be forever governed by the Unheroic;—had we ballot-boxes clattering at every street-corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell, — great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms,[1] dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *unformed* black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,— the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him,— wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Euphuisms

uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; — he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicising[1]; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero*-hood, is not fair-spoken[2] immaculate regularity; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*-ing or *Dough*-tiness[3]), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart: method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some 'door of hope,' as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish, — they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them, — how could

[1] H[1] H[2] logicizing
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] fairspoken
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] *Dough*tiness

a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendour in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same, — devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. 'Hypocrisy'? One begins to weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediencies, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all. — Cromwell's prayers were likely to be 'eloquent,' and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay despised and disliked it; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note-paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little,

before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's 'lying,' we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns-out[1] to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking-up[2] his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show[3] to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made: your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was! This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay per-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] turns out [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] taking up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew

haps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality; to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practise any considerable thing whatever. And we call it 'dissimulation,' all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? — Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning 'corporals' rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much? —

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their 'ambition,' 'falsity,' and suchlike.[1] The first is what I might call substituting the

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] such like

goal of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was ploughing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out[1]: a program of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded, with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on, — the hollow, scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall-away[2] of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view; — but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakspeare for faculty; or more than Shakspeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few 'Historians' are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so;

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] mapped out [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] fall away

in sequence, as they *were;* not in the lump, as they are thrown-down[1] before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same 'ambition' itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep-out[2] of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be 'noticed' by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make *him* other than he already was. Till his hair was grown gray; and Life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went, — he had been content to plough the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood,

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] thrown down [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] keep out

that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendour as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man 'ambitious,' to figure him as the prurient windbag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say: "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; there is *too much of*[1] *life* in me already!" Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. 'Corsica Boswell' flaunted at public shows[2] with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel stayed[3] at home. The world-wide soul wrapt-up[4] in its thoughts, in its sorrows; — what could paradings, and ribbons in the hat,[5] do for it?

Ah yes, I will say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper

[1] *not in* H[1] H[2]
[2] H[2] H[3] shews
[3] H[1] H[2] staid
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] wrapt up
[5] H[1] H[2] hat

makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots;* which had all turned into leaves and boughs; — which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*,[1] or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small. — I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence.* Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively, — become a most green forest without roots! Solomon says, There is a time to speak; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money*, and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak; promulgate your system, found your sect?" "Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; happily[2] I[2] have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose of it to me. And then the 'honour'? Alas, yes; — but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?[3]" — —

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable,[4] the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. 'Seekest thou

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew
[2] [2] H[1] H[2] I happily
[3] H[1] H[2] than say, There it is.
[4] H[1] H[2] blameable

great things, seek them not:' this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop[1] himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak-out,[2] to act-out,[3] what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay, it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels. — We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness of the man for the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his;* perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation, to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were 'the only man in France that could have done any good there?' Hopefuler[4] perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out, and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him. — Nature, I say, has provided amply that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal; *too* amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth; that the prayer he prayed daily, 'Thy kingdom come,' was at length to be

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] develope
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] speak out
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] act out
[4] H[3] Hopefuller

fulfilled! If you had convinced his judgment of this; that it was possible, practicable; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed-up[1] into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small, — the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning? It were a true ambition this! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off,[2] God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come, — that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his ploughs, and hastened thither.[3]

He spoke there, — rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else, — on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] flamed up [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] cropt off
[3] *no paragraph in* H[1] H[2] H[3]

Hero of all England, — what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a 'devout imagination,' this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realised*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose; is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*, — History, I think, shows[1] it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that 'Faith in the Bible' was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in 'detecting hypocrites,' seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen-hundred[2] years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him, — why, then, England might

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] fifteen hundred

have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, 'Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action'; — how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one. —

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes: Hume, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first; a sincere 'Fanatic' at first, but gradually became a 'Hypocrite' as things opened round him. This of the Fanatic-Hypocrite is Hume's theory of it; extensively applied since, — to Mahomet and many others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it; not much, not all, very far from all. Sincere hero hearts[1] do not sink in this miserable manner. The Sun flings-forth[2] impurities, gets balefully incrusted with spots; but it does not quench itself, and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness! I will venture to say that such never befell a great deep Cromwell; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son; Antæus-like, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his Mother; lift him up from the Earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of 'perfections,' 'immaculate conducts.' He was a rugged Orson, rending his rough way through actual true *work*, — doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults daily and hourly: it was too well known to him; known to God

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] hero-hearts [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] flings forth

and him! The Sun was dimmed many a time; but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him and[1] this Cause,[1] He since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed-out[2] his wild great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs? The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was gray[3]; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognised unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship, — away with it!

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown,[4] in this very War, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them; poor tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Argyles and suchlike[5]; none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit

1 1 *not in* H¹ H²
2 H¹ H² H³ breathed out
3 H¹ H² H³ grey
4 H¹ H² H³ shewn
5 H¹ H² H³ such like

himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one: Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand subjects without a King; on the other a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands,[1] dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man: a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty; — a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship, is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England; Chief Man of the victorious party in England: but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it? How will you govern these

[1] H¹ H² hand,

Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given-up[1] to your disposal? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What *is* to be done? — It was a question which theoretical constitution-builders may find easy to answer; but to Cromwell, looking there into the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon? It was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it! We will not "For[2] all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land!

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk! Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already calls[3] Rump Parliament, *you* cannot continue to sit there: who or what then is to follow? 'Free Parliament,' right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other, — the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament? You have had to kill your King, to make

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] given up [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] for
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] call

Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper: there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating in these days. Tell us what we shall do; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact!

How they did finally answer, remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is, that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not dissolve and disperse; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it, — and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favourablest hypothesis ever started for the Parliament; the favourablest, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favourable.[1]

According to this version: At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair *was* answering in a very singular way; that in their splenetic envious despair, to keep-out[2] the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the House a kind of Reform Bill, — Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England; equable electoral division into districts; free suffrage, and the rest of it! A very questionable, or indeed for *them* an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen? Why, the Royalists themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps out*number* us; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter, sorely won by our swords, shall

[1] *no paragraph in* H¹ H² H³ [2] H¹ H² H³ keep out

again launch itself to sea; become a mere hope, and likelihood, *small* even as a likelihood? And it is not a likelihood; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength and our own right hands, and do now hold *here*. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill; — ordered them to begone, and talk there no more. — Can we not forgive him? Can we not understand him? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were realities[1] in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him; has dared appeal to the genuine Fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way; find some Parliament to support him; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones's Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence and attachment to the true Cause: these are assembled to shape-out[2] a plan. They sanctioned what was past; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones's Parliament:* the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but Barbone, — a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work; it was a most serious reality, — a trial on the part of these Puritan Notables how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke-

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] Realities

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] shape out

down,[1] endeavouring to reform the Court of Chancery! They[2] dissolved themselves, as incompetent; delivered-up their power again into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell, to do with it what he liked and could.[2]

What[3] *will* he do with it? The Lord General Cromwell, 'Commander-in-chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised;' he hereby sees himself, at this unexampled juncture, as it were the one available Authority left in England, nothing between England and utter Anarchy but him alone. Such is the undeniable Fact of his position and England's, there and then. What will he do with it? After deliberation, he decides that he will *accept* it; will formally, with public solemnity, say and vow before God and men, "Yes, the Fact is so, and I will do the best I can with it!" Protectorship, Instrument of Government, — these are the external forms of the thing; worked out and sanctioned as they could in the circumstances be, by the Judges, by the leading Official people, 'Council of Officers and Persons of interest in the Nation:' and as for the thing itself, undeniably enough, at the pass matters had now come to, there *was* no alternative but Anarchy or that. Puritan England might accept it or not; but Puritan England was, in real truth, saved from suicide thereby! — I believe the Puritan People did, in an inarticulate, grumbling, yet on the whole grateful and real way, accept this anomalous act of Oliver's; at least, he and they together made it good, and always better to the last. But in their Parliamentary *articulate* way, they had their difficulties, and never knew fully what to say to it[3]! —

Oliver's[4] second Parliament, properly[5] his *first* regular

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] broke down

[2 2] H[1] H[2] They appointed Cromwell Protector, and went their ways.

[3 3] *This entire paragraph appears first in* H[3]

[4] H[1] H[2] The

[5 5] *not in* H[1] H[2]

Parliament,[5] chosen by the rule laid-down[1] in the Instrument of Government,[1] did assemble, and worked; — but got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's *right*, as to 'usurpation,' and so forth; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. So[2] likewise to his third Parliament, in similar rebuke for their pedantries and obstinacies.[2] Most rude, chaotic, all these Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere helpless man; not used to *speak* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fulness of meaning. He talks much about 'births of Providence:' All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might. As if a Cromwell in that dark huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had *foreseen* it all, and played it all off like a precontrived puppetshow[3] by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were 'births of Providence,' God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be *organised*, reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In

1 1 H[1] H[2] these Notables had fixed upon: H[3] *as here, except* laid down 2 2 *not in* H[1] H[2] . . . 3 H[2] H[3] puppetshew

place of that, you have got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavillings and questionings about written laws for *my* coming here; — and would send the whole matter in Chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle-whirlwind, for being President among you! That opportunity is gone; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. "God be judge between you and me!" These are his final words to them: Take you your constitution-formulas in your hand; and I my *in*formal struggles, purposes, realities and acts; and "God be judge between you and me!" —

We said above what shapeless, involved chaotic things the printed Speeches of Cromwell[1] are. *Wilfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most: a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell, nay into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken rude tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow sceptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches. You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the Inane. 'Heats and jealousies,' says Lord Clarendon himself: 'heats and jealousies,' mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets; these induced slow sober

[1] H¹ H² Cromwell's

quiet Englishmen to lay down their ploughs and work; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings! *Try* if you can find that true. Scepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying-down[1] the Laws of Optics. —

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula: How came *you* there? Show[2] us some Notary parchment! Blind pedants: — "Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector!" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamenteership, a reflex and creation of that? —

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall *not* carry it, while the Reality is here! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home, cherishing true Gospel ministers; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity; I, since you will not help me; I while God leaves me life! — Why did he not give it up; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him? cry several. That is where they mistake. For him there was no giving of it up! Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Pombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held: but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned.* Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers waited to kill him; to kill the Cause *and* him. Once embarked, there is no

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] laying down [2] H[1] H[2] H[3] Shew

retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could *retire* nowhither except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson,[1] as his wife relates it, Hutchinson,[2] his old battle-mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will, — Cromwell 'follows him to the door,' in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style; begs that he would be reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers,[3] dear to him from of old: the rigorous Hutchinson,[4] cased in his Republican[5] formula, sullenly goes his way. — And the man's head now white; his strong arm growing weary with its long work! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that Palace of his; a right brave woman; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there: if she heard a shot go-off,[6] she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at[7] least once[7] a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother! — — What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History? His dead body was hung in chains; his 'place in History,' — place in History forsooth! — has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much

[1] H[1] H[2] Hutcheson
[2] H[1] H[2] Hutcheson
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] fellow soldiers,
[4] H[1] H[2] Hutcheson
[5] H[1] H[2] Presbyterian
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] go off,
[7 7] H[1] H[2] twice

for us? *We* walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life; step-over[1] his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it! — Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well.

Precisely a century and a year after this of Puritanism had got itself hushed-up[2] into decent composure, and its results made smooth, in 1688, there broke-out[3] a far deeper explosion, much more difficult to hush-up,[4] known to all mortals, and like to be long known, by the name of French Revolution. It is properly the third and final act of Protestantism; the explosive confused return of mankind to Reality and Fact, now that they were perishing of Semblance and Sham. We call our English Puritanism the second act: "Well then,[5] the Bible is true; let us go by the Bible!" "In Church," said Luther; "In Church and State," said Cromwell, "let us go by what actually *is* God's Truth." Men have to return to reality; they cannot live on semblance. The French Revolution, or third act, we may well call the final one; for lower than that savage *Sans-culottism* men cannot go. They stand there on the nakedest haggard Fact, undeniable in all seasons and circumstances; and may and must begin again confidently to build-up[6] from that. The French explosion, like the English one, got its King, — who had no Notary parchment to show[7] for himself. We have still to glance for a moment at Napoleon, our second modern King.

Napoleon does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] step over
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] hushed up
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] broke out
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] hush up,
[5] H[1] H[2] then
[6] H[1] H[2] H[3] build up
[7] H[1] H[2] H[3] shew

all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such *sincerity* as in Cromwell; only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful[1] Unnamable[1] of this Universe; 'walking with God,' as he called it; and faith and strength in that alone: *latent* thought and valour, content to lie latent, then burst out as in blaze of Heaven's lightning! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity: he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor Sceptical *Encyclopédies*. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far. His compact, prompt, everyway[2] articulate character is in itself perhaps small, compared with our great chaotic *in*articulate Cromwell's. Instead of '*dumb* Prophet struggling to speak,' we have a portentous mixture of the Quack withal! Hume's notion of the Fanatic-Hypocrite, with such truth as it has, will apply much better to Napoleon than it did to Cromwell, to Mahomet or the like, —where indeed taken strictly it has hardly any truth at all. An element of blamable[3] ambition shows[4] itself, from the first, in this man; gets the victory over him at last, and involves him and his work in ruin.

'False as a bulletin' became a proverb in Napoleon's time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep-up[5] his own men's courage, and so forth. On the whole, there[6] are no excuses. A man in no case has liberty to tell lies. It had been, in the long-run, *better* for Napoleon too if he had not told any.

[1] [1] H[1] H[2] Awful, Unnameable H[3] Awful, Unnamable
[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] every-way
[3] H[1] H[2] blameable
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] shews
[5] H[1] H[2] H[3] keep up
[6] H[1] H[2] these

In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found-out[1]; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf! — A Lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labour into the bargain.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manœuverings[2] and quackeries of his, which were many and most blamable,[3] let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon looking up into the stars, answers, "Very ingenious, Messieurs: but *who made* all that?" The Atheistic logic runs-off[4] from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face: "Who made all that?" So too in Practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuileries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises, and demonstration how glorious it was, and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipt one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some

[1] H¹ H² H³ found out
[2] H¹ H² H³ manœuvrings
[3] H¹ H² blameable,
[4] H¹ H² H³ runs off

days afterwards, he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary; it was not gold but tinsel! In Saint Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. "Why talk and complain; above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *result*[1] in it; it comes to nothing that one can *do*. Say nothing, if one can do nothing!" He speaks often so, to his poor discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went? That this new enormous Democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible Fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down; this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it, — a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? '*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The implements to him who can handle them:' this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any Revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered too by his military trade, he knew that Democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that Twentieth of June (1792), Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house, as the mob rolled by: Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the Tenth of August he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in Democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian

[1] H[1] H[2] *resultat*

Campaigns, onwards to the Peace of Leoben,[1] one would say, his inspiration is: 'Triumph to the French Revolution; assertion of it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it a Simulacrum!' Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong Authority is; how the Revolution cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle-in[2] that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone: is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay what he actually managed to do? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph, — he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: "These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris; all talk and no work! What wonder it runs all wrong? We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there!" They went, and put him there; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, Emperorship, victory over Europe; — till the poor Lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatised from his old faith in Facts, took to believing in Semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties, Popedoms, with the old false Feudalities, which he once saw clearly to be false; — considered that *he* would found "his Dynasty" and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was 'given-up[3] to strong delusion, that he should

[1] H[1] Lœben [2] H[1] bridle in
[3] H[1] H[2] H[3] given up

believe a lie;' a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them, — the fearfulest[1] penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more. What a paltry patchwork of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel and mummery, had this man wrapt his own great reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby! His hollow Pope's-*Concordat*, pretending to be a re-establishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to be the method of extirpating it, "*la vaccine de la religion:*" his ceremonial Coronations, consecrations by the old Italian Chimera in Notre-Dame, — "wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it," as Augereau said, "nothing but the half-million of men who had died to put an end to all that"! Cromwell's Inauguration was by the Sword and Bible; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible were borne before him, without any chimera: were not these the *real* emblems of Puritanism; its true decoration and insignia? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now! But this poor Napoleon mistook: he believed too much in the *Dupeability* of men; saw no fact deeper in man than Hunger and this! He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud; his house and he fall down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

Alas, in all of us this charlatan-element exists; and *might* be developed, were the temptation strong enough. 'Lead us not into temptation'! But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognisable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory; and, however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it

[1] H[3] fearfullest

made? A flash as of gunpowder wide-spread; a blazing-up as of dry heath. For an hour the whole Universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame; but only for an hour. It goes out: the Universe with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

The Duke of Weimar told his friends always, To be of courage; this Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be, one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound-interest. I am not sure but he had better have lost his best park of artillery, or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German Bookseller, Palm! It was a palpable tyrannous murderous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make-out[1] to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men, it and the like of it; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men, as they thought of it,—waiting their day! Which day *came:* Germany rose round him.—What Napoleon *did* will in the long-run amount to what he did *justly;* what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La carrière ouverte aux talens:* that great true Message, which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself everywhere, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche*, a rude-draught never[2] completed[2]; as indeed what great man is other[3]? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!

His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung-out[4] on the rock here, and the World is

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] make out
[2] [2] *not in* H[1] H[2]
[3] H[1] H[2] not
[4] H[1] H[2] H[3] flung out

still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by Nature only an appendage of France; "another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was *by Nature*, by Napoleon-Nature; and yet look how in fact — HERE AM I! He cannot understand it: inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his program of it; that France was not all-great, that he was not France. 'Strong delusion,' that he should believe the thing to be which *is* not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half-dissolved[1] itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade.[2] The world was not disposed to be trodden-down[3] underfoot; to be bound into masses, and built together, as *he* liked, for a pedestal to France and him: the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now? He had gone that way of his; and Nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with Reality, he tumbles helpless in Vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart, and die, — this poor Napoleon: a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last Great Man!

Our last, in a double sense. For here finally these wide roamings of ours through so many times and places, in search and study of Heroes, are to terminate. I am sorry for it: there was pleasure for me in this business, if also much pain. It is a great subject, and a most grave and wide one, this which, not to be too grave about it, I have named *Hero-worship*. It enters deeply, as I think, into the secret of Mankind's ways and vitalest[4] interests in

[1] H¹ H² H³ half dissolved
[2] H¹ H² H³ Fanfaronade.
[3] H¹ H² H³ trodden down
[4] H³ vitallest

this world, and is well worth explaining at present. With six months, instead of six days, we might have done better. I promised to break-ground[1] on it; I know not whether I have even managed to do that. I have had to tear it up in the rudest manner in order to get into it at all. Often enough, with these abrupt utterances thrown-out[2] isolated, unexplained, has your tolerance been put to the trial. Tolerance, patient candour, all-hoping favour and kindness, which I will not speak of at present. The accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise, something of what is best in England, have listened patiently to my rude words. With many feelings, I heartily thank you all; and say, Good be with you all!

[1] H[1] H[2] H[3] break ground

[2] H[1] H[2] H[3] thrown out

CARLYLE'S SUMMARY

LECTURE I

THE HERO AS DIVINITY. ODIN. PAGANISM: SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY

HEROES: Universal History consists essentially of their united Biographies. Religion not a man's church-creed, but his practical *belief* about himself and the Universe: Both with Men and Nations it is the One fact about them which creatively determines all the rest. Heathenism: Christianity: Modern Scepticism. The Hero as Divinity. Paganism a fact; not Quackery, nor Allegory: Not to be pretentiously 'explained'; to be looked at as old Thought, and with sympathy (p. 1).

Nature no more seems divine except to the Prophet or Poet, because men have ceased to *think:* To the Pagan Thinker, as to a child-man, all was either godlike or God. Canopus: Man. Hero-worship the basis of Religion, Loyalty, Society. A Hero not the 'creature of the time': Hero-worship indestructible. Johnson: Voltaire (8).

Scandinavian Paganism the Religion of our Fathers. Iceland, the home of the Norse Poets, described. The *Edda*. The primary characteristic of Norse Paganism, the impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Jötuns and the Gods. Fire: Frost: Thunder: The Sun: Sea-Tempest. Mythus of the Creation: The Life-Tree Igdrasil. The modern '*Machine* of the Universe' (18).

The Norse Creed, as recorded, the summation of several successive systems: Originally the shape given to the national thought by their first 'Man of Genius.' Odin: He has no history or date; yet was no mere adjective, but a man of flesh and blood. How deified. The World of Nature, to every man a Fantasy of Himself (24).

Odin the inventor of Runes, of Letters and Poetry. His reception as a Hero: the pattern Norse-Man; a God: His shadow over the whole History of his People (31).

The essence of Norse Paganism, not so much Morality, as a sincere recognition of Nature: Sincerity better than Gracefulness. The Allegories, the after-creations of the Faith. Main practical Belief: Hall of Odin: Valkyrs: Destiny: Necessity of Valour. Its worth: Their Sea-Kings, Woodcutter Kings, our spiritual Progenitors. The growth of Odinism (34).

The strong simplicity of Norse lore quite unrecognised by Gray. Thor's veritable Norse rage: Balder, the white Sungod. How the old Norse heart loves the Thunder-god, and sports with him: Huge Brobdingnag genius, needing only to be tamed-down into Shakspeares, Goethes. Truth in the Norse Songs: This World a show. Thor's Invasion of Jötunheim. The Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods: The Old must die, that the New and Better may be born. Thor's last appearance. The Norse Creed a Consecration of Valour. It and the whole Past a possession of the Present (39).

LECTURE II

THE HERO AS PROPHET. MAHOMET: ISLAM

The Hero no longer regarded as a God, but as one god-inspired. All Heroes primarily of the same stuff; differing according to their reception. The welcome of its Heroes, the truest test of an epoch. Odin: Burns (p. 48).

Mahomet a true Prophet; not a scheming Impostor. A Great Man, and therefore first of all a sincere man: No man to be judged merely by his faults. David the Hebrew King. Of all acts for man *repentance* the most divine: The deadliest sin, a supercilious consciousness of none (50).

Arabia described. The Arabs always a gifted people; of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over these. Their Religiosity: Their Star-worship: Their Prophets and inspired men; from Job downwards. Their Holy Places. Mecca, its site, history and government (54).

Mahomet. His youth: His fond Grandfather. Had no book-learning: Travels to the Syrian Fairs; and first comes in contact

with the Christian Religion. An altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man: A good laugh, and a good flash of anger in him withal (58).

Marries Kadijah. Begins his Prophet-career at forty years of age. *Allah Akbar;* God is great: *Islam;* we must *submit* to God. Do we not all live in Islam? Mahomet, 'the Prophet of God' (61).

The good Kadijah believes in him: Mahomet's gratitude. His slow progress: Among forty of his kindred, young Ali alone joined him. His good Uncle expostulates with him: Mahomet, bursting into tears, persists in his mission. The Hegira. Propagating by the sword: First get your sword: A thing will propagate itself as it can. Nature a just umpire. Mahomet's Creed unspeakably better than the wooden idolatries and jangling Syrian Sects extirpated by it (66).

The Koran, the universal standard of Mahometan life: An imperfectly, badly written, but genuine book: Enthusiastic extempore preaching, amid the hot haste of wrestling with flesh-and-blood and spiritual enemies. Its direct poetic insight. The World, Man, human Compassion; all wholly miraculous to Mahomet (73).

His religion did not succeed by 'being easy': None can. The sensual part of it not of Mahomet's making. He himself, frugal; patched his own clothes; proved a hero in a rough actual trial of twenty-three years. Traits of his generosity and resignation. His total freedom from cant (80).

His moral precepts not always of the superfinest sort; yet is there always a tendency to good in them. His Heaven and Hell sensual, yet not altogether so. Infinite Nature of Duty. The evil of sensuality, in the *slavery* to pleasant things, not in the enjoyment of them. Mahometanism a religion heartily *believed.* To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light: Arabia first became alive by means of it (84).

LECTURE III

THE HERO AS POET. DANTE; SHAKSPEARE

The Hero as Divinity or Prophet, inconsistent with the modern progress of science: The Hero Poet, a figure common to all ages. All Heroes at bottom the same; the different *sphere* constituting the grand distinction: Examples. Varieties of aptitude (p. 89).

Poet and Prophet meet in *Vates:* Their Gospel the same, for the Beautiful and the Good are one. All men somewhat of poets; and the highest Poets far from perfect. Prose, and Poetry or *musical Thought.* Song a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech: All deep things are Song. The Hero as Divinity, as Prophet, and then only as Poet, no indication that our estimate of the Great Man is diminishing: The Poet seems to be losing caste, but it is rather that our notions of God are rising higher (91).

Shakspeare and Dante, Saints of Poetry. Dante: His history, in his Book and Portrait. His scholastic education, and its fruit of subtlety. His miseries: Love of Beatrice: His marriage not happy. A banished man: Will never return, if to plead guilty be the condition. His wanderings: "*Come è duro calle.*" At the Court of Della Scala. The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in Eternity. His mystic, unfathomable Song. Death: Buried at Ravenna (98).

His Divina Commedia a Song: Go *deep* enough, there is music everywhere. The sincerest of Poems: It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. Its Intensity, and Pictorial power. The three parts make-up the true Unseen World of the Middle Ages: How the Christian Dante felt Good and Evil to be the two polar elements of this Creation. Paganism and Christianism (103).

Ten silent centuries found a voice in Dante. The thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer. The 'uses' of Dante: We will not estimate the Sun by the quantity of gas it saves us. Mahomet and Dante contrasted. Let a man *do* his work; the *fruit* of it is the care of Another than he (112).

As Dante embodies musically the Inner Life of the Middle Ages, so does Shakspeare embody the Outer Life which grew

therefrom. The strange outbudding of English Existence which we call 'Elizabethan Era.' Shakspeare the chief of all Poets: His calm, all-seeing Intellect: His marvellous Portrait-painting (115).

The Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough, — that he be able to *see*. Intellect the summary of all human gifts: Human intellect and vulpine intellect contrasted. Shakspeare's instinctive unconscious greatness: His works a part of Nature, and partaking of her inexhaustible depth. Shakspeare greater than Dante; in that he not only sorrowed, but triumphed over his sorrows. His mirthfulness, and genuine overflowing love of laughter. His Historical Plays, a kind of National Epic. The Battle of Agincourt: A noble Patriotism, far other than the 'indifference' sometimes ascribed to him. His works, like so many windows, through which we see glimpses of the world that is in him (120).

Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism: Out of this Shakspeare too there rises a kind of Universal Psalm, not unfit to make itself heard among still more sacred Psalms. Shakspeare an 'unconscious Prophet'; and therein greater and truer than Mahomet. This poor Warwickshire Peasant worth more to us than a whole regiment of highest Dignitaries: Indian Empire, or Shakspeare, — which? An English King, whom no time or chance can dethrone: A rallying-sign and bond of brotherhood for all Saxondom: Wheresoever English men and women are, they will say to one another, 'Yes, this Shakspeare is *ours!*' (127).

LECTURE IV

THE HERO AS PRIEST. LUTHER; REFORMATION: KNOX; PURITANISM

The Priest a kind of Prophet; but more familiar, as the daily enlightener of daily life. A true Reformer he who appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force. The finished Poet often a symptom that his epoch itself has reached perfection, and finished. Alas, the battling Reformer, too, is at times a needful and inevitable phenomenon: Offences *do* accumulate, till they become insupportable. Forms of Belief, modes

of life must perish; yet the Good of the Past survives, an everlasting possession for us all (p. 132).

Idols, or visible recognised Symbols, common to all Religions: Hateful only when insincere: The property of every Hero, that he come back to sincerity, to reality: Protestantism and 'private judgment.' No living communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The Hero-Teacher, who delivers men out of darkness into light. Not abolition of Hero-worship does Protestantism mean; but rather a whole World of Heroes, of *sincere*, believing men (138).

Luther; his obscure, seemingly-insignificant birth. His youth schooled in adversity and stern reality. Becomes a Monk. His religious despair: Discovers a Latin Bible: No wonder he should venerate the Bible. He visits Rome. Meets the Pope's fire by fire. At the Diet of Worms: The greatest moment in the modern History of men (146).

The Wars that followed are not to be charged to the Reformation. The Old Religion once true: The cry of 'No Popery' foolish enough in these days. Protestantism not dead: German Literature and the French Revolution rather considerable signs of life! (156).

How Luther held the sovereignty of the Reformation and kept Peace while he lived. His written Works: Their rugged homely strength: His dialect became the language of all writing. No mortal heart to be called *braver*, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour: Yet a most gentle heart withal, full of pity and love, as the truly valiant heart ever is: Traits of character from his Table-Talk: His daughter's Deathbed: The miraculous in Nature. His love of Music. His Portrait (158).

Puritanism the only phasis of Protestantism that ripened into a living faith: Defective enough, but genuine. Its fruit in the world. The sailing of the Mayflower from Delft Haven the beginning of American Saxondom. In the history of Scotland properly but one epoch of world-interest, — the Reformation by Knox: a 'nation of heroes': a *believing* nation. The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England (164).

Knox 'guilty' of being the bravest of all Scotchmen: Did not seek the post of Prophet. At the siege of St. Andrew's Castle. Emphatically a sincere man. A Galley-slave on the River Loire. An Old-Hebrew Prophet, in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century (168).

Knox and Queen Mary: 'Who are you, that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?' 'Madam, a subject born within the same.' His intolerance — of falsehoods and knaveries. Not a mean acrid man; else he had never been virtual President and Sovereign of Scotland. His unexpected vein of drollery: A cheery social man; practical, cautious-hopeful, patient. His 'devout imagination' of a Theocracy, or Government of God. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy: Cromwell wished it, fought for it: Mahomet attained it. In one form or other, it is the one thing to be struggled for (171).

LECTURE V

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS. JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS

The Hero as Man of Letters altogether a product of these new ages: A Heroic Soul in very strange guise. Literary men; genuine and spurious. Fichte's 'Divine Idea of the World': His notion of the True Man of Letters. Goethe, the Pattern Literary Hero (p. 177).

The disorganised condition of Literature, the summary of all other modern disorganisations. The Writer of a true Book our true modern Preacher. Miraculous influence of Books: The Hebrew Bible. Books are now our actual University, our Church, our Parliament. With Books, Democracy is inevitable. *Thought* the true thaumaturgic influence, by which man works all things whatsoever (182).

Organisation of the 'Literary Guild': Needful discipline; 'priceless lessons' of Poverty. The Literary Priesthood, and its importance to society. Chinese Literary Governors. Fallen into strange times; and strange things need to be speculated upon (190).

An age of Scepticism: The very possibility of Heroism formally abnegated. Benthamism an *eyeless* Heroism. Scepticism, Spiritual Paralysis, Insincerity: Heroes gone-out; Quacks come-in. Our brave Chatham himself lived the strangest mimetic life all along. Violent remedial revulsions: Chartisms, French Revolutions: The Age of Scepticism passing away. Let each Man look to the mending of his own Life (195).

Johnson one of our Great English Souls. His miserable Youth

and Hypochondria: Stubborn Self-help. His loyal submission to what is really higher than himself. How he stood by the old Formulas: Not less original for that. Formulas; their Use and Abuse. Johnson's unconscious sincerity. His Twofold Gospel, a kind of Moral Prudence and clear Hatred of Cant. His writings sincere and full of substance. Architectural nobleness of his Dictionary. Boswell, with all his faults, a true hero-worshipper of a true Hero (204).

Rousseau a morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; intense rather than strong. Had not the invaluable 'talent of Silence.' His Face, expressive of his character. His Egoism: Hungry for the praises of men. His books: Passionate appeals, which did once more struggle towards Reality: A Prophet to his Time; as he could, and as the Time could. Rosepink, and artificial bedizenment. Fretted, exasperated, till the heart of him went mad: He could be cooped, starving, into garrets; laughed at as a maniac; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire (212).

Burns a genuine Hero, in a withered, unbelieving, secondhand Century. The largest soul of all the British lands, came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant. His heroic Father and Mother, and their sore struggle through life. His rough untutored dialect: Affectionate joyousness. His writings a poor fragment of him. His conversational gifts: High duchesses and low ostlers alike fascinated by him (216).

Resemblance between Burns and Mirabeau. Official Superiors: The greatest 'thinking-faculty' in this land superciliously dispensed with. Hero-worship under strange conditions. The notablest phasis of Burns's history his visit to Edinburgh. For one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. Literary Lionism (220).

LECTURE VI

THE HERO AS KING. CROMWELL, NAPOLEON: MODERN REVOLUTIONISM

The King the most important of Great Men; the summary of *all* the various figures of Heroism. To enthrone the Ablest Man, the true business of all Social procedure; The Ideal of Constitu-

tions. Tolerable and intolerable approximations. Divine Rights and Diabolic Wrongs (p. 225).

The world's sad predicament; that of having its Able-Man to *seek*, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it. The era of Modern Revolutionism dates from Luther. The French Revolution no mere act of General Insanity: Truth clad in hell-fire; the Trump of Doom to Plausibilities and empty Routine. The cry of 'Liberty and Equality' at bottom the repudiation of sham Heroes. Hero-worship exists forever and everywhere; from divine adoration down to the common courtesies of man and man: The soul of Order, to which all things, Revolutions included, work. Some Cromwell or Napoleon the necessary finish of Sansculottism. The manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise (229).

Puritanism a section of the universal war of Belief against Make-believe. Laud a weak ill-starred Pedant; in his spasmodic vehemence heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity. Universal necessity for true Forms: How to distinguish between True and False. The nakedest Reality preferable to any empty Semblance, however dignified (234).

The work of the Puritans. The Sceptical Eighteenth century, and its constitutional estimate of Cromwell and his associates. No wish to disparage such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; a most constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. The rugged outcast Cromwell, the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The One thing worth revolting for (237).

Cromwell's 'hypocrisy,' an impossible theory. His pious Life as a Farmer until forty years of age. His public successes honest successes of a brave man. His participation in the King's death no ground of condemnation. His eye for facts no hypocrite's gift. His Ironsides the embodiment of this insight of his (242).

Know the men that may be trusted: Alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. Cromwell's hypochondria: His reputed confusion of speech: His habit of prayer. His speeches unpremeditated and full of meaning. His *reticences;* called 'lying' and 'dissimulation': Not one falsehood proved against him (249).

Foolish charge of 'ambition.' The great Empire of Silence: Noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently hoping, silently working. Two

kinds of ambition; one wholly blamable, the other laudable, inevitable: How it actually was with Cromwell (254).

Hume's Fanatic-Hypocrite theory. How indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. Cromwell, as King of Puritanism, of England. Constitutional palaver: Dismissal of the Rump Parliament. Cromwell's Parliaments and Protectorship: Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing for him but the way of Despotism. His closing days: His poor old Mother. It was not to men's judgments that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well (262).

The French Revolution, the 'third act' of Protestantism. Napoleon, infected with the quackeries of his age: Had a kind of sincerity, — an instinct towards the *practical*. His *faith*, — 'the Tools to him that can handle them,' the whole truth of Democracy. His heart-hatred of Anarchy. Finally, his quackeries got the upper hand: He would found a 'Dynasty': Believed wholly in the dupeability of Men. This Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last (273).

ABBREVIATIONS

H[1] . . . . . On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures: Reported with Emendations and Additions. By Thomas Carlyle. Lond., 1841.

H[2] . . . . . On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures: Reported with Emendations and Additions. By Thomas Carlyle. Second Edition. Lond., 1842.

H[3] . . . . . On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures: Reported with Emendations and Additions. By Thomas Carlyle. Third Edition. Lond., 1846.

C.E.L. . . . . Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of His Life, by James Anthony Froude. 2 vols. Lond., 1891.

C.L.L. . . . . Thomas Carlyle. A History of His Life in London, by James Anthony Froude. 2 vols. Lond., 1891.

Essays . . . Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: Collected and Republished by Thomas Carlyle. 4 vols. Boston, 1860.

Rem. . . . . Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols. Lond., 1887.

E.Lett. . . . Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1814–1826. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Lond., 1886.

Lett. . . . . Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1826–1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Lond., 1887.

Michelet . . The Life of Luther Written by Himself. Collected and Arranged by M. Michelet. Translated by Wm. Hazlitt. Lond., 1846.

E.-Corr. . . . The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834–1872. 2 vols. Boston, 1899.

L.L. . . . . Lectures on the History of Literature, Delivered by Thomas Carlyle, April to July, 1838. Now Printed for the First Time. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by Prof. J. Reay Greene. Lond., 1892.

L. and M. . . Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Prepared for Publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude. 3 vols. Lond., 1883.

Koran . . . The Koran: Commonly Called the Alcoran of Mohammed; Translated into English . . . by George Sale, Gent. A New Edition. Lond., William Tegg, n.d.

C.-Trans. . . Tales by Musæus, Tieck, Richter, Translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. Lond., 1874.

Sartor . . . Carlyle, Sartor Resartus. Edited by Archibald MacMechan. Boston, 1896. Athenæum Press Series.

Teut.Myth. . Teutonic Mythology. By Jacob Grimm. Translated from the Fourth Edition by James Steven Stallybrass. 4 vols. Lond., 1882.

NOTES

LECTURE I. THE HERO AS DIVINITY

PAGE 1, LINE 6 **Hero-worship.** Hume makes use of this term, if he did not invent it. In discussing polytheism, he says, "The same principles naturally deify mortals superior in power, courage, or understanding, and produce hero-worship." HUME, *Natural History of Religion*, Sect. iv, v, p. 144. Edin., 1854. Cp. "The second opinion is, that their gods were simply their kings and heroes, whom they afterwards deified." *L.L.* 11. "Is there not still in the world's demeanour towards Great Men enough to make the old practice of *Hero-Worship* intelligible, nay significant?" *Essays*, *Goethe's Works*, III, 160. "Loyalty, Discipleship, all that was ever meant by *Hero-Worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom." *Essays*, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 82.

1 10 **Universal History, etc.** "History is the essence of innumerable Biographies." *Essays*, *On History*, II, 231. Cp. *ib.*, *Biography*, III, 54, foot; and *Heroes*, 33.

2 17 **well with them.** Adaptation of Matt. xvii, 4.

4 11 **Surely it seems.** Cp. *infra*, 6 16 n.

4 33 **mere quackery.** Cp. "To tell fabulous stories of that kind does not seem a natural process in the diffusion of science. No man in such a case would have sat down to make out something which all the while he knew to be a lie; no serious man would do it." *L.L.* 11.

5 26 **Turner's Account.** Captain Samuel Turner. He reached Thibet just after the death of one lama and the installation of another, a baby eighteen months old. See his *Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshoo Lama in Thibet*, cap. viii, pp. 310–316. Lond., 1800. In H[1] this reads 'Hamilton's Travels into.' Evidently Carlyle had in mind: "*An Account of the Kingdom of Nepal, and of the territories annexed to this dominion by the House of Gorkha. By*

Francis Hamilton (formerly Buchanan), M.D., Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, the Society of Antiquaries; and of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. Illustrated with Engravings." Edin., Constable & Co., 1819. 374 pp., 4to. It was reviewed in *The New Edinburgh Review*, Ap. 1820, pp. 384–402.

6 2 **Thibet-methods.** "When one of these [skooshoks] is about to die, he calls around him his disciples, and tells them where he will be reborn, and all the circumstances of the rebirth. As soon as he is dead the disciples repair to the place he has indicated and search for a newly born child which bears the sacred marks, and is for other reasons the most probable incarnation of the departed saint. Having found the child, they leave him with his mother until he is four years old, when they return, bringing with them a quantity of praying-books, rosaries, praying-wheels, and other priestly articles, among which are those that belonged to the late incarnation. Then the child has to prove that he is the new incarnation by recognizing the property that was his in his previous existence, and by relating reminiscences of his past. If he is successful in this, as is nearly always the case, he is acknowledged as the skooshok, and is carried off for ever from his home and family, to be educated in the sacred mysteries." E. F. KNIGHT, *Where Three Empires Meet, a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Thibet, etc.*, 130. Lond., 1893.

6 6 **certain genealogy.** Carlyle began as a Radical. In 1831 he wrote in his journal: "What were the bet that King William were the last of that profession in Britain, and Queen Victoria never troubled with the sceptre at all?" *C.E.L.* II, 97. In 1838 he wrote to his brother John that he had seen "'her little majesty' coming in from the daily ride. She is decidedly a pretty-looking little creature: health, clearness, graceful timidity looking out from her young face, 'frail cockle on the black bottomless deluges.'" *C.L.L.* I, 144. These opinions look strange in the light of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations; but Chartism was a real danger, and Carlyle was meditating or writing his *French Revolution*.

6 16 **Allegory.** "Polytheism seems at first an inextricable mass of confusions and delusions; but there was no doubt some meaning in it for the people. It may be explained in one of two ways. The first is that the fable was only an allegory to explain the various relations of natural facts (of spiritual facts and material), and much learning has been expended on this theory." *L.L.* 11.

8 16 **fancy of Plato's.** See *Phædo*, 109, *c*; and *Republic*, bk. vii,

beginning. The first three editions read 'Aristotle's' here and 'Aristotle' in l. 27, an evidence of haste in composition. It looks also as if Carlyle had confused the famous 'den' and 'shadows' with the 'man dwelling in the depths of the ocean.'

9 29 **mystery of Time.** Cp. *Sartor*, *Natural Supernaturalism*, 236 16; and *ib.*, 231 10 n.

9 33 **apparitions.** Cp. *Sartor*, *Natural Supernaturalism*, 240 30; and *ib.*, 241 10 n.

10 5 **Force which is not we.** Cp. "The Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," M. ARNOLD, *God and the Bible*, 7, Lond., 1897; "The Eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," *ib.*, *Literature and Dogma*, 229, Lond., 1897.

10 8 **not a leaf.** Cp. *Sartor*, *Prospective*, 63 32–34; and *infra*, 117 1.

10 17 **sold over counters.** Cp. *Sartor*, *Natural Supernaturalism*, 234 24–33.

10 26 **stripping-off.** If Carlyle had remembered his native proverb about taking the breeks off a Highlandman, he would have avoided this Irish bull. How could the "ancient earnest soul" strip-off "undevout wrappages," it was "as yet unencumbered with"?

10 31 **All was Godlike.** "I look up to the starry sky, and an everlasting chain stretches thither, and over, and below; and all is Life, and Warmth, and Light, and all is Godlike or God." *Quintus Fixlein*, *C.-Trans.*, end; see *Essays*, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, I, 28.

11 1 **Jean Paul.** See Carlyle's two appreciations, *Essays*, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, I, 5; and *Essays*, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter Again*, II, 162.

11 12 **Sabeans.** See 55 20 n.

11 24 **window through which.** "Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself." *Sartor*, *Prospective*, 64 2.

12 4 **Shekinah or Ark.** A mistake. The Shekinah was *not* the Ark, but the glory that appeared upon it.

12 6 **The true Shekinah.** The manifestation of God between the cherubim of the ark; see Num. vii, 89. A favorite phrase of Carlyle's (cp. *Sartor*, *Pure Reason*, 58 19), which he may have got from *Tristram Shandy*, vol. V, cap. i (orig. ed.). I have found the idea but not the phrase in Chrysostom; see *Sartor*, 58 18 n.

12 8 **the mystery.** Cp. "One forenoon, I was standing, a very young child, in the outer door and looking leftward at the stack of the fuel-wood, — when, all at once, the internal vision, 'I am a ME'

(*ich bin ein Ich*), came like a flash from heaven before me." Richter, of himself; see *Essays, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, II, 177.

12 12 **but one Temple.** An adaptation of 1 Cor. iii, 16, 17. Cp. *Novalis Schriften*, II, 126, Berlin, 1826; also *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 161; *Essays, Novalis*, II, 118; *Sartor, Old Clothes*, **217** 15; and *Heroes*, **233** 13, 18.

12 13 **Novalis.** See Carlyle's account, *Essays, Novalis*, II, 79.

13 3 **Hero-worship.** Cp. *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 160.

13 23 **greatest of all.** Cp. *Sartor, Helotage*, **207** 19–27.

14 2 **Kön-ning.** This etymology, which Carlyle was fond of, is mistaken. Cp. *Sartor, Organic Filaments*, **225** 26 and n. From O.E. *cynn*, race, and *ing*, the patronymic ending, meaning 'a man of (noble) race.' KLUGE.

14 8 **representing gold.** Cp. *Heroes*, **233** 2; *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 164, top.

14 24 **'account' for him.** Cp. *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 154. 'Speak to any small man,' etc.

15 11 **dead fuel . . . lightning.** Cp. *infra*, 88 29.

15 28 **History of the World.** Cp. *Heroes*, 1.

16 11 **stifle him.** Cp. *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 36; and *ib., Goethe's Works*, III, 162.

16 18 **Persiflage.** Carlyle dwells on this in his account of Voltaire. See *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 35, 44.

16 23 **delivering Calases.** Cp. *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 49; J. Morley, *Voltaire*, V.

16 30 **Queen Antoinette.** See Carlyle, *French Revolution, The Bastille*, bk. ii, cap. iv, *Maurepas*. "Is not this, for example, our Patriarch Voltaire, after long years of absence, revisiting Paris? . . . Her majesty herself had some thought of sending for him, but was dissuaded. Let majesty consider it, nevertheless. The purport of this man's existence has been to wither up and annihilate all whereon majesty and worship for the present rests; and it is *so* that the world recognizes him."

16 31 **Douanier.** See *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 47.

17 1 **tavern-waiters.** See *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 47. This happened at the tavern "Golden Cross" of Dijon, where Voltaire rested the first night of his journey to Paris. He was unaware of his worshippers' devotion.

17 2 **Va bon train.** See *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 47.

17 3 **nucleus of a comet.** See *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 48.

17 4 **pluck a hair.** See *Essays*, *Voltaire*, II, 50. Cp.

> Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
> And, dying mention it within their wills,
> Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
> Unto their issue.
>
> *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2.

17 10 **Pontiff of Encyclopedism.** In view of the fact that this phrase has been explained as "Reference to Johnson's Dictionary and 'Johnsonese' style," it may be well to note that it refers to Voltaire, as the chief exponent of the sceptical philosophy, diffused by means of the *Encyclopédie*.

19 11 **Sæmund.** "From the end of the thirteenth century comes the earliest known copy of a collection, begun about the year 1240, of old mythical, religious, and heroic songs and tales. . . . That earliest copy of them was a parchment book (*Codex Regius*, No. 2365, in Copenhagen), which was sent in 1662 from Iceland as a present from the Bishop Brynjulfr Sveinsson, of Skalhalt, to King Frederick III of Denmark. The bishop had discovered it in a farmhouse in 1643. This work was ascribed to Sæmund Sigfusson, who was priest, poet, and historian, had a share in forming the ecclesiastical code in Iceland, and died in the year 1135, a hundred years before the collection was made. It has been known, therefore, as Sæmund's Edda, or the Elder, or the Poetical Edda." H. MORLEY, *English Writers*, I, 273.

19 16 **Edda.** "Jacob Grimm traced the word Edda to a root 'azd,' noble, with which he associated the Middle High German 'art,' the Anglo-Saxon 'ord,' a point, and the Icelandic 'oddr,' from which he derived Edda as a feminine form, meaning that which stands at the point or head of anything. Arne Magnusson, seeing that poetry had been called, in poems of the fourteenth century, Eddu-list — the art of Edda — and its rules Eddu-reglur, suggested that the word Edda was derived from an old word, 'oðr,' meaning mind or poetry." H. MORLEY, *English Writers*, II, 336. "Professor Rhys has suggested Aideadh, a Celtic name given to old Irish tragic tales concerned with 'aitte,' death." *Ib.*, I, 274.

19 18 **Snorro.** "The Younger or Prose Edda — Snorri's Edda — was the book to which the name Edda was first attached, and the author of this was Snorri Sturleson. Snorri Sturleson, poet and historian, was born in 1178, rose to high office in Iceland, and was murdered in 1241. His book called 'Edda' was an Ars Poetica, containing the old rules for verse-making and poetic diction; but as the diction included a large

number of allusions and phrases derived from the old Northern mythology, a summary was also given of the myths from which they all were drawn. First came two sections, Gylfaginning (the Delusion of Gylfi) and Bragarœður (Bragi's Tales), which gave larger and smaller sketches of the old mythology; then came a third section called Skáldskaparmál (the Ars Poetica), which described the conventional circumlocutions and the other devices of the skalds, or Northern poets; the fourth and last section was called Háttatal (Counting of Metres), which was a Prosody ingeniously set forth by help of a Song of Praise in a hundred and two lines, contrived as examples of all verse-measures in use." H. MORLEY, *English Writers*, I, 273 f. See Vigfusson, *Sturlunga Saga, Prolegomena*, I, lxxiii–lxxxi.

20 8 **Jötuns.** See **41** 20 n.

20 23 **Spanish voyagers.** It turns out that this whole story is a fabrication. Pigafetta, the companion of Magellan, who discovered the Ladrones in 1521, does not mention the circumstance; it appears first in Le Gobien, *Histoire des Isles Marianes*, p. 44, Paris, 1700, and is a modification of a statement of Herodotus (III, 16) regarding the Egyptians. See Tylor, *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, 234 f. Lond., 1870.

20 33 **combing their manes.** Literally, "And evened (smoothed) the mane for his steeds." *Sæm. Edd.*, *þrymskviða*, 5.

21 3 **Hymir.** See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, 403; *Gylfagin.*, 5, Lond., 1859. "When returning from hunting, the old man came into the hall, the icebergs sounded, and his beard froze; at his glance the doorpost sprang apart, — it is the shattering power of the frost." UHLAND, *Mythus von Thor, Gesam. Werke*, III, 94. Quoted from *Sæm. Edd.*, *Hymiskviða*, 29.

21 6 **Thor.** See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, 416; *Gylfagin.*, 21, Lond., 1859; Uhland, *Mythus von Thor;* Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, I, viii, *Donar, Thunar, Thorr; Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, II, 463.

21 12 **blows . . . red beard.** The Old Norse "traditions everywhere define him more narrowly as *red-bearded*, of course in allusion to the fiery phenomenon of lightning; when the god is angry, he blows in his red beard, and thunder peals through the clouds." GRIMM, *Teut. Myth.*, I, 177.

21 14 **Balder.** See **40** 1 n.

21 20 **Wünsch.** The idea that "Wünsch" was an *old* German deity is not now held. "The sum-total of well-being and blessedness, the fulness of all graces, seems in our ancient language to have been

expressed by a single word, whose meaning has since been narrowed down; it was named *wunsch* (wish), . . . perfection in whatever kind, what we should call the Ideal." GRIMM, *Teut. Myth.*, I, 138. Lond., 1882. Cp. *infra*, 87 24.

21 28 **Aegir.** See *Sæm. Edd.*, *Lokasenna;* Uhland, *Mythus von Thor, 15 Aegir.* **Eager.** In Carlyle's article on Norfolk, in Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, this phenomenon was noticed. "About the equinoxes in particular, and especially at the full moon of the autumnal one, it is liable to a species of flood, which, from its impetuosity, the inhabitants are accustomed to denominate *an eager*. The tide flows up the channel with extraordinary fury, overwhelming every obstacle and frequently causing extensive mischief; even the water-fowls shun it on such occasions." CARLYLE, *Montaigne and other Essays*, 177. Lond., 1897. The regular tidal wave sweeping up the river is well known in Nova Scotia on the Bay of Fundy side. The local name is *boré*. Carlyle's later etymology, though endorsed by Grimm, is now given up.

23 1 **brewing ale.** The tale is told in two poems of the Elder Edda, *Hymiskviða* and *Lokasenna*, of which condensed prose versions are given in Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, 375.

23 5 **ears of the Pot.** Literally, "and the ring-formed lugs sounded at his heels." *Sæm. Edd.*, *Hymiskviða*, 34. Vigfusson notes the Icelandic comparison of a threatening sky to a pot turned upside down. See *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, I, 514.

23 10 **Creation.** See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 7, p. 404.

23 24 **Igdrasil.** See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 15, p. 410.

23 29 **Nornas.** The Icelandic pl. of *norn* is *nornir*. Their names are Urðr, Verðandi, and Skuld. See Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, I, 405–417; and Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 16, p. 412.

24 10 **infinite conjugation.** "Understand it well, the Thing, that Thing is an Action, the product and expression of exerted force: the All of Things is an infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*." CARLYLE, *The French Revolution*, *The Constitution*, bk. iii, cap. i.

24 13 **Ulfila.** Or Vulfila, "wolfling," born 311, made bishop 341, labored among the Goths until his death at Constantinople in 381, the translator of the Bible into Gothic.

24 16 **Machine.** Possibly an allusion to such works as Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, and certainly to the Utilitarian conception of the

universe. Cp. *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 138; *ib., Characteristics*, III, 46.

25 30 **sympathetic ink.** A phrase of Chalmers's, which struck Carlyle. Christianity was "all written in us already," he said, "as in *sympathetic ink;* Bible awakens it and you can read." *Rem.* II, 73. Used also by Carlyle, *Sartor, Prospective*, 68 20.

26 16 **Councils of Trebisond.** A characteristic mannerism of Carlyle's is to pluralize proper names in order to avoid vagueness and to attain picturesque effect. Here Carlyle has slipped. There was no Council of Trebizond; he may have had in mind Nicæa or Chalcedon.

27 2 **Heimskringla.** "Heimskringla, the world's circle, being the first word of the manuscript that catches the eye, has been quaintly used by the northern antiquaries to designate the work itself. . . . Snorro himself . . . calls his work the Saga or Story of the Kings of Norway." LAING, *Heimskringla*, I, *Prelim. Dissert.* I. Lond., 1844.

27 2 **Odin . . . Prince.** "Odin was a great and very far travelled warrior, who conquered many kingdoms, and so successful was he that in every battle the victory was on his side." LAING, *Heimskringla*, I, 217. Lond. 1844. This is now regarded as myth.

27 5 **Asen.** Carlyle's bracketing this with Asiatics may mislead; 'Áss' in O.N. means 'god,' pl. 'Æsir.' See Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, I, 24; Mallet, *Northern Antiquities, Glossary, Æsir*, p. 546; *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, II, 515. Carlyle gives here the view formerly held by Norse scholars; he is not solely responsible.

27 10 **Saxo Grammaticus.** Danish historian and poet, probably a native of Zealand who began his great work *Gesta Danorum* about 1185. It was a favorite book in the middle ages. From it we get the plot of *Hamlet*.

27 14 **Torfæus.** An Iceland scholar (d. 1719) who was first to reveal the wealth of the saga literature to the world.

27 22 **Grimm . . . Wuotan.** "It can scarcely be doubted that the word is immediately derived from the verb O.H.G. *watan wuot*, O.N. *vaða, óð*, signifying meare, transmeare, cum impetu ferri, but not identical with Latin vadere." GRIMM, *Teut. Myth.*, I, 131. Lond., 1882. This etymology is now given up.

28 7 **Lope.** "Frey Lope Felix de Vega, whose name has become universally a proverb for whatever is good," says Quevedo, in his *Aprobación* to Tomé de Burguillos (Obras Sueltas de Lope, Tom. XIX, p. xix). "It became a common proverb to praise a good thing by calling it a *Lope;* so that jewels, diamonds, pictures, etc., were raised

into esteem by calling them his," says Montalvan (Obras Sueltas, Tom. XX, p. 53). Cervantes intimates the same thing in his *entremés*, "La Guarda Cuidadosa." TICKNOR, *History of Spanish Literature*, II, 250 n. 31. N. Y., 1849.

28 11 **Smith . . . Essay.** "Considerations Concerning the First Formation of Languages and the Different Genius of Original and Compounded Languages" is the title of this "Essay." See *The Theory of Moral Sentiments, etc.*, by Adam Smith, p. 510. Lond., 1861.

29 18 **"Wuotan."** See 27 22 n.

29 21 **camera-obscura.** "Let us suppose, for example, that the window-shutters of a chamber being closed, so as to exclude the light, a hole be made in them, in which a convex lens is inserted; let a screen made of white paper be then placed at a distance from the lens, equal to its focal length, and at right angles to its axis; a small picture will be seen upon the screen, representing the view facing the window to which the axis of the lens is directed; this picture will be delineated in its proper colours, and all moving objects, such as carriages or pedestrians, the smoke from the chimneys, and the clouds upon the sky, will be seen moving upon it with their proper motions. The picture, however, will be inverted both vertically and laterally; . . . this remarkable optical phenomenon was discovered in about the middle of the sixteenth century by Baptista-Porta, a Neapolitan philosopher." LARDNER, *Handbook of Natural Philosophy*, § 539. Lond., 1861. Why "magnifier"? The camera reduces in size.

29 26 **Arundel-marble.** Carlyle refers to the "Parian Chronicle" among the marbles purchased by the Earl of Arundel in 1624, and presented by his grandson to the University of Oxford. This is in part an inscription of the principal events in the history of Greece from 1582 to 264 B.C.

30 11 **colours . . . cut-glass.** Cp.

> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.
>
> SHELLEY, *Adonais*, 463 f.

30 22 **'Image of his own Dream.'** Quoted from Novalis, *Lehrlinge zu Sais*, cap. ii, translated by Carlyle, *Essays, Novalis*, II, 113: "They know not that this so-called Nature of theirs is a Sport of the Mind, a waste fantasy of their Dream. Of a surety, it is for them a horrible Monster, a strange grotesque Shadow of their own Passions." Cp. *Sartor, The World Out of Clothes*, 48 20.

31 2 **Cestus of Venus.** See Schiller, *Ueber Anmuth und Würde*, *Sämmt. Werke*, XI, 313. Stuttgart, 1847.

31 4 **careful not to insinuate.** "The delicate sensibility of the Greeks soon distinguished what the reason was not yet capable of explaining; and, striving to find expression, borrowed images from the imagination, since the understanding could not as yet offer it ideas." *Ib.*, 314.

31 11 **Runes.** In recounting Odin's feats, the Ynglinga Saga says: "In all such things he was pre-eminently wise. He taught all these arts in Runes and songs, which are called incantations." LAING, *Heimskringla*, I, 222.

31 19 **incredulity of Atahualpa.** "Among all the European arts, what he admired most was that of reading and writing, and he long deliberated with himself whether he should consider it as a natural or acquired talent. In order to determine this, he desired one of the soldiers who guarded him to write the name of God on the nail of his thumb. This he showed successively to several Spaniards, asking its meaning; and to his amazement they all, without hesitation, returned the same answer." ROBERTSON, *History of America*, III, 153 f. Lond., 1808.

31 28 **Odin invented Poetry.** "He spoke everything in rhyme, such as now composed, and which we call scald-craft. He and his temple gods were called song-smiths, for from them came that art of song into the northern countries." LAING, *Heimskringla*, I, 221.

33 4 **Wednesbury.** "In England we find: *Woodnesboro'* in Kent, near Sandwich; *Wednesbury* and *Wednesfield* in Staffordshire." GRIMM, *Teut. Myth.*, I, 158. Stallybrass adds in a note that the number might be swelled by looking up in a gazetteer the names beginning with Wans-, Wens-, etc.

33 19 **way of thought.** Cp. *ante*, **24** 21–23.

33 22 **camera-obscura.** See **29** 21 n.

33 29 **History of the world.** Cp. *ante*, **1** 12.

35 27 **said above.** Cp. *ante*, **7** 18–23.

36 7 **Choosers of the Slain.** Carlyle translates *Valkyrs* (valkyrjor). "O.N. *valr*, A.S. *wæl*, O.H.G. *wal*, denotes the carnage of the battlefield, the sum of the slain: to take possession of this val, to gather it in, was denominated *kiosa*, *kiesen*, to choose." GRIMM, *Teut. Myth.*, I, 417. See *ib.*, 417–426; Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 427.

37 2 **Snorro tells us.** Unidentified.

37 5 **Old kings.** See the sea-burial of Scyld Scefing in the opening of *Béowulf;* and *King Hacon's Last Battle*, in Lord Dufferin's *Letters from High Latitudes*, xii.

37 15 **No Homer sang.** A reference to

> Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
> Urgentur ignotique longa
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
>
> HOR. *Carm.* IV, 9, 25–28.

37 24 **Northland Sovereigns.** "Olaf was soon joined by all who were discontented with the change of dynasty, and although his enemies tried to ridicule his proceedings by calling him 'The Woodcutter' (Tretelgia), his colony grew into a petty state of some importance." MALLET, *Northern Antiquities*, 86. See also Laing, *Heimskringla*, 46–55.

38 22 **like a Banyan-tree.** See *Sartor*, *The World in Clothes*, **34** 24 n.

38 30 **Cow Adumbla.** See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 403.

39 11 **Völuspa.** The first three editions read *Havamal*, a curious error. The *Völuspa* is translated almost completely by Professor Morley, *English Writers*, II, 337–355. Cp. *infra*, **45** 2 n.

39 20 **Gray's fragments.** An interesting confirmation of Carlyle's view will be found in Dr. Phelps's *Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray*, Introd. Appendix, Gray's Knowledge of Old Norse, by Prof. G. L. Kittredge. Cp. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, I, 181, 259.

39 30 **Thor 'draws . . . brows.'** "It may readily be imagined how frightened the peasant was when he saw Thor knit his brows, and grasp the handle of his mallet with such force that the joints of his fingers became white from the exertion." MALLET, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 436.

40 1 **Balder.** See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 22, p. 417.

40 4 **Hermoder.** Icelandic, *Hermóðr*. See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 49, p. 446; and *Sæm. Edd.*, *Vǫluspá*, 32–34; *ib.*, *Baldrs Draumar*.

40 15 **thimble.** Another curious slip. "Nanna also sent Frigga a linen cassock and other gifts, and to Fulla a gold finger-ring." MALLET, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 49, p. 449.

40 21 **Uhland . . . Essay.** *Der Mythus von Thor* (1836), *Uhlands Gesam. Werke*, III. Stuttgart (n. d.). **loves this Thor.** "He is the most human, the most national, the most engaging of the Ases, the 'beloved friend' of his worshippers. . . . Whilst the apparition of Odin always gives a glimpse of a gloomy, terrible background, the sagas of Thor, even the more serious lays, have a touch of harmless jest. . . . But this does love no harm." *Ib.*, 131.

40 29 **Thialfi.** See Uhland, *Mythus von Thor*, 4, *Gesam. Werke*, III, 35–40. "Thialfi, der Arbeiter, der menschliche Fleiss beim Anbau der Erde, zeigt sich in dieser Eigenschaft am klarsten in der ebendarum vorangestellten Fabel von Hrungnir." *Ib.*, 36.

41 4 **Hymir's Caldron.** Cp. *ante*, 23 1 n.

41 14 **Jack the Giant-killer.** For an excellent bibliographical note on this subject, see J. Jacobs, *English Fairy-Tales, Notes and References*, 237. Cp. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, I, 512.

41 20 **Hynde Etin.** Grimm connects O.N. *jötunn*, *iötunn* with O.E. *eoten*, *eten*, M.E. *etin*, *etten*, *etc.*, and thinks it may be derived from O.N. *eta;* giant is then equivalent to Polyphagos. See J. Jacobs, *English Fairy-Tales*, *Red Ettin*, and *ib.*, *Notes and References*, 245.

41 22 **Hamlet.** For a good note on this subject, see I. Gollancz, *Hamlet* (Temple ed.), xiv f. See also his *Hamlet in Iceland.* Lond., 1898.

42 15 **Thor's expeditions.** For the complete tale, see Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 43–48, pp. 435–444.

42 31 **Skrymir.** Cp. *ante*, 42 15 n.

43 20 **strain your neck.** "Thor and his companions proceeded on their way, and towards noon descried a city standing in the middle of a plain. It was so lofty that they were obliged to bend their necks quite back on their shoulders ere they could see to the top of it." MALLET, *Northern Antiquities*, *Prose Edda*, 46, p. 439.

44 24 **Mimer-stithy.** Grimm connects this word with L. *memor.* Mimir was the owner of the well of wisdom under the roots of Yggdrasil. "He is full of wisdom, because he drinks the waters of the well from the horn Gjöll every morning." Carlyle takes him as the representative of Norse wisdom. I can find no connection with 'stithy'; Vólundr, the 'Wayland Smith' of *Kenilworth*, was the Norse Tubal Cain.

44 31 **American Backwoods.** A "dashing Kentuckian" informed Harriet Martineau that American soil was so rich, that if you planted a nail at night, it came up a spike next morning. "The quality of exaggeration has often been remarked on as typical of American character,

and especially of American humor. In Dr. Petri's *Gedrängtes Handbuch der Fremdwörter*, we are told that the word *humbug* is commonly used for the exaggerations of the North-Americans. To be sure, one would be tempted to think the dream of Columbus half fulfilled, and that Europe had found in the West a nearer way to Orientalism, at least in diction. But it seems to me that a great deal of what is set down as mere extravagance is more fitly to be called intensity and picturesqueness, symptoms of the imaginative faculty in full health and strength, though producing as yet only the new and formless material in which poetry is to work." LOWELL, *Biglow Papers, Second Series, Introduction.*

44 33 **Ragnarök.** Grimm derives this word erroneously from *ragin-rath*, council, and *rök*, *rökr*, darkness < N. *reykr* (G. Rauch, Eng. reek, rack), thus making it equivalent to *crepuscula deorum*, Götterdämmerung, Twilight of the Gods. See Mallet, *Northern Antiquities, Prose Edda*, 51–53, pp. 451–458.

45 2 **Völuspa.** The first three editions read *Havamal;* cp. **39** 11 n.

45 10 **new Heaven.** See Rev. xxi, 1.

45 15 **phœnix fire-death.** Cp. *Sartor, The Phœnix*, especially **215** 27.

45 24 **King Olaf.** See Vigfusson, *Sturlunga Saga, Prolegomena*, I, lxxxvii. The story is found not in *Heimskringla*, but in Odd the Monk's version of the saga of Olaf Trygvasson (*not* of Olaf the Saint), Grimm, *Teut. Myth.*, I, cap. lv, 177. "It happened once when King Olaf was sailing past the shores, and he himself sat beside the tiller, that a man standing on a certain rock called out to them sailing past, begging that the King would not disdain to give him a place in the ship. When the King heard this, he steered the ship to where the man stood; and when that was done, he got into the ship. He boasted greatly (showed himself too insolent and free) and attacked the King's men with many jeering speeches, showing great joy in his face. He was goodly to look on, with a red beard; the crew and he gaped at one another; against many of them he flung about freakish words in various guise. When they asked him if he could tell anything worth remembering and done long ago, he showed that he knew many tales; 'For you shall ask me nothing,' he said, 'which I cannot explain.' This they told to the King, saying: 'This man, my lord, has many memorable things to tell'; and they brought him to the King. When asked by the King what he had to tell, 'My lord,' says he, 'this land which we are sailing past was formerly inhabited by giants. But it happened by chance, by some hap which I know not, that those giants perished by some sudden death, so that only two women were left alive.

Then it came about, my lord, that men of human kind, sprung from the eastern parts of the world, began to dwell in this land; and them, my lord, those same women greatly plagued and vexed in many ways. Then the men took this counsel, my lord, that there against they should ask this red beard for help, and I quickly took my hammer from my lap and beat those women to death.' When he spoke these words, he leaped from the bow, across the ship and flung himself off the poop, in the sight of all. And the King himself saw the occurrence clearly, how he flung himself headlong into the sea and vanished from the eyes of the bystanders. Then said King Olaf: 'Behold the effrontery of the devil, who takes upon himself to come openly into our presence.'"

46 21 **Neptune.** There are at least five allusions to Neptune (Poseidon) in Pindar: Carlyle probably has in mind *Nem.* v, 65–70, and has confused the Isthmian games with the Nemean odes. The passage says Poseidon visited the games frequently (*θαμὰ*), not once: 'stranger of noble grave aspect' is a quotation from Carlyle himself, not from Pindar; cp. *supra*, 46 3. Carlyle is here repeating what he said in his lectures on the history of literature in 1838. "Thus Pindar mentions that Ποσειδῶν (Neptune) appeared on one occasion at the Nemean games. Here it is conceivable that if some aged individual of venerable mien and few words had, in fact, come hither, his appearance would have attracted attention; people would have come to gaze on him, and conjecture would have been busy." *L.L.* 21. Professor Greene in his note on the passage quotes from 'a profane Greek versifier.'

> When Neptune appeared at the Isthmian games,
> He spoke most politely to numerous dames.
> But, not finding one free from frivolity,
> He bowed and went back to his home in the sea.
> 'The mermaids,' he murmured, 'are better for me.'

The same idea has recently taken the shape of an illustrated advertisement in an American magazine.

46 31 **Consecration of Valour.** In *Life and Writings of Werner*, *Essays*, I, 131, 140, Carlyle refers to Werner's play, *Martin Luther, oder die Weihe der Kraft*, which may have suggested this phrase.

47 15 **Meister.** See *Meister's Travels*, cap. x. It is not the "Teacher" who speaks, however, but 'they,' the mysterious Three, whom Wilhelm met inside "the gate of a wooded vale." Passage translated, *Essays*, *Goethe*, I, 244.

LECTURE II. THE HERO AS PROPHET

49 11 **so immeasurably diverse.** In phrases like this, Carlyle anticipates objections such as Mr. H. D. Traill offers in his Introduction to the Centenary edition of *Heroes*, ix.

49 22 **such reception.** Cp. *infra*, 193 2, 216 21; and also "And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise-dues on tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty Spirit sorrowfully wasted." *Essays, Burns*, I, 273.

50 10 **Mahomet . . . Impostor.** "Of his last years, ambition was the ruling passion; and a politician will suspect that he secretly smiled (the victorious impostor!) at the enthusiasm of his youth and the credulity of his proselytes." GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, cap. l. See also *ib.*, vol. IX, 323, n. Lond., 1807.

50 14 **When Pococke inquired.** "His autem quæ ab auctore nostro adducuntur, addunt alii ejusdem farinæ multa, de quibus quid censendum sit docet Nobilissimus et Doctissimus *Hugo Grotius* in 6. *De veritate religionis Christianæ* libro, ubi et ipse, eorum nonnulla recensens, columbæ ad *Mohammedis* aurem advolare solitæ meminit; cujus cum nullam apud eos mentionem repererim ac Clarissimum Virum ea de re consulerem, se in hoc narrando, non *Mohammedistarum*, sed nostrorum hominum fide, nixum dixit, ac præcipue *Scaligeri*, in cujus ad *Manilium* notis idem narratur." *Specimen Historiæ Arabum; Auctore Edvardo Pocockio*, pp. 191 f., ed. Joseph White. Oxon., 1806.

50 15 **story of the pigeon.** "I find some very great men have been too easy to swallow them, as particularly *Scaliger*, *Grotius*, and *Sionita*, have that of the *Pigeons*." PRIDEAUX, *The True Nature of Imposture, etc.*, 50. Lond., 1698. "Secuti tamen sunt, qui ei et miracula attribuerent: at qualia? Nempe, quæ aut arte humana facile possunt effecta reddi, ut de columba ad aurem advolante." H. GROTIUS, *De Verit. Relig. Christ.*, lib. vi, cap. v.

51 1 **Age of Scepticism.** This is Carlyle's usual name for the eighteenth century. It has this meaning in his course of lectures on literature in 1838.

51 13 **Cagliostro.** Guiseppe Balsamo (1743–1795). See Carlyle, *Count Cagliostro* (*Essays*, III, 330), for a most interesting account of this swindler. It appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1833.

51 22 **Mirabeau.** For a full account, see *Essays*, *Mirabeau*, IV, 85.

52 9 **in a vain show.** See Ps. xxxix, 6. Cp. *infra*, 84 9.

52 29 **inspiration of the Almighty.** See Job xxxii, 8.

52 31 **Mahomet . . . Inanity.** "I gave them to know that the poor Arab had points about him which it were good for all of them to imitate; that probably *they* were more of quacks than he; that, in short, it was altogether a new kind of thing they were hearing to-day." Carlyle's letter to his mother. *C.L.L.* I, 193. Cp. *infra*, 61 1 n.

53 14 **according to God's own heart.** The phrase is "after mine own heart." See 1 Sam. xiii, 14, and Acts xiii, 22.

53 22 **man that walketh.** See Jer. x, 23.

54 3 **'succession of falls.'** Cp.

> ——the piebald miscellany, man,
> Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire.
>
> TENNYSON, *The Princess*, V.

54 26 **Heaven with its stars.** For the same contrast, cp.

> The day in his hotness,
> The strife with the palm;
> The night in her silence,
> The stars in their calm.
>
> M. ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, Callicles.*

55 13 **Sale . . . Ocadh.** "To keep up an emulation among their poets, the tribes had, once a year, a general assembly at Ocadh, a place famous on this account, and where they kept a weekly mart or fair, which was held on our Sunday. This annual meeting lasted a whole month, during which time they employed themselves, not only in trading, but repeating their poetical compositions, contending and vying with each other for the prize; whence the place, it is said, took its name." SALE, *Koran, Prelim. Discourse*, I.

55 20 **Sabeans.** "This sect say they took the name of Sabians from the above-mentioned Sabi, though it seems rather to be derived from . . . Saba or the host of heaven, which they worship. . . . The idolatry of the Arabs then, as Sabians, chiefly consisted in worshipping the fixed stars and planets, and the angels and their images, which they honoured as inferior deities, and whose intercession they begged, as their mediators with God." SALE, *Koran, Prelim. Discourse*, I. Cp. Pocock, *Specimen Historiæ Arabum*, 144. Oxon., 1806.

56 14 **the Horse.** See Job xxxix, 19. The first phrase is quoted accurately, but the second is taken from the description of the leviathan,

Job xli, 29. What misled Carlyle was his recollection of xxxix, 25, "He saith among the trumpets Ha, ha!"

56 23 **Black Stone.** The sacred aërolite, or fetish-stone, built into the southeast corner of the Caabah at Mecca, just high enough from the ground to be kissed conveniently by the pilgrims.

56 24 **Diodorus Siculus.** Noted by Gibbon, D, who refers to vol. I, lib. iii, p. 211. *Decline and Fall*, cap. l.

57 11 **Keblah.** "Among the theists who reject the use of images it has been found necessary to restrain the wanderings of the fancy, by directing the eye and thought towards a *Kebla*, or visible point of the horizon. The prophet was at first inclined to gratify the Jews by the choice of Jerusalem; but he soon returned to a more natural partiality; and five times every day the eyes of the nations at Astracan, at Fez, at Delhi, are devoutly turned to the holy temple of Mecca." GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, cap. l. Cp. Sale, *Koran*, *sura* 10, p. 172 n. *f.*

59 20 **Sergius.** "Besides this *Jew*, the *Impostor* had also a *Christian Monk* for his Assistant; And the many particulars in his *Alcoran*, relating to the *Christian Religion*, plainly prove him to have had such a helper. *Theophanes*, *Zonoras*, *Cedrenus*, *Anastasius*, and the *Author* of the *Historia Miscella*, tell us of him, without giving him any other Name than that of a *Nestorian Monk*. But the *Author* of the *Disputation* against a *Mohametan*, which is epitomized in *Vincentius Bellovacensis's Speculum Historicum*, and from thence printed at the end of *Bibliander's Latin Alcoran* [c. 13] calls him *Sergius*; . . . The Mahometans will have it, that he first took notice of *Mahomet*, while a Boy." PRIDEAUX, *The True Nature of Imposture*, *etc.*, 46 f. Lond., 1698. In his essay on Voltaire (1829), Carlyle alludes to this part of Mahomet's career, as an instance of how "little can we prognosticate, with any certainty, the future influences from the present aspects of an individual." *Essays*, I, 7.

61 1 **horse-shoe vein.** Of Mahomet, Muir says (*Life of Mahomet, from Original Sources*, p. 26. Lond., 1878): "When much excited, the vein between his eyebrows would mantle, and violently swell across his ample forehead." Scott uses this device of the swelling vein in two crises in *Wandering Willie's Tale*, to suggest the anger of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and of Sir John, his son. See *Redgauntlet*, *Lett.* XI. Cp. "Good man Mahomet, on the whole; sincere; a fighter, not indeed with perfect triumph, yet with honest battle. No mere sitter in the chimney-nook with theories of battle, such as your ordinary 'perfect' characters are. The 'vein of anger' between his brows, beaming black

eyes, brown complexion, stout middle figure, fond of cheerful social talk — wish I knew Arabic." *C.L.L.* I, 187 f.

61 30 **'career of ambition.'** Which critic of Mahomet indulges in this particular sneer, I have not been able to find.

63 7 **bits of black wood.** This striking phrase, to which Carlyle alludes repeatedly (72 14, 141 8, 203 31), I have not been able to find in the *Koran*, or in any accessible life of Mahomet.

63 15 **Heraclius.** The Greek emperor who overcame Chosroe, the king of the Persians, 622–627, while Mahomet was waging war with the Koreish.

63 31 **'small still voices.'** An allusion to the 'still small voice' heard by Elijah. 1 Kings xix, 12.

64 15 **transitory garment.** An allusion to the words of the *Erdgeist* (*Faust*, sc. i), which made so deep an impression on Carlyle. See *Sartor*, *World Out of Clothes*, 48, where the phrase is rendered "*the living visible Garment of God.*"

64 17 **'Islam.'** "The true significance of the word Islâm, . . . *Salm* (*salama*, in the first and fourth conjugations) means in the first instance to be tranquil, at rest, to have done one's duty, to have paid up, *to be at perfect peace*, and, finally, to hand oneself over to Him with whom peace is made. The noun derived from it means peace, greeting, safety, salvation. The word thus implies absolute submission to God's will — as generally assumed — neither in the first instance, nor exclusively, but means, on the contrary, one who strives after righteousness with his own strength." SYED AMEER ALI, *A Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed*, cap. xi, p. 159. Lond., 1873.

64 22 **If this be Islam.** Unidentified.

64 28 **pretension of scanning.** Adaptation of

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
> The proper study of mankind is man.
>
> POPE, *Essay on Man*, II, 1 f.

65 14 **take no counsel.** Adaptation of "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." Gal. i, 16.

65 20 **Though He slay.** See Job xiii, 15.

65 21 **Annihilation of Self.** "The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbsttödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved." *Sartor*, *The Everlasting Yea*, 169. "The true philosophical Act is annihilation

of self (*Selbsttödtung*); this is the real beginning of all Philosophy, all requisites for being a Disciple of Philosophy point hither." Saying of Novalis, translated by Carlyle, *Essays*, *Novalis*, II, 118.

65 29 **inspiration of the Almighty.** See Job xxxii, 8.

66 1 **Is not Belief.** "Can Miracles work Conviction? Or is not real Conviction, this highest function of our soul and personality, the only true God-announcing Miracle?" *Essays*, *Novalis*, II, 121.

66 2 **Novalis.** Pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772–1801). See Carlyle's appreciation, *Essays*, II, 79–134.

66 16 **It is certain.** "Es ist gewiss, dass eine Meinung sehr viel gewinnt, sobald ich weiss, dass irgend jemand davon überzeugt ist, sie wahrhaft annimmt." *Novalis Schriften*, II, 104. Berl., 1826. Quoted also, *Sartor Resartus*, 194, 28, and *Essays*, *Characteristics*, III, 15.

66 19 **the good Kadijah.** See Irving, *Mohammed and His Successors*, cap. xv, end.

67 8 **young Ali.** Sale quotes this story as fact in his Preliminary Discourse, Sect. ii, and so does Gibbon, but later authorities do not lend it their support. "The stories also of the Prophet taking his stand upon Mount Safâ, summoning his relatives, family by family, and addressing to them the divine message; . . . of the miraculous dinner at which Mahomet propounded his claim to his relatives, Ali alone standing forth as his champion and 'Vizier,' etc., are all apocryphal." MUIR, *Life of Mahomet*, 66 n. 1.

68 6 **If the Sun.** Syed Ameer Ali recounts this incident in his *Life and Teachings of Mohammed*, p. 42 (Lond., 1873), and refers to the original sources in footnotes.

68 33 **rider's horse.** "The heavy price set upon Mohammed's head had brought out many horsemen from Mecca, and they were still diligently seeking for the helpless wanderer. One, a wild and fierce warrior, actually caught sight of the fugitives and pursued them. Again the heart of Abû Bakr misgave him and he cried, 'We are lost'; 'Be not afraid,' said the Prophet, 'God will protect us.' As the Idolater overtook Mohammed, his horse reared and fell. Struck with awe, he entreated the forgiveness of the man whom he was pursuing, and asked for an attestation of his pardon." SYED AMEER ALI, *Life and Teachings of Mohammed*, 65. Lond., 1873.

69 14 **Hegira.** "The 'Hejira,' or era of the Hijrat, was instituted seventeen years later by the second Caliph. The commencement, however, is not laid at the real time of the departure from Mecca, which happened on the 4th of Rabî I, but on the first day of the first lunar month of the year — viz., Muharram — which day, in the year when the

era was established, fell on the 15th of July." SYED AMEER ALI, *Life and Teachings of Mohammed*, 67 n. 1.

70 15 **conversion of the Saxons.** Refers probably to Charlemagne's forcible baptism of the assembled Saxons at Paderborn, in 777. GUIZOT, *History of France*, I, 206. Lond., 1882. See also Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, IV, cap. xxxvii, 274. Paris, 1840.

72 1 **Homoiousion.** "In speaking of Gibbon's work to me he made one remark which is worth recording. In earlier years he had spoken contemptuously of the Athanasian controversy, of the Christian world torn in pieces over a diphthong, and he would ring the changes in broad Annandale on the Homoousion and the Homoiousion. He told me now that he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away to a legend." *C.L.L.* II, 494.

72 14 **ye rub them.** Cp. **63** 7 n.

73 19 **Flight to Mecca.** 'To,' for 'from,' an error never corrected. Cp. *ante*, **69** 6. "No continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer."

73 20 **Koran . . . miracle.** Cp. "Will they say, 'He hath forged *the Korân*'? Answer, Bring, therefore, ten chapters like unto it, forged *by yourselves*, and call on whomsoever ye may *to assist you*, except GOD, if ye speak truth." *Koran, sura* 11. "Say, Verily if men and genii were purposely assembled, that they might produce one like it, although the one of them assisted the other." *Ib., sura* 12. "The devils did not descend with the *Korân, as the infidels give out.* It is not for their purpose, neither are they able *to produce such a book*." *Ib., sura* 26.

74 5 **'discrepancies of national taste.'** Cp. "Here are strange diversities of taste; 'national discrepancies' enough, had we time to investigate them." *Essays, Goethe*, I, 236. In the August number of the *Edinburgh Review* for 1825, Jeffrey "slated" Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister*. His criticism was directed not so much against the English version as against the original. Such a sentence as the following, near the end of the article, seems to have rankled. "We hold out the work therefore as a curious and striking instance of that diversity of national taste, which makes a writer idolized in one part of polished Europe, who could not be tolerated in another."

74 14 **unreadable masses.** Apparently a "contamination" of "With loads of learned lumber in his head," POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, 613, and "With all such reading as was never read," *Dunciad*, iv, 250. Cp. *ib.*, iii, 193 f.

> A lumberhouse of books in every head
> For ever reading, never to be read!

See, on the other hand, Stanley Lane-Poole, *The Speeches and Table-Talk of the Prophet Mohammed, Introduction*, G. T. Series.

74 20 **shoulder-blades of mutton.** "The word of God and of the apostle was diligently recorded by his disciples on palm leaves and the shoulder-blades of mutton ; and the pages, without order or connection, were cast into a domestic chest in the custody of one of his wives." GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, cap. l.

75 5 **standard of taste.** Cp. *ante*, **74** 5 n.

75 15 **Prideaux.** Humphrey Prideaux (1648–1724), Orientalist, author of polemical tract against the Deists, "The True Nature of Imposture fully display'd in the life of Mahomet," etc., 1697 ; often since reprinted. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.* Prideaux's letters were printed in the publications of the Camden Society. For his criticism of the *Koran*, see *The True Nature, etc.*, 53 (3d ed.). Lond., 1698.

77 14 **He returns forever . . . Hud.** *Sura* 11 is entitled Hud. This prophet is mentioned in *suras* 7 and 11. "Unto every nation *hath* an apostle *been sent*." *Sura* 10.

78 7 **Mahomet . . . no miracles.** Cp. "Signs are in the power of GOD alone ; and I am *no more than* a public preacher." *Koran*, *sura* 29. "Unless . . . an angel come with him, *to bear witness unto him, we will not believe.* Verily, thou art a preacher *only ;* and GOD is the governor of all things." *Ib.*, *sura* 11. "The infidels say, Unless a sign be sent down unto him from his LORD, *we will not believe.* Thou art *commissioned to be* a preacher only, *and not a worker of miracles*." *Ib.*, *sura* 13.

78 14 **appointed paths.** Cp. "And we placed stable *mountains* on the earth, lest it should move with them ; and we made broad passages between them for paths, that they might be directed *in their journeys*." *Koran*, *sura* 21.

78 19 **revive a dead earth.** Cp. "It is he who sendeth the winds, driving abroad the pregnant clouds, as the forerunners of his mercy ; and we send down pure water from heaven, that we may thereby revive a dead country." *Koran*, *sura* 25.

78 20 **tall leafy palm-trees.** Cp. "It is he who sendeth down water from heaven, and we have thereby produced the springing buds of all things, and have thereout produced the green thing, from which we produce the grain growing in rows, and palm-trees from whose branches proceed clusters of dates *hanging* close together." *Koran*, *sura* 6. A similar phrase occurs in *sura* 50.

78 22 **cattle . . . credit.** Cp. "He hath likewise created cattle for you; from them ye have wherewith to keep yourselves warm, and

other advantages; and of them do ye *also* eat. And they are likewise a credit unto you, when ye drive them home *in the evening*, and when ye lead *them* forth to feed *in the morning*." *Koran*, *sura* 16.

78 26 **Ships also.** Ships and cattle are mentioned together in the *Koran*, for instance, in *suras* 40, 43. "Among his signs *also are* the *ships* running in the sea, like high mountains: if he pleaseth, he causeth the wind to cease, and they lie still on the back of *the water;* (verily herein *are* signs unto every patient *and* grateful person)." *Koran*, *sura* 42.

79 2 **shaped you.** Cp. "O men, if ye be in doubt concerning the resurrection, *consider that* we *first* created you of the dust of the ground; . . . Then we brought you forth infants; and afterwards we permit you to attain your age of full strength; and one of you dieth *in his youth*, and another of you is postponed to a decrepit age, so that he forgetteth whatever he knew." *Koran*, *sura* 22. "God hath created you, and he will hereafter cause you to die: and some of you shall have his life prolonged to a decrepit age, so that he shall forget whatever he knew; for God *is* wise and powerful." *Ib.*, *sura* 16. "*It is* GOD who created you in weakness, and after weakness hath given *you* strength; and after strength, he will *again* reduce *you* to weakness and grey hairs." *Ib.*, *sura* 30.

79 7 **Ye have compassion.** Cp. "And of his signs, *another is*, that he hath created you, . . . and hath put love and compassion between you." *Koran*, *sura* 30.

79 23 **mountains . . . clouds.** Cp. "He hath created the heavens without visible pillars *to sustain them*, and thrown on the earth *mountains* firmly rooted, lest it should move with you." *Koran*, *sura* 31. See also for the same thought, *suras* 16, 78. "And thou shalt see the mountains, and shalt think them firmly fixed; but they shall pass away, even as the clouds pass away." *Ib.*, *sura* 27. "And the mountains shall pass away and become *as* a vapour." *Ib.*, *sura* 78. "On that day men shall be like moths scattered abroad, and the mountains shall become like carded wool of various colours *driven by the wind*." *Ib.*, *sura* 101.

81 16 **Mahomet . . . not a sensual man.** Carlyle's protest against such statements as "His two predominant Passions were *Ambition* and *Lust*." PRIDEAUX, *The True Nature of Imposture*, 101 (3d ed.). Lond., 1698.

82 10 **His last words.** "After a little he prayed in a whisper: 'Lord, grant me pardon; and join me to the companionship on high.'

Then at intervals: 'Eternity in Paradise!'—'Pardon!' 'Yes; the blessed companionship on high!' He stretched himself gently. Then all was still." MUIR, *Life of Mahomet*, cap. xxxiii, pp. 508 f. Lond., 1878.

82 14 **lost his Daughter.** Zeinab. Muir records no sayings on this event.

82 19 **War of Tabûc.** See Muir, *Life of Mahomet*, cap. xxvii, Lond., 1878; and *Koran*, 154 n. *i*; and *ib.*, 164 n. *e*, *f*, *h*.

82 23 **Seid's daughter.** "He then went to the house of Zeid; and Zeid's little daughter rushed into his arms, crying bitterly. Mahomet was overcome, and wept until he sobbed aloud. A bystander, thinking to check his grief, said to him: 'Why is this, O Prophet?' 'This,' he replied, 'is but the fond yearning in the heart of friend for friend.'" MUIR, *Life of Mahomet*, cap. xxiii, p. 410. Lond., 1878.

82 29 **three drachms.** "If there be any man," said the apostle from the pulpit, "whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of humiliation. . . . Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and interest of the debt."—"Yes," replied a voice in the crowd, "I am entitled to three drachms of silver." Mahomet heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor for accusing him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, cap. l.

83 2 **Kadijah.** Cp. *ante*, 66 19 n.

83 24 **your harvest.** Unidentified.

83 26 **Hell will be hotter.** Cp. "They who were left at home *in the expedition of Tabûc*, were glad of their staying behind the apostle of GOD, and were unwilling to employ their substance and their persons for the advancement of GOD'S true religion; and they said, Go not forth in the heat. Say, the fire of hell will be hotter; if they understood *this*." *Koran*, *sura* 9.

83 29 **weighed-out to you.** Cp. "We will appoint just balances for the day of resurrection; neither shall any soul be injured at all: although *the merit or guilt of an action* be of the weight of a grain of mustard-seed *only*, we will produce it *publicly*; and there will be sufficient accountants with us." *Koran*, *sura* 21.

84 2 **Assuredly.** See *Koran*, *sura* 75, p. 473; *sura* 82, p. 482; *sura* 83, p. 483.

84 9 **'living in a vain show.'** Cp. *ante*, 52 9 n.

84 25 **revenge yourself.** "Neither slay the soul which GOD has

forbidden *you to slay*, unless for a just cause; and whosoever shall be slain unjustly, we have given his heir power *to demand satisfaction;* but let him not exceed the bounds *of moderation* in putting to death *the murderer in too cruel a manner, or by revenging his friend's blood on any other than the person who killed him;* since he is assisted *by this law.*" *Koran, sura* 17, p. 230.

84 31 **giving alms.** "Alms according to the prescriptions of the Mohammedan law are to be given of five things. 1. Of cattle, that is to say, of camels, kine, and sheep. 2. Of money. 3. Of corn. 4. Of fruits, *viz.*, dates and raisins. And 5. Of wares sold. Of each of these a certain portion is to be given in alms, being usually one part in forty, or two and a half per cent of the value." SALE, *Prelim. Discourse*, Sect. iv. Gibbon is the authority for the "tenth." I do not find it in the *Koran*. See *Decline and Fall*, cap. l.

85 5 **Paradise . . . Hell sensual.** For Paradise, see *Koran, sura* 2, p. 4, etc., and especially *sura* 47, p. 411; *sura* 52, p. 425; *sura* 55, p. 434; *sura* 56, p. 435; *sura* 76, p. 475; and also for Hell, *ib., sura* 4, p. 67; *sura* 7, p. 119; *sura* 14, p. 206; *ib.*, p. 209; *sura* 22, p. 275; *sura* 43, p. 401; *sura* 44, p. 404; *sura* 47, p. 411; *sura* 88, p. 487.

85 13 **highest joys . . . spiritual.** "GOD promiseth unto the true believers, both men and women, gardens through which rivers flow, wherein they shall remain for ever; and delicious dwellings in the gardens of perpetual abode: but good will from God shall be their most excellent reward." *Koran, sura* 9.

85 16 **salutation . . . Peace.** "But as to those who believe, and work righteousness, their LORD will direct them because of their faith; they shall have rivers flowing through gardens of pleasure. Their prayer therein *shall be*, Praise be unto thee O GOD! and their salutation therein *shall be* Peace!" *Koran, sura* 10, p. 166. Cp. *ib., sura* 14, p. 207; *sura* 33, p. 347; *sura* 56, p. 435; *ib.*, p. 437. "Peace is what all desire, but all do not care for the things that pertain unto true peace." THOMAS À KEMPIS, *Imit.*, lib. iii, cap. xxv.

85 19 **all grudges.** "And we will remove all grudges from their minds." *Koran, sura* 7, p. 119. "*The angels shall say unto them*, Enter ye therein in peace and security, and we will remove all grudges from their breasts; *they shall be as* brethren, sitting over against one another on couches." *Ib., sura* 15, p. 212.

85 31 **"We require" . . . master.** This quotation in this form I have not been able to hunt down; the nearest approach to it is in Meister's visit to the Educational Province. He observes that the

dress of the pupils varies, apparently without reason. "Wilhelm inquired the reason of this seeming contradiction. 'It will be explained,' said the other, 'when I tell you, that by this means we endeavour to find out the children's several characters. With all our general strictness and regularity, we allow in this point a certain latitude of choice.'" *Meister's Travels*, xi, p. 215. Lond., 1868. The thought seems to have undergone with time, a process of sublimation in the crucible of Carlyle's brain. The translation of *Meister* lay sixteen years behind him.

86 8 **Month Ramadhan.** The Mohammedan Lent. "The month of Ramadan *shall ye fast*, in which the Korân was sent down *from heaven*." *Koran, sura* 2, p. 22. On account of the Mohammedan year being the lunar year, this fast comes at different seasons. See Muir, *Life of Mahomet*, 201. Lond., 1878.

87 14 **Benthamee Utility.** This reference produced a mild scene. "The onslaught on Benthamism in 'Hero-Worship,' which as Carlyle pronounced the word "beggarlier" brought Mill to his feet with an emphatic No!" GARNETT, *Carlyle*, p. 171. *Great Writers Series.* Cp. Carlyle's apology, *infra*, **198** 11–**199** 1–6.

87 24 **God Wish.** Cp. *ante*, **21** 20 n.

88 14 **Arabia first became alive.** Carlyle says the same of Scotland. See *infra*, **166** 32–**167** 1–32.

88 29 **lightning out of Heaven.** Cp. *ante*, **15** 7–28.

LECTURE III. THE HERO AS POET

90 17 **Napoleon has words.** Cp. *infra*, **160** 9. "Richter says of Luther's words, 'his words are half-battles,'" and n.

90 19 **things Turenne says.** I have not been able to find any of his *mots*.

91 5 **as Addison complains.** Unidentified.

91 20 **Vates.** Cp. "Nevertheless, taking up the character of *Vates* in its widest sense, Werner earnestly desires not only to be a poet but a prophet." *Essays, Life and Writings of Werner*, I, 121.

91 25 **the open secret.** The nearest approach to this quotation I found in *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, xiii, 237 (Lond., 1868): "While Nature unfolded the open secret of her beauty." It was a favorite phrase of Carlyle's. Cp. *infra*, **132** 20, **187** 27; *Essays, State of German Literature*, I, 45; *ib., Goethe*, I, 232; *ib., Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, II, 197; *ib., Goethe's Death*, III, 148.

91 29 **the Divine Idea.** "The whole material world, with all its adaptations and ends, and in particular the life of man in this world are by no means, in themselves and in deed and truth, that which they seem to be to the uncultivated and natural sense of man; but there is something higher, which lies concealed behind all natural appearance. This concealed foundation of all appearance may, in its greatest universality, be aptly named *the Divine Idea*." FICHTE, *The Nature of the Scholar*, 124. Lond., 1845. Cp. *infra*, **179** 27.

92 5 **the Satirist.** Carlyle himself; see, for the same idea expanded, *Sartor*, *Natural Supernaturalism*, 232–234.

93 4 **Consider the lilies.** See Matt. vi, 28.

93 14 **Beautiful is higher.** Unidentified.

93 17 **I have said somewhere.** In his article on Diderot in the *Quarterly Review* in 1833. See *Essays*, III, 320. "How . . . shall it at length be made manifest . . . that the Good is not properly the highest, but the Beautiful; that the true Beautiful (differing from the false, as Heaven does from Vauxhall) comprehends in it the Good?"

93 27 **imagination that shudders.** Carlyle quotes from himself. "The feelings, the gifts that exist in the Poet, are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul; the imagination, which shudders at the Hell of Dante, is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being." *Essays*, *Burns*, I, 285.

93 29 **Saxo Grammaticus.** Cp. *ante*, **27** 10 n.

94 5 **World-Poets.** It was Goethe who invented the term "world-literature," which Carlyle here modifies.

94 10 **all men.** Cp. *ante*, **93** 27 n.

94 18 **German Critics.** "Again he talks too often of 'representing the Infinite in the Finite,' of expressing the unspeakable and such high matters. In fact Horn's style, though extremely readable, has one great fault; it is, to speak it in a single word, an affected style." *Essays*, *State of German Literature*, I, 31. "Time itself, which is the outer veil of Eternity, invests, of its own accord, with an authentic, felt 'infinitude,' whatsoever it has once embraced in its mysterious folds." *Essays*, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 87.

94 28 **delineation . . . musical.** Cp. *infra*, **104** 21–32. "In the third place, his poem was so musical that it got up to the length of singing itself, his soul was in it; and when we read there is a tune which hurries itself along. These qualities, a great heart, insight, and song, are the stamp of a genuine poem at all times." (Of the *Divina Commedia*, *L.L.* 87.) Mr. Swinburne and Carlyle had not many

points of contact. The poet of *Laus Veneris* reproved the sage of Chelsea for indecency and called him 'Coprostomos,' an evil name, which does not, however, offset altogether Carlyle's energetic description of his opponent's attitude; but they agree essentially in their definition of poetry. There is much to be said for 'the old vulgar distinction.'

96 30 **A Corsican lieutenant.** Cp. "No Holy Alliance, though plush and gilding and genealogical parchment, to the utmost that the time yields, be hung round it, can gain for itself a dominion in the heart of any man; some thirty or forty millions of men's hearts being, on the other hand, subdued into loyal reverence by a Corsican Lieutenant of Artillery." *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 164.

97 2 **High Duchesses.** Cp. *infra*, **219** 19–25, and *Essays, Burns*, I, 313; *ib., Goethe's Works*, III, 164; Lockhart, *Life of Burns*, p. 79. Lond., 1828.

98 14 **Portrait . . . Giotto.** Not to be confounded with what is generally known as the Giotto portrait of Dante, as a young man, discovered in 1840, the year these lectures were given, under the whitewash on a wall of the chapel of the palace of the Podestà at Florence. The ordinary portraits are taken from the death mask, which Professor Norton is inclined to consider genuine. See Longfellow, *Dante's Divine Comedy*, I, 350. Carlyle has made a slip here.

99 8 **ten silent centuries.** Cp. *infra*, **100** 20.

99 9 **mystic unfathomable song.** Cp. *infra*, **102** 27. Quoted from Carlyle's translation of Tieck's opinion of Novalis. "He, alone among the moderns, resembles the lofty Dante; and sings us, like him, an unfathomable, mystic song." *Essays, Novalis*, II, 132.

100 3 **graceful affecting account.** The famous *Vita Nuova:* Carlyle does not err here, in the way of overpraise.

100 16 **Podestà.** From June 15 to August 15, 1300, Dante was one of the six Priors by election. 'Podestà' was the term applied to another officer in the complicated system of civic government at Florence.

101 5 **record . . . Archives.** Dated March 10, 1302. With Dante are included fourteen others. "There is still to be seen an act of that time in the archives of Florence, charging all magistrates to burn Dante alive when he should be taken, such vehement hatred had they conceived against him." *L.L.* 84.

101 10 **milder proposal.** Source not found.

101 17 **How hard.**

Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l' altrui scale.

Paradiso, xvii, 58 ff.

Quoted also, *Essays*, *Mirabeau*, IV, 102.

101 21 **Can della Scala.** This incident is mentioned in Bayle, art. *Dante*, and Petrarch's *Rerum Memorandarum*, lib. iv, is given as authority. "Erant in eodem convictu histriones ac nebulones omnis generis, ut mos est, quorum unus procacissimus obscœnis verbis ac gestibus, multum apud omnes loci et gratiæ tenebat. Quod moleste ferre Dantem suspicatus Canis, producto illo in medium, & magnis laudibus concelebrato, versus in Dantem: Miror, inquit, quid causæ subsit, cur hic cum sit demens, nobis tamen omnibus placere novit, & ab omnibus diligitur, quod tu qui sapiens diceris non potes? Ille autem: Minime, inquit, mirareris, si nosses quod morum paritas & similitudo animorum amicitiæ causa est."

102 22 **Malebolge.** Literally "Evil wallets." Dante gives this name to the divisions of the eighth circle, on account of their narrow, deep shape. Here the fraudulent are punished.

Luogo è in inferno, detto Malebolge.

Inferno, xviii, 1.

102 23 **alti guai.** Literally "deep groans" heard by Dante on his first entrance into the "città dolente"; not said specifically, of *Malebolge*.

Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle.

Inferno, iii, 22 f.

102 28 **unfathomable song.** Cp. *ante*, **99** 9 n.

103 2 **If thou follow.** The beginning of Brunetto Latini's speech to Dante. Latini was Dante's schoolmaster and addicted to judicial astrology.

Se tu segui tua stella
Non puoi fallire a glorioso porto.

Inferno, xv, 55.

Cp. "His old schoolmaster tells him: 'If thou follow thy star, thou canst not miss a happy harbour.' That was just it. That star occasionally shone on him from the blue eternal depths; and he felt he was doing something good; but he soon lost it again as he fell back into the trough of the sea, and had to journey on as before." *L.L.* 92.

103 8 **made me lean.**

> Se mai contінga che il poema sacro
> Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra
> Sì che m' ha fatto per più anni macro,
> Vinca la crudeltà.
>
> *Paradiso*, XXV, 1–3.

103 15 **Hic claudor Dantes.** Part of the epitaph Dante composed for himself.

> Jura monarchiæ, superos, phlegetonta, lacusque
> Lustrando cecini, voluerunt fata quousque:
> Sed quia pars cessit melioribus hospita castris,
> Auctoremque suum petiit, felicior astris
> Hic claudor Danthes patriis extorris ab oris,
> Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris.
>
> BAYLE, *Dictionary*, *s.v.*, II, 592, a. notes.

Bayle gives as authority Pocciantius, *De Script. Florent.*, pp. 45, 46, and also Paulus Jovius, *Elog.*, 9.

103 20 **unfathomable Song.** Cp. *ante*, **99** 9 n.

103 21 **Coleridge remarks.** Unidentified.

104 23 **canto fermo.** "The melody which remains firm to its original shape, while the parts around it are varying with the counterpoint." GROVE, *Dict. Music*, I, 306.

104 28 **makes it musical.** Cp. *ante*, **94** 28 n.

105 3 **sincerest of poems.** Compare, however, Ruskin's opinion, *Sesame and Lilies*, *The Mystery of Life and its Arts*, § iii.

105 7 **people of Verona.** Lamennais says "les femmes de Florence." *La Divine Comédie*, *Introduction*, I, 33. Paris, 1883. Rossetti translates Boccaccio's *Memoir:* "His complexion was brown; his hair and beard thick, black and crisp; and always his countenance melancholy and thoughtful. Whereby it happed one day in Verona, the fame of his works being already noised everywhere, and chiefly of that part of his Comedy which he entitles Hell, and he being known by many men and women, he passing before a door whereat several women were sitting, one of them in under tone, but still well heard by him and such as were with him, said to the other women: 'See ye him who goes through hell, and returns when he lists, and brings up hither news of those who are down there?' Whereto one of them replied in her simplicity: 'Of a truth, thou must say true. Seest not how he has his beard shrivelled up, and his complexion brown, through the heat and

the smoke which are there below?' Which words hearing said behind him, and knowing that they came from pure credence in the women, he pleased and as it were content that they should be in such belief, somewhat smiling, passed on." W. M. ROSSETTI, *The Comedy of Dante Alighieri, Part I. The Hell, Translated into Blank Verse. Biographical Memorandum*, xii, f. Lond., 1865.

105 17 **perfect through suffering.** See Heb. ii, 10.

106 9 **red pinnacle.** Literally "mosques," "vermilion."

> Ed io: Maestro, già le sue meschite
> Là entro certo nella valle cerno
> Vermiglie, come se di foco uscite
> Fossero. *Inferno*, viii, 70–73.

Dr. John Carlyle notices them in his translation, *Introduction*, xxxiii. N. Y., 1849.

106 19 **Plutus . . . collapses.**

> Quali dal vento le gonfiate vele
> Caggiono avvolte, poiche l'alber fiacca;
> Tal cadde a terra la fiera crudele.
> *Inferno*, vii, 13–15.

106 21 **Brunetto Latini.** The first three editions read 'Sordello.'

> Ed io, quando 'l suo braccio a me distese,
> Ficcai gli occhi per lo cotto aspetto.
> *Inferno*, xv, 26 f.

Cp. "Among these he sees his old schoolmaster who taught him grammar, he winks at him in the manner described, but he is so burnt that Dante can hardly recognise him." *L.L.* 89.

106 23 **fiery snow.**

> Sovra tutto il sabbion d' un cader lento
> Piovean di fuoco dilatate falde
> Come di neve in alpe senza vento.
> *Inferno*, xiv, 28–30.

Cp. "It brings one home to the subject; there is much reality in this similitude. So his description of the place they were in. Flakes of fire came down like snow, falling on the skin of the people, and burning them black!" *L.L.* 89.

106 25 **those Tombs.** See *Inferno*, ix, 112–x, 1–18. Cp. "The description is striking of the sarcophaguses in which these people are

enclosed, 'more or less heated,' . . . the lids are to be kept open till the last day, and are then to be sealed down for ever." *L.L.* 91.

106 28 **how Farinata rises.** See *Inferno*, x, 22–51, especially l. 35 f. "And he drew up his head and chest, as if he had Hell in great disdain." Cp. "We must not omit Farinata, the beautiful illustration of a character much found in Dante. He is confined in the black dome where the heretics dwell . . . He hears Dante speaking in the Tuscan dialect, and he accosts him. He is a man of great haughtiness (*gran dispitto, sdegnoso*). This spirit of defiance of suffering, so remarkable in Æschylus, occurs two or three times in Dante. Farinata asks him, 'What news of Florence?' For in all his long exile Dante himself thinks continually of Florence, which he loves so well, and he makes even those in torment anxious after what is doing in Florence." *L.L.* 91.

106 28 **how Cavalcante falls.** Carlyle's memory plays him false here. See *Inferno*, x, 52–72. The significant lines are: "Forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno," l. 63, and "Come Dicesti: egli ebbe? non viv' egli ancora?" ll. 67 f. In the lectures of 1838, Carlyle remembers the exact word. "Then Cavalcanti asks Dante why he is there, and not his son. Where is he? And Dante replies that perhaps he had disdain for Virgil. *Had?* Cavalcanti asks (*Ebbe*): 'Does he not live then?' And, as Dante pauses a little without replying, he plunges down and Dante sees him no more!" *L.L.* 91 f.

107 24 **the eye seeing.** Unidentified.

108 2 **Francesca and her Lover.** See *Inferno*, v, 80–142. Cp. "There are many of his greatest qualities in the celebrated passage about Francesca, whom he finds in the circle of Inferno appropriated to those who had erred in love. I many times say I know nowhere of a more striking passage; if any one would select a passage characteristic of a great man, let him study that. It is as tender as the voice of mothers, full of the gentlest pity, though there is much stern tragedy in it. It is very touching. In a place without light, which groaned like a stormy sea, he sees two shadows which he wishes to speak to, and they come to him. He compares them to doves whose wings are open and not fluttering. Francesca, one of these, utters her complaint, which does not occupy twenty lines, though it is such an one that a man may write a thousand lines about it and not do ill. It contains beautiful touches of human weakness. She feels that stern justice encircles her all around. 'Oh, living creature,' she says, 'who hast come so kindly to visit us, if the Creator of the World' (poor Francesca! she knew

that she had sinned against His inexorable justice) 'were our friend, we would pray Him for thy peace!' Love, which soon teaches itself to a gentle heart, inspired her Paolo (beautiful womanly feeling that). 'Love forbids that the person loved shall not love in return.' And so she loved Paolo. 'Caina awaits him who destroyed our life,' she adds with female vehemence. Then in three lines she tells the story how they fell in love. 'We read one day of Lancelot, how love possessed him: we were alone, we regarded one another; when we read of that laughing kiss, he, trembling, kissed me! That day,' she adds, 'we read no further!'

"The whole is beautiful, like a clear piping voice heard in the middle of a whirlwind: it is so sweet and gentle and good." *L.L.* 89 f.

108 5 **della bella persona.** "Love . . . took him with the fair body of which I was bereft"; Literally: "Which was taken from me; and in a way that continues to afflict me." Dr. Carlyle's Translation, p. 61 and n. N. Y., 1849. The reading of H[1] '*questa forma*' is not found in the passage; it is apparently due to Carlyle's imperfect recollection of the Italian.

108 7 **he will never part.** "Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso." *Inferno*, v, 135.

108 8 **alti guai.** See **102** 23 n.

108 9 **aer bruno.** Literally "the brown air." *Inferno*, ii, 1.

108 16 **terrestrial libel.** Cp. "This, too, is an answer to a criticism against Dante, and a paltry criticism it is. Some have regarded the poem as a kind of satire upon his enemies, on whom he revenged himself by putting them into hell. Now nothing is more unworthy of Dante than such a theory. If he had been of such an ignoble nature, he could never have written the *Divina Commedia*. It was written in the purest spirit of justice." *L.L.* 90 f.

109 10 **A Dio spiacenti.** These three famous lines relating to the angels which were not rebellious and were not for God, but for themselves, occur close together; see *Inferno*, iii, 63, 51, 46. Carlyle grouped them in 1837, in his essay on Mirabeau. "Satan himself, according to Dante, was a praiseworthy object, compared with those *juste-milieu* angels (so over-numerous in times like ours) who 'were *neither* faithful nor rebellious,' but were for their little selves only; trimmers, moderates, plausible persons, who, in the Dantean Hell, are found doomed to this frightful penalty, that 'they have not the hope to die (*non han speranza di morte*),' but sunk in torpid death-life, in mud

and the plague of flies, they are to doze and dree forever, — 'hateful to God and to the Enemies of God':

> *'Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!'"*
>
> *Essays, Mirabeau*, iv, 92.

In 1835, Carlyle and his wife were both studying Italian. Cp. "We had a great burst of bravura together over that class of Damned Souls in Dante, *A Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui*, precisely 'the respectable people' of this present generation of the world! Dante says, *non hanno speranza di morte*, they have not the hope to die! A grand old Puritan this Dante; depth and ferocity without limit; implacable, composed; as if *covered* with winter and ice, and like Hecla, his interior is molten fire!" *Lett.* 553.

109 13 **Non ragionam.** Cp. "These of whom he speaks were a kind of trimmers; men that had not even the merit to join with the devil." He adds: '*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!*' — 'Let us say nothing of them, but look and pass!' *L.L.* 86.

109 15 **non han speranza.** Cp. "That is a fine thing which he says of those in a state of despair, 'They have not the Hope to die' — '*Non hanno speranza di morte!*' What an idea that is in Dante's mind there of death! To most persons death is the dreaded being, the king of terrors, but to Dante to be imprisoned for ever in a miserable complexity, without hope of release, is the most terrible of things! Indeed, I believe, notwithstanding the horror of death, no human creature but would find it to be the most dreadful doom not to be suffered to die, though he should be decreed to enjoy all youth and bloom immortally! For there is a boundlessness, an endless longing, in the breast, which aspires to another world than this." *L.L.* 86.

109 18 **that Destiny itself.** Unidentified.

109 23 **I do not agree.** Carlyle had stated this opinion before in his lectures of 1838. Cp. "The 'Inferno' has become of late times, mainly the favourite of the three divisions of Dante's great poem. It has harmonised well with the taste of the last thirty or forty years, in which Europe has seemed to covet more a violence of emotion and a strength of convulsion than almost any other quality. It is no doubt a great thing; but to my mind the 'Purgatorio' is excellent also, and I question even whether it is not a better and a greater thing on the whole." *L.L.* 93.

109 34 **tremolar dell' onde.** Again Carlyle trusts his memory and misquotes. The phrase occurs in *Purgatorio*, i, 117: "The dawn

conquered the morning hour, which fled before it, so that afar off I recognized the trembling of the sea." Cp. "Very touching is that gentle patience, that unspeakable thankfulness with which the souls expect their release after thousands of years. Cato is keeping the gate. That is a beautiful dawn of morning. The dawn drove away the darkness westward, with a quivering of the sea on the horizon.

'Si che di lontano
Conobbi al tremolar della marina.'

He seems to seize the word for it. Anybody who has seen the sun rise at sea will recognise it." *L.L.* 94. The meaningless 'al' for 'il' is probably due to the transcriber.

110 8 **Tell my Giovanna.** See *Purgatorio*, viii, 70–75. Cp. "One man says: 'Tell my Giovanna that I think her mother does not love me now,'—that she has laid aside her weeds!" *L.L.* 94.

110 11 **bent-down like corbels.**

Come per sostentar solaio o tetto
Per mensola talvolta una figura
Si veder guinger le ginocchia al petto,
La qual fa del non ver vera rancura
Nascere a chi la vede; così fatti
Vid' io color, quando posi ben cura.

Purgatorio, x, 130–135.

110 16 **Mountain shakes.** The incident of the mountain shaking is given in *Purgatorio*, xx, 121–151. Dante is very anxious to know the reason why, but does not dare to ask. The explanation is given, *ib.*, xxi, 58–60.

111 26 **as I urged.** Cp. *ante*, 7 3–29.

112 17 **ten silent centuries.** Cp. *ante*, 99 8.

113 14 **yesterday, to-day.** See Heb. xiii, 8.

113 19 **Napoleon in St. Helena.** "*L'Iliade* est ainsi que la *Genèse* et la *Bible* le signe et le gage du temps. Homère, dans sa production, est poète, orateur, historien, législateur, géographe, théologien, c'est l'encyclopédiste de son époque: Homère est inimitable. . . . Du reste, jamais, je n'étais aussi frappé de ses beautés que maintenant: et les sensations qu'il me fait éprouver me confirment la justesse de l'approbation universelle." Napoleon came back to the subject often; see Las Cases, *Memoirs*, II, 137 (May 1, 1816), III, 289 (Sept. 13, 1816),

III, 315 (Sept. 22, 1816), III, 332 (Sept. 25–27, 1816), III, 358 (Oct. 8, 1816).

113 21 **oldest Hebrew Prophet.** Cp. *ante*, 56 1–9.

114 12 **uses of this Dante.** The first chapter of Emerson's *Representative Men* discusses "Uses of Great Men."

114 23 **Arabians at Grenada.** Cp. *ante*, 88 19, 20.

115 13 **fills all Morning.** Unidentified.

116 22 **Warwickshire Squire.** Cp. *infra*, l. 32 n.

116 28 **Tree Igdrasil.** Cp. *ante*, 23 24 n.

116 32 **Sir Thomas Lucy.** See Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, 27 f. Lond., 1899.

117 1 **not a leaf rotting.** Cp. *ante*, 10 8 n.

117 30 **Freemason's Tavern.** Carlyle met with a number of distinguished men, at this place, on June 24, 1840, to found the London Library. See *C.L.L.* I, 200.

118 18 **It has been said.** Cp. *Essays*, *Burns*, I, 285.

119 17 **Fiat lux.** See Gen. i, 3.

120 2 **convex-concave mirror.** A Richterian idea; see *Siebenkäs*, cap. i, translated by Carlyle, *Essays*, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter Again*, II, 225. Cp. "Is this beside me yet a Man? Unhappy one! Your little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo; a convex-mirror throws its rays into that dust-cloud of dead men's ashes, down on the Earth; and thus yon cloud-formed wavering phantasms arise." Cp. "There they are gathered together, blinking up to it with such vision as they have, scanning it from afar, hovering round it this way and that, each cunningly endeavouring, by all arts, to catch some reflex of it in the little mirror of Himself; though many times this mirror is so twisted with convexities and concavities, and, indeed, so extremely small in size, that to expect any true image whatever from it, is out of the question." *Essays*, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, I, 6.

120 13 **Goethe . . . says of Shakspeare.** This statement of Carlyle's was corrected next day in the *Times*, by an unknown reporter, who spells the lecturer's name, consistently, "Carlisle." He mentions that the remark was applauded, and does not want Carlyle, but Boswell, to have the credit of originating it. Something very like it does occur in *Boswell*. Johnson, in comparing Richardson and Fielding to the latter's disadvantage, used this expression, "that there was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate." Boswell thinks that "the neat watches of Fielding are as well

constructed as the large clocks of Richardson and that his dial-plates are brighter." *Boswell*, sub ann., 1768. I have not been able to find the remark in Goethe.

121 15 **crabbed old Schoolmaster.** "An old blind Schoolmaster in Annan used to ask with endless anxiety when a new scholar was offered him, 'But are ye sure *he's not a Dunce?*' It is really the one thing needful in a man; for indeed (if we will candidly understand it) *all* else is presupposed in that. Horace Walpole is no dunce, not a fibre of him is duncish." *E.-Corr.* I, 205.

121 26 **talk of faculties.** See 122 12 n.

122 12 **All that a man does.** Cp. "I know that there have been distinctions drawn between intellect, imagination, fancy, and so on, and doubtless there are conveniences in such division, but at the same time we must keep this fact in view, that the mind is *one*, and consists not of bundles of faculties at all, showing ever the same features however it exhibits itself — whether in painting, singing, fighting, ever the same physiognomy." *L.L.* 148.

123 17 **Shakspeare . . . greatest of Intellects.** Cp. "In a word, if I were bound to describe him, I should be inclined to say that his intellect was by far greater than that of any other man who has given an account of himself by writing books." *L.L.* 148.

123 20 **unconscious intellect.** Cp. "And what is still more excellent, I am sure that Shakspeare himself had no conception at all of any such meaning in his poem; he had no scheme of the kind. He would just look into the story, his noble mind, the serene depth of it, would look in on it as it was by nature, with a sort of noble instinct, and in no other way." *L.L.* 149.

123 21 **Novalis beautifully remarks.** "When we speak of the aim and Art observable in Shakspeare's works, we must not forget that Art belongs to Nature; that it is, so to speak, self-viewing, self-imitating, self-fashioning Nature. The Art of a well-developed genius is far different from the Artfulness of the Understanding, of the merely reasoning mind. Shakspeare was no calculator, no learned thinker; he was a mighty many-gifted soul, whose feelings and works, like products of Nature, bear the stamp of the same spirit; and in which the last and deepest of observers will still find new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man. They are emblematic, have many meanings, are simple and inexhaustible, like products of Nature; and nothing more unsuitable could be said of them than

that they are works of Art, in the narrow mechanical acceptation of the word." NOVALIS, *Blüthenstaub*, quoted by Carlyle, *Essays*, II, 120.

"He" (Shakspere) "is strong as Nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other." EMERSON, *Representative Men*, *Shakespeare; or the Poet*. "O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers; like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert — but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident." DE QUINCEY, *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth*.

123 29 **new harmonies.** See **123** 21 n.

124 5 **as the oak-tree grows.** Cp. "And thus when we hear of so much said of the art of any great writer it is not *art* at all, it is properly *nature*. It is not known to the author himself, but is the instinctive behest of his mind. This all-producing earth knows not the symmetry of the oak which springs from it. It is all beautiful, not a branch is out of its place, all is symmetry there; but the earth has no conception of it, and produced it solely by the virtue that was in itself." *L.L.* 149 f.

124 12 **Speech is great.** Cp. "Words are good, but they are not the best." GOETHE, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, bk. vii, cap. ix, Carlyle's Translation, II, 60. Lond., 1868.

125 3 **'good hater.'** "Dear Bathurst was a man to my very heart's content: he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig; he was a very good hater." Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 83; quoted, Birbeck Hill's *Boswell*, I, 190, n. 2.

125 13 **crackling of thorns.** See Eccl. vii, 6.

125 24. **Hamlet in Wilhelm Meister.** See *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, bk. iv, cap. iii to bk. v, cap. xii. Cp. "One of the finest things of the kind ever produced is Goethe's criticism on Hamlet in his 'Wilhelm Meister,' which many among you are aware of. I may call it the reproduction of Hamlet in a shape addressed to the intellect, as Hamlet is already addressed to the imagination." *L.L.* 147. "Let us look into the scheme of his works, the play of Hamlet, for instance. Goethe has found out and has really made plausible to his readers, all

sorts of harmonies in the structure of his plays with the nature of things, and we have realised in this way all that could be demanded of him." *Ib.*, 149.

125 28 **National Epic.** "It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form . . . of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies." A. W. SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, 419. Lond., 1883.

125 28 **Marlborough . . . said.** "In a discussion with Burnet upon some historical point, he displayed so incorrect a conception of the subject, that the Bishop asked him the source of his information. He replied that it was from Shakspeare's plays that he learnt all he knew of English history." WOLSELEY, *Life of Marlborough*, I, 33. Lond., 1894. Lord Wolseley adds in a footnote: "This anecdote is told by Dr. Warner in his 'Remarks on the History of Fingal,' on Dr. Burnet's authority." Cp. *L.L.* 149; *Essays, On History*, II, 230, where Carlyle refers to the same fact.

126 5 **battle of Agincourt.** A. W. Schlegel commends this part of *Henry V* specially. Cp. **125** 28 n.

126 9 **ye good Yeomen.** To be exact, "And you, good yeomen, Whose limbs," etc. *Henry V*, III, 1, part of the king's speech at Harfleur, not at Agincourt.

127 3 **Disjecta membra.** Carlyle seems to have in mind "Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ," HOR. *Sat.*, I, 4, 62; but there is a different meaning in Horace. "The whole of it is rich in thought and imagery, and happy expressions; and of the *disjecta membra*, scattered about," etc. *Boswell's Johnson*, sub ann., 1737, of *Irene*.

127 9 **We are such stuff.** Reference to the statue by Kent in Westminster Abbey. The "scroll" contains the famous lines from *The Tempest*, IV, i, so often quoted by Carlyle.

127 28 **little about his Patriotism.** Carlyle must have forgotten, for the time, John of Gaunt's dying speech in *Richard II*.

129 6 **prolix absurdity.** Cp. *ante*, **74** 9–16.

129 13 **Sir Thomas Lucy.** See **116** 32 n., "sending to the Treadmill," a humorous modernization of whatever was the Elizabethan punishment for poaching.

LECTURE IV. THE HERO AS PRIEST

132 20 **open secret.** See **91** 26 n.

133 20 **live . . . fruit of his leading.** Mixed metaphor; cp. "unravel the kernel," *ante*, **26** 28.

134 15 **wild Saint Dominics.** An example of Carlyle's habit of making proper nouns plural, to give picturesqueness to his style. The reference is to Domingo de Guzman, the founder of the famous order of preaching friars, 'Domini canes,' as they called themselves. **Thebaid Eremites.** See Kingsley, *The Hermits*.

135 16 **Progress of the Species.** "What, for example, is all this that we hear, for the last generation or two, about the Improvement of the Age, the Spirit of the Age, Destruction of Prejudice, Progress of the Species, and the March of Intellect, but an unhealthy state of self-sentience, self-survey, the precursor and prognostic of still worse health." *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 22 f. On June 1, 1837, Carlyle mentions in a letter to Emerson "a set of Essays on Progress of the Species and such like by a man whom I grieved to see confusing himself with that. Progress of the species is a thing I can get no good of at all." *E.-Corr.* I, 125.

136 7 **in the ocean.** Not so much a quotation as Carlyle's condensation of *Inferno*, xxxiv, 106–126.

137 24 **Schweidnitz Fort.** Captured by General Loudon, Sept. 30, 1761. "In another place, the 800 Russian Grenadiers came unexpectedly upon a chasm or bridgeless interstice between two ramparts; and had to halt suddenly, — till, (says rumour again, with still less certainty) their Officers insisting with the rearward part, 'Forward, forward!' enough of men were tumbled in to make a roadway! This was the story current; greatly exaggerated, I have no doubt." CARLYLE, *History of Friedrich II of Prussia*, VII, 394. N. Y., 1898 (bk. xx, cap. vii). Cp. *infra*, **168** 6.

138 13 **Arab turban.** A curious 'arm.' Could Carlyle have written 'tulwar'?

138 26 **cannot away with.** "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies I cannot away with; *it is* iniquity, even the solemn meeting." Isa. i, 13.

138 28 **done under the sun.** "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Eccl. i, 14. The phrase occurs five times in this same book.

139 27 **Canopus. Caabah.** See *ante*, **11** 3, and **56** 23 f.

140 14 **dimly to doubt.** "Doubt" is here a Scotticism, equivalent to "suspect."

140 21 **You do not believe.** I cannot find when or to whom Coleridge says this. It occurs again in brief form in Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, p. 47 (People's ed.), n. d., and may have been said of Sterling himself.

141 8 **timber and bees-wax.** See *ante*, **72** 13–15.

141 9 **Tetzel's Pardons.** See *infra*, **151** 28 n.

143 7 **Hogstraten.** Jacobus Hoogstraten, a Dominican monk, who wished to convince Luther of his errors by the short argument of the stake; satirized in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. *Michelet*, 31 n.

143 8 **Eck.** Johann Eck (1486–1543), Professor of Theology at Ingolstadt, Master of the Apostolical Chamber at Rome and Licenser of books; attacked Luther on the subject of indulgences; and went to Rome to procure his condemnation; and was one of his opponents at the Diet of Worms.

143 13 **Bellarmine.** Robert Bellarmine (1542–1621) died Archbishop of Capua, a famous Catholic theologian and controversialist, noted for his learning, clear method, and moderation.

143 21 **believe that.** See **140** 21 n.

145 16 **Serpent-queller.** An allusion to the myth of Apollo as the slayer of the Python; or possibly in view of the next line, to Spenser's Red-cross Knight and his conquest of Error. *Faerie Queene*, bk. i, cant. i.

146 21 **Luther's birthplace.** "In these circumstances Martin Luther was born. His parents were of the poorest people. His father was a poor miner of Moerha or Moer, near Eisenach, in Upper Saxony, where Luther was born on November 10th, 1483." *L.L.* 125.

147 8 **another Birth-hour.** Carlyle's references to Jesus are uniformly reverent. Cp. *Sartor*, 203, 207.

147 12 **Age of Miracles past.** A general reference to Hume on miracles.

147 18 **He had to beg.** "His father, who seems to have been a remarkable man, contrived to send him to a school, where he struggled on in his studies for a long time. It appears that he went with other of the boys, as was their custom, through the various villages in the intervals of study, singing ballads, and getting in this way a few coppers thrown to him, till at last the widow of a rich burgher, hearing of his ability, assisted him forward, and got him placed at the University, where he soon distinguished himself." *L.L.* 126.

148 1 **thunder-hammer.** Thor means 'thunder.' Cp. *ante*, 21 12 n.

148 4 **death of his friend.** "His father wished him to be a lawyer, and he was at first studying for that, but afterwards, upon seeing a companion struck suddenly dead by his father's side, Luther, naturally a serious, melancholy-minded man, was so struck to the heart at seeing before his eyes a dear friend at once hurried away into Eternity and infinitude, that the law and the promotions it offered him sank into a poor, miserable dream in comparison to the great reality before him, and he became a monk that he might occupy himself wholly with prayer and religion." *L.L.* 126.

148 27 **a pious monk.** "He became, as he tells us, 'a strict and painful monk,' and this life continued many years, nearly ten years." *L.L.* 126. "Dazu musz er die wort lesen | on alle frembde gedancken | vnd dasz ers allein hörete | vnd die vmbher waren | nicht ich bin auch ein solcher frommer Münch gewesen | in die funfftzehen Jare | Gott vergeb mirs." *Colloquia Mensalia*, fol. 164. Frankfort, 1571.

149 7 **he was doomed.** "He was very miserable in that life, imagining himself doomed to everlasting perdition, and he could not see how prayer, saying of masses, could save him or get him to Heaven." *L.L.* 126.

149 17 **an old Latin Bible.** "At last one of his brother monks, a pious, good man, told him, what was quite new to him at the time, that the real secret of the thing lay in repentance and faith in Jesus Christ. This was the first insight he ever got into it, that it was not prayer nor masses at all that could save him, but falling down in spirit as Scripture says at the foot of the Cross! At this time, too, he found a Bible, an old Vulgate Bible, in the convent library, which he read, and in this way he got peace of mind at last, but he seems to have introduced no project of reform at the time." *L.L.* 126 f. "Much astonishment has sometimes been expressed at Luther's 'discovery' of the Bible at the Convent Library of Erfurt. The real explanation of his previous ignorance of its contents is that Luther entered the Order a Master of Arts who had never studied in a theological Faculty." RASHDALL, *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, II, pt. ii, 701. Oxford, 1895. On the other hand, Luther himself said that the Bible was a book rarely found in the hands of the monks, who knew St. Thomas better than St. Paul. *Michelet*, 18, n., and *ib.*, 6, n. 1. See D'Aubigné, *History of the Reformation*, bk. ii, caps. v, vi.

150 4 **Friedrich, the Wise.** There is a portrait of Frederick in the cheap English translation of Luther's *Life* by Köstlin.

150 6 **Professor in . . . Wittenberg.** "He continued to grow in esteem with everybody. The Elector of Saxony, hearing of his great talents and harmony, brought him to the University he had just founded, and made him one of the professors there." *L.L.* 127.

150 11 **he first saw Rome.** "His convent afterwards sent him to Rome, for he remained an Augustinian monk, to manage some affairs of the convent; this was in the time of Pope Julius II. He was deeply shocked at all he saw there, but was not in the least aware then of the work he was in a few years to do." *L.L.* 127.

150 16 **what we know.** Carlyle's moderation is noteworthy. What Luther found was the Italy of the Borgias. See D'Aubigné, *History of the Reformation*, bk. ii, cap. vi.

151 19 **sorrowfulest of theories.** Compare Carlyle's generous indignation at a similar interpretation of Dante's conduct. Cp. *ante*, **108** 14. "Again, turning in the other direction, he criticises Luther's Reformation, and repeats that old and indeed quite foolish story of the Augustine monks having a merely commercial grudge against the Dominican." *Essays, Taylor's Survey of German Literature*, II, 441.

151 28 **The Monk Tetzel.** "But at last Tetzel, the celebrated Dominican, came into Saxony to sell indulgences. He was sent by Pope Leo X, who wanted money for some purpose, some say to buy jewels for a niece, and he sold them there beside Luther. Luther soon found it out in the confessional, as he heard frequently from those who came to confess, that they had no need of repentance for this or that sin, since they had bought indulgences for them! This set Luther to preach a sermon against the sale of indulgences at all, in which he asserted that the Church has only power to remit the penalties itself imposes on sin, but not to pardon sin, and that no man has any authority to do that. Tetzel responded to this, and at last Luther saw himself obliged to look deeper into the matter, and to publish his ninety-five propositions as to indulgences, denying the foundation of the whole matter altogether, and challenging Tetzel to prove it to him either in reason or Scripture. This occasioned a great ferment in Germany, already in an unsettled state of opinion, and produced several missions from the Pope." *L.L.* 127 f. Luther is himself the authority for this statement; see *Michelet*, 80, 182.

152 24 **Huss.** The Bohemian reformer and martyr; born about 1369, burnt at the stake, July 6, 1415. See also **154** 15 n. **Jerome.** The martyr of Prague, convert of Wycliffe and friend of Huss, born between 1360–1370, burnt at the stake, May 30, 1416.

152 25 **Constance Council.** This notable meeting (1414–1418) was for the purpose of putting an end to the irregularities in the election of the Pope, and to prevent the doctrines of Huss from spreading.

153 6 **words of truth.** See Acts xxvi, 25.

153 18 **at the Elster-Gate.** In II [1], Carlyle was not accurate as to the place. "Finally, being excommunicated by the Pope, he publicly burned the excommunication in the presence of his friends, and excited thereby a deep murmur of astonished expectancy among the beholders, but nothing more then, though they could not help feeling that the truth must be with him." *L.L.* 128.

153 31 **Mahomet said.** See 72 14 n.

154 15 **Diet of Worms.** "In the year 1521 . . . he surrendered himself to the Diet of Worms, where the Emperor had resolved to have him tried, although he remembered how Huss had been betrayed before, and his safe-conduct violated. It was in the eyes of all a daring, great, fearful enterprise, but not fearful to Luther, whose life was not to sink into a downy sleep, while he heard the great call of a far other life upon him, so he determined to go. This was on the 17th of April, 1521. Charles V, the Emperor, and the six Electors were sitting there, and there was he, a poor man, son of a poor miner, with nothing but God's truth for his support." *L.L.* 128 f.

154 29 **as many Devils.** "His friends met him at the gate and told him not to enter the city, as the danger was great; but he told them deliberately 'that, upon the whole, he would go in, though there were as many devils in Worms as house-tiles.'" *L.L.* 129. Quoted also, *Essays, Luther's Psalm*, II, 242.

155 4 **Whosoever denieth.** See Matt. x, 33. "He accordingly appeared, and went through an examination on matters of religion, which was wound up by the question, 'Would he recant his opinions?'

"The answer was to be given on the morrow; he meditated it all the night. Next morning, as he passed through the streets, the people were all on their housetops, calling on him not to deny the truth, and saying, 'Whoso denieth Me before men, him will I deny before My Father.' And there were other voices of that sort which spoke to his heart, but he passed on without a word." *L.L.* 129.

155 15 **His writings.** "In the Council he spoke in reply for two hours, and was admired by everybody for his modest sincerity. 'As to the retractation, he first wished to have explained to him what was wrong in the opinions.' They told him 'that they had nothing to do with scholastic theology, the question was, Would he recant?' To

this he answered, 'that his book was divided into two portions, part of it was his own, part was Scripture. In the former it was possible that there was much error, which, if proved, he was not only willing, but eager to retract; but as to the other part, he could not retract it. It was neither safe nor prudent to do anything against Conscience; let me,' he said, 'be convicted of error from the Bible, or let the thing stand as written. Here I take my stand; it is neither safe nor prudent to do anything against Conscience. God be my help. Amen!' This speech will be for ever memorable; it was as brave a speech as was ever uttered by man. It was the beginning of things not fully developed even yet, but kindled then first into a flame, which shall never be extinguished. It was the assertion of the right of consulting one's own conscience, which every new founder of a civilisation must now take along with him, which has entered largely into all the activity men have had since!" *L.L.* 129 f. Quoted also, *Essays*, *Luther's Psalm*, II, 243. See also *ib.*, n.

157 14 **No Popery.** When Carlyle was giving these lectures, the Anglo-Catholic Revival, or Oxford Movement, was almost at its height. The next year (the year the lectures were published), Newman issued his famous *Tract XC.* In 1842, he left the Anglican communion. While *Heroes* remained in manuscript, Carlyle wrote to Emerson (Dec. 9, 1840): "To fly in the teeth of English Puseyism, and risk such shrill welcome as I am pretty sure of, is questionable; yet at bottom why not?" *E.-Corr.* I, 338.

158 26 **man that has stirred-up.** For example, the men that made the French Revolution. Carlyle notes also how Knox dominates the Puritan movement in Scotland; see *infra*, **173** 9.

159 12 **preach without a cassock.** "Luther thus writes to George Duchholzer, an ecclesiastic of Berlin, who had asked his opinion respecting the changes recently introduced into Brandenburg. 'As to the chasuble, the processions, and other external matters that your prince will not abolish, my opinion is this: If he allows you to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity, without any human additions, . . . then I say, Go through whatever ceremonies he requires, whether they relate to carrying a gold or silver cross, to chasuble of velvet, of silk, or linen, to cope, or what not. If he is not satisfied with one cope or chasuble, put on three, after the fashion of the high priest Aaron, who wore three robes, one upon the other, all beautiful and gorgeous garments.'" *Michelet*, 456. To Carlyle, the born Presbyterian, the difference between a chasuble and a cassock was trifling; both were articles of ecclesiastical man-millinery.

159 16 **Karlstadt's wild image-breaking.** Two of the Reformers, Storch and Münzer, went beyond Luther's teaching and advocated the total banishment of priests and Bibles. They were driven away from Zwickau and came to Wittenberg, where Karlstadt joined them. The consequence of their preaching was an attack on the churches, breaking of images, and general disorder. See D'Aubigné, *History of the Reformation*, bk. ix, 46; and *Michelet*, 149–150; and *ib.*, 368 f.

159 17 **Anabaptists.** The shape which the Reformation took at Münster in 1532 was strange enough, opposition to infant baptism, calls to repentance, and polygamy. See *Michelet*, 230–248; and *ib.*, Appendix, 401.

159 17 **Peasants' War.** One consequence of the Reformation, a ten months' struggle in 1525 of the peasants with the nobility to obtain bare justice. Prof. T. M. Lindsay (*Encyc. Brit.*) holds that Luther failed at this crisis, lost his head, and at last took the wrong side. For the petition of the peasants and Luther's answer to them, see *Michelet*, 161–180; and *ib.*, Appendix, 370–376.

160 9 **Richter says.** "Luther's prose is a half-battle; few deeds are equal to his words." *Essays*, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, II, 215; quoted from *Vorschule*, s. 545. "Though his words were half battles, as Jean Paul says, stronger than artillery, yet among his friends he was the kindest of men." *L.L.* 131. The phrase is also quoted by Carlyle, *Essays*, *Luther's Psalm*, II, 242; *ib.*, *Goethe's Works*, III, 197.

160 15 **'Devils' in Worms.** See **154** 29 n.

160 23 **Luther sat.** See Coleridge, *The Friend*, *First Landing-Place*, *Essay 2*, for a long discussion of this incident. "Eisenach, with its Wartburg, where Luther lay concealed translating the Bible: there I spent one of the most interesting forenoons I ever got by travelling. . . . They open a door, you enter a little apartment, a very poor, low room with an old leaden lattice window, to me the most venerable of all rooms I ever entered. . . . I kissed his old oak table, looked out of his window — making them open it for me — and thought to myself, 'Here once lived one of God's soldiers. Be honour given him.'" CARLYLE, to his mother, quoted by Blunt, *The Carlyles' Chelsea Home*, p. 46. Lond., 1895. See *C.L.L.* II, 117.

161 3 **The Devil is aware.** In a letter to the Elector, dated Ash Wednesday, 1522. "The devil well knows it was not fear made me do this: he saw my heart when I entered Worms, and knows perfectly well, that, had the city been as full of devils as there are tiles on the

house-tops, I would joyfully throw myself among them. Now Duke George is even less in my eye than a devil. . . . If God called me to Leipzig, as he does to Wittenberg, I would go there, though for nine whole days together it were to rain Duke Georges, and every one of them were nine times more furious than this devil of a duke is." *Michelet*, 118 f.

162 6 **Luther's Table-Talk.** Michelet's *Life of Luther*, translated by Hazlitt (Bogue's European Library, Lond., 1846), furnishes the English reader with the readiest means of understanding the *Table-Talk*, as it is almost wholly constructed out of it. The references are given, and there is a copious Appendix. "Luther's *Table-Talk* is still a venerable classic in our language." *Essays, State of German Literature*, I, 35.

162 12 **He is resigned.** Chapter i, book v, of Michelet's *Life* is devoted almost entirely to this incident. The child died in 1542 at the age of fourteen; her name was Magdalene, not Margaret, as Carlyle put it both here and in l. 18 of the first edition, H[1]. "When his daughter was very ill, he said: 'I love her well; yet, O my God! if it be thy will to take her hence, I will resign her without regret, into thy hands.' As she lay in bed, he said to her: 'My dear little daughter, my darling Magdalen, thou wouldst, doubtless, willingly remain here with thy poor father, but thou wouldst also go hence willingly to thy other Father, if he call thee to him?'" *Michelet*, 298.

162 20 **his solitary Patmos.** Luther dated his letters from the Wartburg, "from the Isle of Patmos"; it is Carlyle's name for Craigenputtoch.

162 23 **flights of clouds.** "I have lately seen two signs in the heavens: I was looking out of my window in the middle of the night, and I saw the stars, the whole majestic vault of God, supporting itself, without my being able to perceive the columns upon which the Master rested it; yet it fell not. . . . In the morning I saw huge, heavily-laden clouds floating over my head, like an ocean. I saw no pillars supporting the enormous masses; yet they fell not, but, saluting me gloomily, passed on; and, as they passed on, I perceived, beneath the curve which had sustained them, a delicious rainbow." *Michelet*, 307 f.

162 27 **beauty of the harvest-fields.** "Another day, on his way to Leipzig, seeing the surrounding plains covered with the most luxuriant crops of wheat, he fell to praying with the utmost fervour, exclaiming: 'O God of all goodness, thou hast bestowed upon us a year of plenty. . . . Thy voice causes to spring out of the earth, and out of the

sand of the desert, these beautiful plants, these green blades, which so rejoice the eye. O Father, give unto all thy children their daily bread.'" *Michelet*, 266, cited from *Luthers Briefe*, v, not the *Tischreden*. The passage also refers to spring, not harvest, and to Luther's going *to*, not *from*, Leipzig.

163 2 **That little bird.** "One evening, doctor Luther, seeing a little bird perching on a tree, and taking up its rest for the night, observed: 'That little bird has chosen its shelter and is about to go to sleep in tranquillity: it has no disquietude, neither does it consider where it shall rest to-morrow night, but it sits in peace on that slender branch, leaving it to God to provide for it.'" *Michelet*, 266, cited from *Tischreden*, 43. Frankfort, 1568.

163 13 **The Devils fled.** "Music, too, is very good; for the devil is a saturnine spirit, and music is hateful to him, and drives him far away from it." *Michelet*, 332, cited from *Tischreden*, 238. Cp. "Sathan fleuhet die Musica." *Colloquia Mensalia*, fol. 217. Frankfort, 1571.

163 17 **Luther's face.** "The wild kind of force that was in him appears in the physiognomy of the portrait by Luke Chranak, his painter and friend, the rough plebeian countenance, with all sorts of noble thoughts shining out through it. That was precisely Luther as he appears through his whole history." *L.L.* 131.

165 11 **the Mayflower.** The *Mayflower* sailed from Southampton; the ship that brought the Pilgrim Fathers from Delftshaven was the *Speedwell*.

165 30 **Neal's History of the Puritans.** The account in Neal does not correspond exactly to what Carlyle gives here. The words of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, as quoted in the edition of 1754 (*not* 1755), are chiefly warnings against the Lutherans and Calvinists, and advice to his flock to "shake off the name of Brownists."

166 15 **History of Scotland.** Cp. 88 14 n.

166 17 **Knox.** In his tenth lecture of the course in 1838, Carlyle notices incidentally the most common view of Knox: "A poor notion of moral motives, he (Robertson) must have had; in his description of Knox, for instance, he can divine no better motive for him than a miserable hunger, love of plunder, and the influence of money; and such was Hume's view also! The same is remarkable of Gibbon in a still more contemptible way." *L.L.* 176. Mrs. Carlyle was a descendant of Knox, and Carlyle shows his admiration for him as a great Scotsman, in his private letters and elsewhere.

166 33 **under the ribs of . . . death.** Of the Lady's song, Thyrsis says:

> I was all ear
> And took in strains that might create a soul
> Under the ribs of death.
>
> *Comus*, 560–562.

167 33 **tumult in the High Church.** Arising from Jenny Geddes flinging her stool at the Bishop's head, as a protest against the "Mass." See Carlyle, *Historical Sketches*, 307–310 (Lond., 1898), for a lively account of it.

168 2 **glorious Revolution.** Of 1688. It was so styled officially. See Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, end.

168 6 **Ditch of Schweidnitz.** Cp. *ante*, **137** 24 n.

168 13 **official pumps.** Explained in another edition of *Heroes* as, "Reference to extravagant and affected dress of the age." Pumps and silk stockings (with knee-breeches) are still part of "official" dress of various kinds in England, as, for example, the "Windsor uniform."

168 13 **Universal three-times-three.** As this phrase has been explained as "Reference to the battle-cry, 'A Free Parliament and the Protestant religion,' it may be well to mention that it denotes simply the tripling of the usual three cheers, 'hip-hip-hurrah.'" For an embarrassing multiplication of cheers, to express still greater enthusiasm, see *Through the Looking-Glass*, end.

168 19 **Half-and-half.** In the political language of the day, the middle term between Radical and Ultra; *rallié*, mugwump.

168 26 **in French galleys.** See **170** 16 n.

168 28 **shot at.** I cannot find that Knox was shot at through his windows.

169 20 **St. Andrew's Castle.** "Though a monk, he determined now to have nothing to do with Catholicism, and he withdrew from all prominence in the world until he had reached the age of forty-three, an age of quietude and composure. When he was besieged in the Castle of St. Andrew's along with his master, whose children he had educated, he had many conferences with his master's chaplain. The latter having first consulted with the people, who were anxious to hear Knox preach too, suddenly addressed him from the pulpit, saying that it was not right for him to sit still when great things were being spoken; that the harvest was great, but the labourers were few; that he (the chaplain) was not so great a man as Knox, and that all were desirous to hear the latter; 'is it not so, brethren?' he asked, to which they assented.

Knox then had to get into the pulpit, trembling, with a pale face, and finally burst into tears, and came down, not having been able to say a word." *L.L.* 153 f.

170 5 **baptism he was called.** Adaptation of Luke xii, 50. See also 170 16 n.

170 6 **'burst into tears.'** Knox is the authority for this incident; see his collected *Works* (ed. Laing), I, 186–188. After stating Rough's charge, Knox continues: "And in the end, he said to those that war present, 'Was not this your charge to me? And do ye not approve this vocatioun?' They answered, 'It was and we approve it.' Whairat the said Johnne abashed, byrst forth in maist abundand tearis, and withdrew him self to his chalmer." *Works*, I, 188. Edin., 1846. Carlyle makes the scene a trifle more dramatic.

170 16 **Galley-slaves.** "It was a fiery kind of baptism that initiated him. He had become a preacher not three months, when the castle surrendered, and they were all taken prisoners and worked as galley slaves on the river Loire, confined for life there.... Seven years after we find him escaping from the French galleys, when he came to England." *L.L.* 154. "He never gave up, even in the water of the Loire.... Their Virgin Mary was once brought for some kind of reverence to the people of the galley, and it was handed to Knox first; but he saw nothing there but a painted piece of wood — a 'pented bredd,' as he called it in his Scotch dialect; and on their pressing him, he threw it into the water, saying that 'the Virgin, being wooden, would swim.'" *Ib.*, 155. See McCrie, *Life of John Knox*, I, 68, Edin., 1814; and Hume Brown, *John Knox, A Biography*, I, 84. Original authority, Knox's *Reformation in Scotland*, bk. i. See *Works* (ed. Laing), I, 227. Edin., 1846.

170 28 **told his fellow-prisoners.** "The said Maister James and Johne Knox being intill one galay, and being wounderous familiare with him, would often tymes ask his judgement, "Yf he thought that ever thei should be delivered?" Whose answer was ever, fra the day that thei entered in the galayis, "That God wold deliver thame from that bondage, to his glorie, evin in this lyef."" KNOX, *Reformation in Scotland*, bk. i, *Works*, I, 228.

171 9 **He lies there.** "It was truly said of him on his death-bed by the Earl of Morton, 'There he lies that never feared the face of man!'" *L.L.* 156. Not quite accurate in form. "As he stood by the grave, the Regent Murray, with that sententiousness of speech for which he was noted, pronounced the memorable eulogy on the dead —

'Here lies one who neither flattered nor feared any flesh.'" HUME BROWN, *John Knox, A Biography*, II, 288. Lond., 1895. For variant, see *ib.*, n. 2. The form here given is from Melville's *Diary*, 47. Carlyle follows McCrie; see the latter's *Life of John Knox*, II, 234. Edin., 1814.

171 21 **actual narrative.** See Knox, *Works* (ed. Laing, 1846), II, 277–392. "His rude, brutal way of speaking to Queen Mary. Now, I confess that when I came to read these very speeches, my opinion of these charges was that they are quite undeserved. It was quite impossible for any man to do Knox's functions and be civil too; he had either to be uncivil, or to give up Scotland and Protestantism altogether! Mary wanted to make of Scotland a mere shooting-ground for her uncles, the Guises." *L.L.* 156.

172 2 **Better that women weep.** Original source not found.

172 8 **Mary herself.** "Considering the actual relations of the two parties, it is absurd to speak of Knox as a coarse man of the people, bullying a defenceless queen. The truth is, that if there was any attempt at browbeating, it was on Mary's part and not on that of Knox." HUME BROWN, *John Knox, A Biography*, I, 196. Lond., 1895. **Who are you?** "What have ye to do," said sche, "with my marriage? Or what ar ye within this Commounwealth?" "A subject borne within the same," said he, "Madam." KNOX, *Reformation in Scotland*, bk. iv. *Works* (ed. Laing), II, 388.

172 18 **Tolerance has to tolerate.** Here Carlyle joins hands with Newman, who, he said, had not the brains of a rabbit. Cp. "We are none of us tolerant in what concerns us deeply and entirely." COLERIDGE, *Table-Talk*, 329. Lond., 1884.

173 9 **virtual Presidency.** Carlyle notes the same thing of Luther. Cp. *ante*, 158 26.

173 10 **subject born.** Cp. *supra*, 172 8 n.

173 30 **His History.** *The History of the Reformation in Scotland;* it occupies the first two volumes of the collected works, ed. Laing, 1846. For a most interesting estimate of the work, see Hume Brown, *John Knox, A Biography*, bk. v, cap. ii.

173 31 **two Prelates.** "Above all, there is in him a genuine natural rusticity, a decided earnestness of purpose; the good nature and humour appear in a very striking way, not as a sneer altogether, but as a real delight at seeing ludicrous objects. Thus when he describes two archbishops quarrelling, no doubt he was delighted to see the disgrace it brought on their church: but he was chiefly excited by

the really ludicrous spectacle of rochets flying about and vestments torn, and the struggle each made to overturn the other." *L.L.* 155. "Cuming furth, (or going in, all is one,) at the qweir doore of Glasgow Kirk, begynnes stryving for state betuix the two croce beraris, so that from glowmyng thei come to schouldering; frome schouldering, thei go to buffettis, and from dry blawes, by neffis and neffelling; and then for cheriteis saik, thei crye, *Dispersit, dedit pauperibus*, and assayis quhilk of the croces war fynast mettall, which staf was strongast, and which berar could best defend his maisteris pre-eminence; and that there should be no superioritie in that behalf, to ground gois boyth the croces. And then begane no litill fray, but yitt a meary game; for rockettis war rent, typpetis war torne, crounis war knapped." KNOX, *Works*, I, 146 f.

174 10 **faces that loved him.** Cp. R. L. Stevenson, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books, John Knox and his Relations to Women.*

174 19 **"They? what are they?"** Not identified.

174 27 **Have you hope?** "Asked to give a parting sign that he was at peace, he lifted his hand, and apparently without pain passed quietly away." HUME BROWN, *John Knox, A Biography*, II, 288.

175 20 **a devout imagination.** Original source not found.

LECTURE V. THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS

This and the final lecture were written down by Caroline Fox in her diary, immediately after hearing them; see *Journals and Letters*, I, 181–195. Lond., 1882. They show interesting differences.

179 18 **Fichte.** Johann Gottlieb (1762–1814), follower of Kant. His influence is to be seen in *Characteristics* and *Sartor Resartus* as well as here. See also *Essays, State of German Literature*, I, 62–66, where the passages briefly referred to below are quoted fully.

179 20 **Wesen des Gelehrten.** Delivered at Erlangen in 1805; translated by William Smith, *The Popular Works of Johann Gottlieb Fichte, The Nature of the Scholar*, pp. 239–363. Lond., Chapman and Hall, 1848.

179 27 **Divine Idea.** "The whole material world, with all its adaptations and ends, and in particular the life of man in this world, are by no means, in themselves and in deed and truth that which they seem to be to the uncultivated and natural sense of man; but there is

something higher, which lies concealed behind all natural appearance. This concealed foundation of all appearance may, in its greatest universality, be aptly named *the Divine Idea*." *The Popular Works of Johann Gottlieb Fichte, The Nature of the Scholar*, I, 247. Lond., 1848.. "The Idea — the Divine Idea — that which lies at the bottom of all appearance, — what may this mean?" *Ib.*, p. 256. Cp. *Essays, Diderot*, III, 315.

180 23 **light of the world.** See Matt. v, 14; and John viii, 12.

180 24 **Pillar of Fire.** See Exod. xiv, 19, 20, 24.

180 32 **Bungler.** "If the striving be only after the outward form — the mere letter of Learned Culture, then we have, if the round be finished — the complete — if it be unfinished — the progressive, *bungler*." **Hodman.** "With labourers and hodmen it is otherwise: — their virtue consists in punctual obedience, in the careful avoidance of all independent thought, and in confiding the direction of their occupations to other men." *The Popular Works of Johann Gottlieb Fichte*, I, 250 f.

181 1 **Nonentity.** "He who has received this culture without thereby attaining to the Idea, is in truth (as we are now to look upon the matter) *nothing*." *The Popular Works of Johann Gottlieb Fichte*, I, 249.

181 7 **Goethe.** No one was better fitted to bring Goethe before an English audience, body and soul, than Carlyle. His reasons for not doing so are disappointing. What did the British public know of Odin or Mahomet? In 1832 Carlyle wrote: "Among ourselves especially, Goethe had little recognition; indeed, it was only of late that his existence, as a man and not as a mere sound, became authentically known to us; and some shadow of his high endowments and endeavours, and of the high meaning that might lie therein, arose in the general mind of England, even of intelligent England. Five years ago, to rank him with Napoleon, like him, as rising unattainable beyond his class, like him and more than he of quite peculiar moment to all Europe, would have seemed a wonderful procedure." *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 170 f.

181 22 **heroic ancient man.** "Goethe's language, even to a foreigner, is full of character and secondary meanings; polished, yet vernacular and cordial, it sounds like the dialect of wise, ancient, and true-hearted men." *Essays, Goethe*, Appendix, I, 463.

183 31 **Art of Writing . . . miraculous.** Cp. *ante*, 31 15–25.

184 20 **Celia.** Can Carlyle mean *Cecilia*, Miss Burney's novel?

Clifford. Possibly an allusion to Lytton's novel *Paul Clifford* (1830), which idealizes a highway robber. Carlyle had already jeered at Pelham and his author in *Sartor Resartus*. Sir Egerton Brydges wrote a novel, *Mary de Clifford*, in 1800; and Sir Frederick Pollock refers in his *Reminiscences* to a novel called *Clifford*, which was new in 1840.

184 25 **What built.** A variation of what Carlyle said to Emerson, on his visit to Craigenputtoch. "Did not you tell me, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, sitting upon one of your broad hills, that it was Jesus Christ built Dunscore Kirk yonder?" *E.-Corr.* I, 14.

185 6 **Teaching.** Caroline Fox summarizes this part of the lecture as follows: "He spoke of education, and resolved it into the simple elements of teaching to read and write; in its highest or university sense, it is but the teaching to read and write on all subjects and in many languages. Of all teaching the sublimest is to teach a man that he has a soul; the absolute appropriation of this fact gives Life and Light to what was before a dull, cold, senseless mass. Some philosophers of a sceptical age seemed to hold that the object of the soul's creation was to prevent the decay and putrefaction of the body, in fact a rather superior sort of salt." *Caroline Fox, Her Journals and Letters*, I, 183 f. Lond., 1882.

185 13 **Abelard.** Peter Abelard (1079–1142), famous as a philosopher, as a university teacher, and as the lover of Eloïsa. See Longfellow, *The Golden Legend*, iv, *The Refectory*.

185 26 **Universitas.** Carlyle repeats a common error. "The notion that a University means a *Universitas Facultatum* — a School in which all the Faculties or branches of knowledge are represented, — has, indeed, long since disappeared from the pages of professed historians. . . . A glance into any collection of medieval documents reveals the fact that the word 'University' means merely a number, a plurality, an aggregate of persons. . . . We find the word applied to corporations either of Masters or of students. . . . In the earliest period it is never used absolutely. The phrase is always 'University of Scholars,' 'University of Masters and Scholars,' 'University of Study,' or the like." RASHDALL, *The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, I, 7.

186 29 **Church itself, . . . changed.** Cp. "The true Church of England, at this moment, lies in the Editors of its Newspapers. These preach to the people daily, weekly; admonishing kings themselves; advising peace or war, with an authority which only the first Reformers, and a long-past class of Popes were possessed of; inflicting moral censure; imparting moral encouragement, consolation, edification; in

all ways, diligently administering the Discipline of the Church." *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 156.

187 5 **Primate of England.** The 'styles' of the Archbishop of York and of the Archbishop of Canterbury respectively.

187 24 **live coal.** See Isa. vi, 6, 7.

187 26 **apocalypse of Nature.** See 179 27 n. **open secret.** See 91 26 n. **continuous revelation.** See 179 27 n.

188 23 **Church Liturgy.** See *Sartor*, 230; and *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 156, for the same idea.

188 24 **Burke said.** Eliezer Edwards in his *Words, Facts and Phrases* attributes this phrase to Carlyle himself, and cites this passage as his authority; but the discussions in *Notes and Queries* seem to show that Brougham originated the phrase, and used it in the House of Commons, as early as 1823 or 1824. Carlyle employs the phrase in *Essays, Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 121 (1832).

191 3 **Chaos . . . umpire.** Cp.

> . . . Chaos umpire sits,
> And by decision more embroils the fray,
> By which he reigns.
>
> *Paradise Lost*, ii, 907–909.

191 10 **omnipotence of money.** Carlyle also discusses literary poverty in his *Essays, State of German Literature*, I, 47–49; and *ib., Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, II, 196–199.

192 5 **best possible organisation.** Quoted from himself. Cp. *ante*, 190 25.

192 8 **involuntary monastic order.** Cp. "The first Writers, being Monks, were sworn to a vow of Poverty; the modern authors had no need to swear it." *Essays, Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 106; and *Quintus Fixlein*, II, 156.

193 17 **Literature will take care of itself.** Source not found.

194 9 **the Chinese.** Carlyle shows Scotch caution in approaching Mandarindom; his praise is not lavish. We have seen the results of literati rule in China in the war with Japan.

194 32 **it is a hand.** Quotation from Carlyle himself. "Moreover (under another figure), intellect is not a *tool*, but a *hand* that can handle any tool." *Essays, Diderot*, III, 308.

195 25 **the third man.** "There is one fact which Statistic Science has communicated, and a most astonishing one; the inference from which is pregnant to this matter. Ireland has near seven millions of

working people, the third unit of whom, it appears by Statistic Science, has not for thirty weeks each year, as many third-rate potatoes as will suffice him." *Chartism*, IV. Cp. "We are Two Million three hundred thousand in Ireland that have not potatoes enough." *E.-Corr.* I, 113.

196 11 **Sceptical Century.** So Carlyle classifies the Eighteenth Century; see *ante*, 51 1 n.; and his *Lectures on the History of Literature*, Lond., 1892. For what can be said on the other side, see Frederic Harrison, *A Few Words about the Eighteenth Century* (*The Nineteenth Century*, *March*, *1883*), reprinted in *The Choice of Books*.

196 29 **Tree . . . Machine.** For the same antithesis, see *ante*, 23 f.

198 11 **without prior purpose.** Carlyle's apology to Mill; cp. *ante*, 87 14 n.

199 6 **Of Bentham.** Cp. *ante*, 87 3–20.

199 24 **Doctrine of Motives.** Cp. Carlyle's contempt for the Utilitarian ethics in the "Motive-Millwright" passage in *Sartor*, *Symbols*, 200–201.

200 1 **Phalaris'-Bull.** Carlyle has confused Perillus, the inventor of the brazen bull, with Phalaris, the tyrant who roasted him in it. A common error.

201 17 **Cagliostro.** See *Essays*, *Count Cagliostro*, III, 330–401.

202 5 **Chartisms.** Chartism was a movement really moderate in its aims for popular rights. It came to a head in 1848, the year of revolutions. Carlyle saw the fiasco. "April 10 (immortal day already dead), day of Chartist monster petition; 200,000 special constables swore themselves in, etc., and Chartism came to nothing. Riots since, but the leaders all lodged in gaol, tried, imprisoned for two years, etc., and so ends Chartism for the present." *C.L.L.* I, 474. His comment on the movement, *Chartism*, was published in 1839, the year the "People's Charter" was proclaimed. There were riots in consequence, and Frost, one of the leaders, was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

203 4 **not as fools.** Adaptation of Eph. v, 15.

203 8 **duty of staying at home.** Johnson says something like this. In 1777, he told Boswell of his pleasure on first entering Ranelagh. "But, as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterwards, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle, that was not afraid to go home and think."

203 31 **wood waxed and oiled.** Cp. *ante*, 141 8.

204 5 **Four-pence-halfpenny a day.** Carlyle's authority for this generalization I have not been able to find in *Boswell*. Johnson tells how he used to dine for eightpence at the Pine Apple, New Street, and his *Ofellus* explains how to live in London on £30 a year. But the sum of fourpence-half-penny as Johnson's daily expenses does not appear. Cp. *Essays*, *Boswell's Johnson*, III, 123.

204 9 **rose to victory.** Mr. Birrell contrasts Carlyle's career with Johnson's in this respect, and shows Johnson's superiority. See *Obiter Dicta*, *Second Series*, *Dr. Johnson*, 109–116. Lond., 1887.

206 4 **fourpence-halfpenny.** Cp. *ante*, 204 5 n.

206 6 **shoes at Oxford.** "Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent, that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ-Church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation." *Boswell's Johnson*, sub ann., 1729. For Hawkins's version, see *Essays*, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 102.

207 14 **to be looked at.** A quotation from Carlyle himself. See 207 15 n.

207 15 **St. Clement Danes.** "How a true man, in the midst of errors and uncertainties, shall work out for himself a sure Life-truth; . . . how Samuel Johnson, in the era of Voltaire, can purify and fortify his soul, and hold real communion with the Highest, 'in the Church of St. Clement Danes'; this too stands all unfolded in his Biography, and is among the most touching and memorable things there; a thing to be looked at with pity, admiration, awe." *Essays*, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 119 f.

208 30 **engrave Truth.** "Socinian Preachers proclaim 'Benevolence' to all the four winds, and have TRUTH engraved on their watch-seals: unhappily with little or no effect." *Essays*, *Characteristics*, III, 14.

209 9 **Mirabeau.** See *Essays*, IV, 85–162.

209 26 **Moral Prudence.** "Prudence is the highest virtue he" (Johnson) "can inculcate; and for that finer portion of our nature, that portion of it which belongs essentially to Literature strictly so called, where our highest feelings, our best joys and keenest sorrows, our Doubt, our Religion reside, he has no word to utter; no remedy, no counsel to give us in our straits; or at most, if, like poor Boswell,

the patient is importunate, will answer: 'My dear Sir, endeavour to clear your mind of Cant.'" *Essays, Goethe*, I, 221. "Higher light than that immediately *practical* one; higher virtue than an honest PRUDENCE, he could not then communicate; . . . How to thread this labyrinthic Time, the fallen and falling Ruin of Times; to silence vain Scruples, hold firm to the last fragments of old Belief, and with earnest eye still discern some glimpses of a true path, and go forward thereon, 'in a world where there is much to be done, and little to be known': this is what Samuel Johnson, by act and word, taught his Nation." *Essays, Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 129.

209 29 **a world where much.** See 209 26 n. From a prayer of Johnson's: "And while it shall please thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done and little to be known, teach me by thy Holy Spirit." *Boswell's Johnson* (Globe ed.), 11.

210 3 **Clear your mind of cant.** JOHNSON, "my dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant." *Boswell's Johnson*, May 15, 1783. And see 209 26 n.

210 5 **That will be better.** Unidentified.

211 1 **poor Bozzy.** For fuller defence of Boswell and counterblast to Macaulay, see *Essays, Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 76–85. Cp. "There is something fine and touching too, if we will consider it, in that little, flimsy, flippant, vain fellow, Boswell, attaching himself as he did to Johnson: before others had discovered anything sublime, Boswell had done it, and embraced his knees when the bosom was denied him. Boswell was a true hero-worshipper, and does not deserve the contempt we are all so ready to cast at him." *Caroline Fox, Her Journals and Letters*, I, 185 f.

211 12 **Hero to his valet-de-chambre.** In somewhat its present form, the saying is attributed to the Marshal de Catinat and Mde. de Cornuel, one of the famous *Précieuses*. Büchmann traces it to Montaigne, *Essays*, bk. iii, cap. 2. Cp. "Milton was still a hero to the good Elwood." *Essays, Schiller*, II, 248.

211 19 **strip your Louis Quatorze.** In *Meditations at Versailles* (*The Paris Sketch-Book*, 1840), Thackeray expands this idea and illustrates it with one of his delightful drawings of the Grand Monarque, as "Rex, Ludovicus, Ludovicus Rex."

212 8 **brave old Samuel.** "We have no Men of Letters now, but only Literary Gentlemen. Samuel Johnson was the last that ventured to appear in that former character, and support himself, on his own legs, without any crutches, purchased or stolen: rough old Samuel, the last of all the Romans!" *Essays, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, II, 196 f.

ultimus Romanorum. According to Plutarch (Life of Brutus), the saying of Brutus over the dead body of Cassius. "There he lamented over his body, and called him *the last of the Romans;* intimating that Rome would never produce another man of equal spirit." *Langhorne*, VI, 236. Lond., 1823. Cp. *Julius Cæsar*, v, 3, 99.

212 12 **talent of silence.** Attributed to Napoleon in the form: "Ces Anglais ont un grand talent pour le silence." Cp. 258 9.

212 17 **Rousseau.** Carlyle read Rousseau in 1819. See *E.Lett.* 112. Cp. "Carlyle did not much sympathise with his works; indeed he said, 'The Confessions are the only writings of his which I have read with any interest; there you see the man such as he really was, though I can't say that it is a duty to lay open the Blue-beard chambers of the heart. . . . Rousseau was a thorough Frenchman, not a great man; he knew nothing of that silence that precedes words, and is so much grander than the grandest words, because in it those thoughts are created of which words are the poor clothing. I say Rousseau knew nothing of this, but Johnson knew much; verily, he said but little, only just enough to show that a giant slept in that rugged bosom.'" *Caroline Fox, Her Journals and Letters*, I, 186 f.

213 18 **Genlis's experience.** "Two months after M. de Sauvigny had a play to be performed at the *Theatre Français*, entitled the *Persifleur*. Rousseau had told us that he did not frequent the theatre, and that he carefully avoided showing himself in public; but as he seemed very fond of M. de Sauvigny, I urged him to go along with us the first night of the play, and he consented, as I had obtained the loan of a grated box with a private staircase and entrance. It was agreed that I was to take him to the theatre, and that if the play succeeded, we should leave the house before the after piece, and return to our house for supper. The plan rather deranged the usual habits of Rousseau, but he yielded to the arrangement with all the ease in the world. The night of the play, Rousseau came to me a little before five o'clock, and we set out. When we were in the carriage, Rousseau told me, with a smile, that I was very richly dressed to remain in a grated box. I answered, with the same good humour, that I had dressed myself for him. . . . We reached the theatre more than half an hour before the play began. On entering the box I began to put down the grate, but Rousseau was strongly opposed to it, saying that he was sure I should not like it. I told him that the contrary was the fact, and that we had agreed upon it besides. He answered that he would place himself behind me, that I should conceal him altogether, which was all he wished

for. I still insisted, but Rousseau held the grate strongly, and prevented me putting it down. During this little discussion we were standing; and the box was a front one near the orchestra and adjoining the pit. I was afraid of drawing the attention of the audience towards us; to put an end to the dispute, I yielded and sat down. Rousseau placed himself behind me, but a moment afterwards put forward his head betwixt M. de Genlis and me, so as to be seen. I told him of it. He twice made the same movement again, and was perceived and known. I heard several persons, looking towards our box and calling out, '*There is Rousseau!*' . . . all eyes were fixed on our box, but nothing further was done. The noise disappeared, without producing any applause. The orchestra began, nothing was thought of but the play, and Rousseau was forgotten. . . . The curtain rose, and the play began. I thought of nothing but the new play, which succeeded. The author was several times called for, and his success was complete.

"We left the box. Rousseau gave me his hand; but his face was frightfully sombre. I told him the author must be well pleased, and that we should have a delightful evening. Not a word in reply. On reaching my carriage I mounted; M. de Genlis came after Rousseau to let him pass first, but the latter, turning round, told him that he should not return with us. M. de Genlis and I protested against this; but Rousseau, without replying a word, made his bow, turned his back and disappeared. . . .

"I knew that there was no sincerity in his complaints; the fact is, that with the hope of producing a lively sensation, he desired to show himself, and his ill-humour was excited by not finding his presence produce more effect. I never saw him afterwards." *Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis*, II, 11–14. Lond., 1825.

213 29 **man of some rank.** Unidentified.

214 14 **appeals to mothers.** See *Emile*, bk. i, *passim*.

214 29 **stealings of ribbons.** The story of the stolen ribbon is told in the *Confessions*, pt. i, bk. ii.

215 14 **Literature of Desperation.** Carlyle refers to Miss Jewsbury as "a notable young woman, . . . seeking passionately for some Paradise to be gained by battle; fancying George Sand and the 'literature of desperation' can help her thitherward." *C.L.L.* I, 221.

215 17 **even at a Walter Scott.** Carlyle was never quite just to Scott. This disparaging "even" is in harmony with his disparaging review of Lockhart's *Life*. His verdict would no doubt have been more lenient had he waited to read the seventh volume. He was reading Dante at the same time.

215 29 **world was not his friend.** See *Romeo and Juliet*, v, i, 72.

216 21 **false reception.** Cp. *ante*, **49** 22.

217 6 **which threw us.** "My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears." Burns to Dr. Moore, August, 1787.

217 13 **Burns's Schoolmaster.** Mr. John Murdoch. This is rather an unwarranted generalization from Murdoch's letter to Currie, of Feb. 22, 1799.

217 16 **seven acres of nursery ground.** See 217 30 n.

217 30 **Had he written.** "Had this William Burns's small seven acres of nursery-ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular well-trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British Literature, — for it lay in him to have done this!" *Essays*, *Burns*, I, 301.

218 26 **fond gaillard.** See *Essays*, *Mirabeau*, IV, 129, 136.

218 33 **dew-drops from his mane.** Adapted from *Troilus and Cressida*, 3, 225 f.

> And, like a dewdrop from a lion's mane,
> Be shook to air.

219 1 **shaking of the spear.** A misquotation; see *ante*, **56** 13 n.

219 9 **Professor Stewart.** "Among the poets whom I have happened to know, I have been struck in more than one instance, with the unaccountable disparity between their general talents, and the occasional inspirations of their more favourable moments. But all the faculties of Burns's mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." Dugald Stewart, Sketch of Burns contributed to Currie's edition of the poet's works; also quoted in part by Carlyle, *Essays*, *Burns*, I, 284 f.

219 19 **witty duchesses.** See *ante*, **97** 2 n.

219 23 **ostlers at inns.** See 219 19 n.

220 26 **Ushers de Brézé.** The incident is told in *Essays*, *Mirabeau*, IV, 159, and *French Revolution*, *the Bastille*, bk. v, cap. ii, *Mercurius de Brézé*.

220 30 **work, not think.** In 1792 Burns was in danger of dismissal from the Excise (see his letter to R. Graham of Fintray, December, 1792). He gives a full account of his trouble in another letter to Mr. J. F. Erskine of Mar (April 13, 1793); Carlyle's phrase seems based on the following passage in it: "Some such sentiments as these, I stated in a letter to my generous patron, Mr. Graham, which he laid before the Board at large; where, it seems, my last remark gave great offence; and one of our supervisors-general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to inquire on the spot, and to document me — "that my business was to act, *not to think;* and that whatever might be m ı or measures, it was for me to be *silent* and *obedient*."'"

221 10 **Strength is mournfully denied.** See *Quintus Fixlein, Preface.* "Johnson came a little nearer the mark than Burns: but with him, too, 'Strength was mournfully denied its arena'; he too had to fight fortune at strange odds, all his life long." *Essays, Boswell's Life of Johnson,* III, 101.

222 6 **By dint of dining.** Unidentified.

223 9 **This month.** The same contrast is drawn, *Essays, Burns,* I, 304. **seven pounds.** See *ib.,* 310.

223 12 **cynosure of all eyes.** Adaptation of *L'Allegro,* 80.

223 20 **rank is but the guinea-stamp.** From the first stanza of Burns's Marseillaise of Democracy, "Is there for honest poverty," etc.

223 28 **observed elsewhere.** See *Essays, Burns,* I, 311.

224 9 **light-chafers.** In *Fraser's Magazine* (Nos. 1, 4; 1830) appeared Carlyle's translation of Richter's review of Mde. de Staël's *L'Allemagne.* In it occurs the phrase, which Carlyle quotes inaccurately: "From old our learned lights have been by the French, not adored like light-stars, but stuck into like light-chafers, as people carry those of Surinam, spitted through, for lighting of roads." *Essays, Appendix,* II, 460. Caroline Fox's version is: "What a tragedy is this of Robert Burns! his father dying of a broken heart from dread of over-great poverty; the son from contact with the great, who would flatter him for a night or two and then leave him unfriended. Amusement they must have, it seems, at any expense, though one would have thought they were sufficiently amused in the common way; but no, they were like the Indians we read of whose grandees ride in their palanquins at night, and are not content with torches carried before them, but must have instead fireflies stuck at the end of spears. . . . He then told us he had more than occupied our time, and rushed down stairs." *Caroline Fox, Her Journals and Letters,* I, 188.

LECTURE VI. THE HERO AS KING

225 12 **Könning.** See *ante*, **14** 2 n.

225 17 **as Burke said.** Unidentified.

226 25 **measure by a scale.** From a famous passage in Schiller's *Aesthetische Erziehung des Menschen*, translated by Carlyle, *Essays, State of German Literature*, I, 62. Of the artist, Schiller says: "Free alike from the vain activity that longs to impress its traces on the fleeting instant, and from the querulous spirit of enthusiasm that measures by the scale of perfection the meagre product of reality, let him leave to mere understanding, which is here at home, the province of the actual." Evidently the first inverted comma in the text should come before 'too'; the querulousness is not Schiller's; in quotation, the sense has been completely changed.

226 31 **no bricklayer.** Carlyle uses this figure in picturing the English Temple of Fame (see *Essays, Taylor's Survey of German Literature*, II, 451); the endings are similar: "Such is the Temple of Fame . . . which nothing but a continued suspension of the laws of gravity can keep from rushing erelong into a chaos of stone and dust." Cf. *infra*, 229, 14–28.

228 32 **Könning.** See *ante*, **225** 12 n.

229 20 **Christian Church.** Cp. *ante*, **151** 28 ff.

230 4 **Camille Desmoulins.** See *French Revolution, the Bastille*, bk. v, cap. iv.

231 3 **poor Niebuhr.** "The last political occurrence in which Niebuhr was strongly interested was the trial of the ministers of Charles the Tenth; it was indirectly the cause of his death." BUNSEN, *Life and Letters of Barthold George Niehbuhr*, p. 487. N. Y., 1852. On Christmas day, 1830, he spent several hours reading the papers in a close news-room, became overheated, caught a chill, and died a week later, of inflammation of the lungs.

231 7 **Racine's, dying.** "The melodious, too soft-strung Racine, when his King turned his back on him, emitted one meek wail, and submissively — died." *Essays, The Diamond Necklace*, IV, 27. Goethe mentions the anecdote in *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, bk. iii, cap. viii. *C.-Trans.* I, 147.

233 3 **plated coins.** Cp. *ante*, **14** 7 n.

233 13 **Bending before men.** Cp. *ante*, **12** 12 n.

233 18 **revelation in the Flesh.** Cp. *ante*, **12** 12 n.

235 32 **not the thing.** Carlyle's moderation. Cp. *ante*, **150** 16.

236 32 **Laud dedicating.** A full account of these ceremonies is given by Hume; *History of Great Britain*, vi, cap. lii, pp. 287–289. Edin., 1818. The original authorities cited are: Rushworth, II, 76, 77; Welwood, p. 275; Franklyn, p. 386.

238 17 **Ludlow.** Edmund Ludlow, regicide and uncompromising opponent of Cromwell, 1617?–1692; for life see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

239 31 **Monarchies of Man.** See *Sir John Eliot, A Biography*. Lond., 1864. The Appendix to vol. I contains a very full analysis of this work.

240 13 **Baresark.** By this spelling, as well as by the opening of the next sentence, Carlyle countenances this old etymology, and the mistake is often repeated. Kluge derives the word from O.N. *ber-* and *serkr.*, *i.e.*, bear-shirt, or clad in bear-skin.

241 3 **Liberty to tax.** Unidentified.

243 12 **Pococke asking Grotius.** See **50** 15 n.

244 10 **had fancies.** The tendency of modern biographers is to discredit these tales of Cromwell's youth. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his short study (*Twelve English Statesmen*), balances friendly memoirs against hostile; and Mr. C. H. Frith says (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*): "The graver charges of early debauchery which they bring against him may safely be dismissed."

245 14 **Ever in . . . eye.** See Milton, *Sonnet on his being arrived to the age of 23*.

246 5 **crowning mercy.** "The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy." Cromwell, to Lenthall, of the battle of Worcester, *Letters and Speeches* (pop. ed.), III, 158.

246 10 **without God.** See Eph. ii, 12.

246 24 **Hampton-Court negotiations.** "In 1647, before the escape of the king to the Isle of Wight, 'The immeasurable Negotiations with the King,' 'Proposals of the Army,' 'Proposals of the Adjutators of the Army,' still occupying tons of printed paper, the subject of intense debatings and considerations in Westminster, in Putney Church, and in every house and hut of England, for many months past,—suddenly contract themselves for us, like a universe of gaseous vapour, into one small point: the issue of them all is failure. The Army Council, the Army Adjutators, and serious England at large, were in earnest about one thing: the king was not in earnest, except about another thing: there could be no bargain with the King." CARLYLE, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (pop. ed.), I, 263.

247 8 **For all our fighting.** "The treaty that was endeavoured with the king, whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and all our security should have been a little bit of paper." CARLYLE, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, speech i.*

247 23 **genuine set of fighters.** The present commander-in-chief of the British army has expressed the same opinion, and his views are shared by other writers on military history. See Lord Wolseley on the British army in *Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

247 26 **If the King.** Green quotes this saying as genuine (*Short History of the English People*, cap. vii, Sect. vii, p. 539. N. Y., 1879); but Gardiner, *Great Civil War*, III, 196, asserts that there is no reason for ascribing it to Cromwell.

248 26 **small debt pie-powder court.** "The Piepowder Courts, the lowest but most expeditious courts of Justice in the kingdom, as Chitty calls them, were very ancient. The Conqueror's law *De Emporiis* shows their pre-existence in Normandy. Their name was derived from *pied puldreux*, Norman for pedlar. The lord of the fair or his representative was the presiding Judge, and usually he was assisted by a jury of traders chosen on the spot. Their jurisdiction was limited by the legal time and precincts of the fair, and to disputes about contracts, 'slander of wares,' attestations, the preservation of order," etc. *Encyc. Brit., s.v. Fair.*

249 14 **Know the men.** "The curtain dashed asunder faster than before; an officer advanced and said in passing: 'Learn to know the men who may be trusted.' The curtain closed." CARLYLE, *Meister's Apprenticeship*, bk. vii, cap. ix.

250 29 **internal meaning.** This is Carlyle's general form of justification in the *Letters and Speeches.*

251 9 **Tugend.** This etymology is generally accepted.

252 32 **ever-calculating hypocrite.** Victor Hugo's *Cromwell* is an elaboration of this idea.

254 11 **I might have.** Cp. "There is, doubtless, a time to speak, and a time to keep silence; yet Fontenelle's celebrated aphorism, *I might have my hand full of truth, and would open only my little finger*, may be practised to excess, and the little finger itself kept closed." *Essays, Taylor's Survey of German Poetry*, II, 450.

257 21 **Corsica Boswell.** What poor Boswell really did, was to go to a masquerade as a Corsican chief with the words "Viva La Liberta!" on his hat. Carlyle's version is, "He appeared at the Shakspeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted 'Corsica Boswell,' round his hat."

Essays, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 77. In 1768 Boswell published his "Account of Corsica, with the Journal of a Tour to that Island." Corsica was making a brave fight for its independence against the French, and hero-worshipping Boswell had "tied himself to the tail" of General Paoli, "the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican," the leader of the insurrection, before he "took up wi'" Johnson. Johnson advised him once, by letter, to empty his mind of Corsica (March 23, 1768), and his reply explains why he was known as 'Corsica Boswell.'

258 9 **grand talent.** See 212 12 n.

258 13 **Solomon says.** See Eccl. vii.

258 16 **want of money.** "He uniformly adhered to that strange opinion, which his indolent disposition made him utter. "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money."" *Boswell's Johnson* (ed. Hill), III, 19 (A.D. 1776).

258 24 **As Cato.** Cato the Censor *had* a statue erected to him, in the temple of Health. "Before this, he laughed at those who were fond of such honours. . . . And to those that expressed their wonder, that while many persons of little note had their statues, Cato had none, he said, *He had much rather it should be asked, why he had not a statue, than why he had one.*" LANGHORNE, *Plutarch's Lives*, III, 25. Lond., 1823.

258 32 **Seekest thou great things.** See Jer. xlv, 5.

259 10 **Coleridge . . . remarks.** Not found in *The Friend*, *Biographia Literaria*, or *The Table-Talk*.

259 24 **Gibbon mourn.** Necker's first dismissal from office came in 1781. Gibbon wrote his *Memoirs* towards the end of his life, about 1790, and refers to Necker in closing the account of his love affair with Mde. Necker, when she was Mlle. Curchod. "The genius of her husband has exalted him to a most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister and perhaps the legislator of the French monarchy." EMERSON, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Edward Gibbon*, 89. A. P. S. But as nearly twenty years before, Carlyle had written an article on Necker for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, in which this passage occurs: "I could have wished," says Gibbon, after a visit at Copet about this period [of his final disgrace], "to have exhibited him as a warning to any aspiring youth possessed with the demon of Ambition. With all means of private happiness in his power, he is the most miserable of human beings; the past, the present, and

the future are equally odious to him. When I suggested some domestic amusements, he answered with a deep tone of despair, 'In the state in which I am, I can feel nothing but the blast that has overthrown me.'" CARLYLE, *Montaigne, and Other Essays Chiefly Biographical*, 62 f. Lond., 1897.

260 12 **ears cropt-off.** See Carlyle, *Historical Sketches*, 271, for a most graphic account of this punishment executed upon Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne.

261 4 **devout imagination.** See *ante*, **175** 20.

262 9 **Hume.** In his *History of Great Britain*, cap. lxi, Hume quotes Cowley on Cromwell and draws certain deductions from that estimate. Such a sentence as the following is typical: "If he seduced the military fanatics, it is to be considered that their interests and his evidently concurred, that their ignorance and low education exposed them to the grossest imposition, and that he himself was at bottom as frantic an enthusiast as the worst of them, and in order to obtain their confidence needed but to display those vulgar and ridiculous habits which he had early acquired, and on which he set so high a value."

263 2 **Cromwell's last words.** "Truly God is good; indeed He is; He will not" — Then his speech failed him, but as I apprehended, it was, "He will not leave me." This saying, "God is good" he frequently used all along; and would speak it with much cheerfulness, and fervour of spirit, in the midst of his pain. Again he said: "I would be willing to be farther serviceable to God and His people: but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people." CARLYLE, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (pop. ed.), V, 155.

263 17 **Diocletian . . . cabbages.** "His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to reassume the reins of government and the imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could show Maximian the cabbages he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power. We are obliged to the younger Victor for this celebrated *bon mot*. Eutropius mentions the same thing in a more general manner." GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, ch. xiii and n.

264 23 **dismissal of the Rump Parliament.** See Carlyle, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (pop. ed.), III, 195.

265 13 **For all our fighting.** See **247** 8 n.

266 1 **Pride's Purges.** Dec. 6, 1648, "Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and

at all entrances to the Commons House this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred and twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this member or that comes up, whispers or beckons, 'He is one of them: he cannot enter!' and Pride gives the word, 'To the Queen's Court'; and member after member is marched thither, forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity." CARLYLE, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (pop. ed.), III, 89.

266 7 **diligent Godwin.** William Godwin, the father-in-law of Shelley; author of *Political Justice*, *A History of the Commonwealth*, 4 vols. Lond., 1824–1828.

267 9 **Milton, who looked.** See sonnet,

Cromwell our chief of men, etc.

267 20 **Convocation of the Notables.** See *French Revolution, the Bastille*, bk. iii, cap. iii; and *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, III, 200, "In fact, a real Assembly of Notables in Puritan England."

267 27 **Barebones.** Clarendon scorns them for "mean" men. "Truly it seems rather a distinguished Parliament, even though Mr. Praisegod Barbone, 'the Leather-merchant in Fleet-street,' be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault, I hope, is forgivable. Praisegod, though he deals in leather, and has a name which can be misspelt, one discerns to be the son of pious parents; to be himself a man of piety, of understanding and weight, — and even of considerable private capital, my witty flunky friends!" *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, III, 200.

268 6 **Commander-in-chief.** "On *Wednesday 26th* June, 1650, the Act appointing 'That Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, be constituted Captain-General and Commander-in-chief of all the Forces raised or to be raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England,' was passed." *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, III, 8.

269 5 **Cromwell's concluding speech.** See *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, V, 126–130. Carlyle's memory must have played him false here; for this concluding speech as given in the *Letters and Speeches* does *not* contain the phrase "births of Providence," nor yet the still more striking sentence (below, l. 30), "You have had such an opportunity," etc.

270 9 **God be judge.** "And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage — [*Sentence now all beautifully blazing*], I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I DO DISSOLVE

THIS PARLIAMENT. And let God be judge between you and me." *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, speech xviii.*

270 31 **Heats and jealousies.** Passage not found.

272 6 **Colonel Hutchinson.** The account in the *Memoirs* (ed. C. H. Firth, Lond., 1885) differs in some respects from Carlyle's account. Cromwell sent for Hutchinson to get information regarding a conspiracy against his life. The Protector "met him in one of the galleries, and received him with open arms and the kindest embraces that could be given, and complained that the colonel should be so unkind as never to give him a visit . . . and with smooth insinuations led him along to a private place. . . . And after with all his arts he had endeavoured to excuse his public actions, and to draw in the colonel, who again had taken the opportunity to tell him freely his own and all good men's discontents and dissatisfactions, he dismissed the colonel with such expressions as were publicly taken notice of by all his little courtiers then about him, when he went to the end of the gallery with the colonel, and there embracing him, said aloud to him, 'Well, colonel, satisfied or dissatisfied, you shall be one of us, for we can no longer exempt a person so able and faithful from the public service and you shall be satisfied in all honest things.'" II, 208.

272 16 **his poor Mother.** "Thou brave one, Mother of a Hero, farewell! — Ninety-four years old: the royalties of Whitehall, says Ludlow very credibly, were of small moment to her: 'at the sound of a musket she would often be afraid her son was shot; and could not be satisfied unless she saw him once a day at least.'" CARLYLE, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, III, 64 (Nov. 16, 1654). Cp. *Hume*, LXI, n.

274 6 **walking with God.** See Gen. v, 22, 24.

274 13 **Encyclopédies.** The famous *Encyclopédie ou Dictionnaire Universel des Arts et Sciences*, begun by John Mills in 1743 as a translation of Chambers's *Cyclopædia*, and taken up by Diderot and D'Alembert. The first volume under the new conditions was published in 1751, and the second in 1752. They were suppressed as injurious to the king's authority and to religion. Cp. "They taught many truths, historical, political, physiological, and ecclesiastical, and diffused their notions so widely, that the very ladies and hairdressers of Paris became fluent Encyclopædists; and the sole price which their scholars paid for these treasures of new information, was to believe Christianity an imposture, the Scriptures a forgery, the worship (if not the belief) of God superstition, hell a fable, heaven a dream, our life without Providence, and our death without hope." COLERIDGE, *The Friend*, 6.

274 16 **dumb Prophet.** The reference seems to be to Cromwell's "reputed confusion of speech" (250 28) and the "vehement, enthusiastic, extempore preaching" of the *Koran*, 77 14.

274 25 **False as a bulletin.** Carlyle is bad enough, but Emerson is very bold. Cp. "He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his 'Moniteurs,' and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse — he sat in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts, and dates and characters and giving to history a theatrical éclat." *Representative Men, VI, Napoleon.* "The historian of these times ought to put no faith in the bulletins, despatches, notes, proclamations, which have emanated from Bonaparte, or passed through his hands. For my part, I believe that the proverb, 'As great a liar as a bulletin,' has as much truth in it as the axiom, 'two and two make four.'" BOURRIENNE, *Memoirs*, II, 314. Lond., 1830. One good example of such falsification is the bulletin from Acre, giving the French loss as five hundred killed and one thousand wounded, when the loss was really three thousand; and the English losses are put at fifteen thousand. See Bourrienne, *ib.*, I, cap. xx, p. 323.

275 17 **savans, Bourrienne tells.** I have found this story referred to Hazlitt, *Life of Napoleon*, II, 97–114, Lond., 1852, which I have not been able to verify; but see, however, the one volume *Bourrienne*, cap. x.

275 27 **steward . . . Tuileries.** Unidentified.

276 3 **In Saint Helena.** The memoirs of Las Cases show the very opposite temper: "We were all assembled round the Emperor, and he was recapitulating these facts with warmth: 'For what infamous treatment are we reserved!' he exclaimed. 'This is the anguish of death! To injustice and violence, they now add insult and protracted torment. . . . At all events, make your complaints, gentlemen; let indignant Europe hear them! Complaints from me would be beneath my dignity and character. I must command or be silent.'" LAS CASES, *Memoirs*, I, 162. N. Y., 1855. This was on his first arrival at St. Helena, when his accommodations were at their worst.

276 18 **La carrière ouverte.** Cp. "Buonaparte himself was a reality at first, though afterwards he turned out all wrong and false. But his appreciation of the French Revolution was a good one, that it was 'the career open to talents,' not simply as Sieyès supposed, a thing consisting of two Chambers, or of one Chamber." *L.L.* 195. See Montholon, *Mémoires*, ii, 145. It was a favorite saying of Napoleon's, and is referred to his speech at the institution of the Legion of Honor.

276 26 **Twentieth of June.** "While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way, the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, armed with weapons of every description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuileries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. 'Let us follow the mob,' said Bonaparte. We got the start of them and took up our station on the terrace of the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head, he could no longer repress his indignation; '*Che coglione?*' he loudly exclaimed; Why have they let in all that rabble? Why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough." BOURRIENNE, *Memoirs*, I, 18. Lond., 1830.

276 29 **Tenth of August.** "Behold the fire slackens not: nor does the Swiss rolling-fire slacken from within. Nay, they clutched cannon as we saw; and now from the other side, they clutch three more; alas, cannon without linstock; nor will the flint-and-steel answer though they try it. Had it chanced to answer! Patriot onlookers have their misgivings; one strangest patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they a commander, would beat. He is a man not unqualified to judge; the name of him Napoleon Bonaparte." CARLYLE, *French Revolution, The Constitution*, bk. vi, cap. vii.

277 1 **Peace of Leoben.** Between Napoleon and the Austrians, April 18, 1797. See Montholon, *Memoirs of the History of France*, IV, cap. xviii. Lond., 1824.

277 17 **these babbling Avocats.** Las Cases attributes a similar remark to Napoleon himself. "That . . . he should have exclaimed: 'France will be lost through these fine talkers, these babblers: now is the time to save her.'" LAS CASES, *Memoirs*, I, 144. N. Y., 1855.

277 22 **Lieutenant of La Fère.** "Who does not pity the noble chamberlain that confesses his blood to have run cold when he heard Napoleon — seated at dinner at Dresden among a circle of crowned heads — begin a story with *when I was a Lieutenant in the regiment of*

La Fère." *Family Library, Life of Napoleon*, II, 377. La Fère is a 'territorial' name for a regiment. Lovers of Stevenson will recall the town as it occurs in *An Inland Voyage.*

277 32 **given up to a strong delusion.** See 2 Thess. ii, 11.

278 9 **Pope's-Concordat.** The agreement between Napoleon and Pope Pius VII in 1809, for the official recognition of the French Republic by the Curia, and the Republic by the Church of Rome. The full text is given in Montholon, *Memoirs of the History of France*, I, *Appendix*, 307–325. "The Concordat was necessary to religion, to the Republic, to government: the temples were shut up, the priests persecuted. The Concordat rebuilt the altars, put an end to disorders, commanded the faithful to pray for the republic, and dissipated the scruples of the purchasers of national domains." MONTHOLON, *Memoirs*, I, 120.

278 11 **vaccine de la religion.** "One day he assured the prelates that, in his opinion, there was no religion but the Catholic, which was truly founded on ancient tradition; and on this subject he usually displayed to them some erudition: then, when he was with the philosophers, he said to Cabanis, "Do you know what this Concordat is which I have just signed? It is the vaccination of religion, and in fifty years, there will be none in France!"" DE STAËL, Tom. II, p. 275. Carlyle was reading her book, *Considérations sur les Principaux Événemens de La Revolution Françoise*, in 1819. See *E.Lett.* 102. Cp. Scott, *Life of Napoleon*, cap. xxi, n.

278 13 **wanting nothing.** "A solemn *Te Deum* was chaunted at the cathedral of Notre Dame, on Sunday, the 11th of April. . . . On the road from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage, as soon as they saw that they were being driven to mass, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. They went, therefore, to Notre Dame, and the next day Bonaparte asked Augereau what he thought of the ceremony. 'Oh, it was all very fine,' replied the general; 'there was nothing wanting, except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up.' Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark." BOURRIENNE, *Memoirs*, II, 274. Madame de Staël gives another version; see *Considérations sur les Principaux Événemens de La Revolution Françoise*, II, 278, Paris, 1818; and the Duchess d'Abrantès gives another; see *Memoirs of Napoleon, His Court and Family*, cap. lxxx; and credits Delmas with the saying. Cp. "Ils ont pensé, mais avec un serrement de cœur, ce mot que ce brutal Delmas disait en bouffonnant, lors du Sacre: Il n'y manque que le million

d'hommes qui se font tuer pour supprimer tout cela!" BOURGET, *Sensations d'Italie*, 256.

278 16 **Cromwell's Inauguration.** "On the day appointed Westminster Hall was prepared and adorned as sumptuously as it could be for a day of coronation. A throne was erected with a pavilion, and a chair of state under it, to which Cromwell was conducted in an entry, and attendance of his officers, military and civil, with as much state (as the sword carried before him) as can be imagined. When he was sat in his chair of state, and after a short speech, which was but the prologue of that by the Speaker of the Parliament, Widdrington, that this promotion might not seem to be without any vote from the nobility, the Speaker, with the Earl of Warwick, and Whitlock, vested him with a rich purple velvet robe lined with ermines; the Speaker enlarging upon the majesty and the integrity of that robe. Then the Speaker presented him with a fair Bible of the largest edition richly bound; then he, in the name of the people, girded a sword about him; and lastly presented him a sceptre of gold, which he put into his hand, and made him a large discourse of those emblems of government and authority." CLARENDON, *The Great Rebellion*, bk. XV.

279 1 **blazing-up.** Cp. "Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there and will re-appear." *Essays*, *Voltaire*, II, 78.

279 6 **Duke of Weimar.** Karl August (1775–1828), the friend and patron of Goethe.

279 14 **Palm.** Johann Philipp (1768–1806). A bookseller of Nuremberg, court-martialed and shot by Napoleon's orders, at Braunau, Aug. 26, 1806, for selling a pamphlet called *Deutschland in seiner tiefsten Erniedrigung*, which was directed against the French. He refused to name the author of it. The assassination roused the Germans and had its influence in bringing about the war of liberation; and Palm's house, like Dürer's, is one of the sights of his city.

279 29 **notions of the world.** For example, "I should have wound up the war with a battle of Actium, and afterwards what did I want of England? Her destruction? Certainly not. I merely wanted the end of an intolerable usurpation, the enjoyment of imprescriptible, and sacred rights, the deliverance, the liberty of the seas, the independence, the honour, of flags. . . . I had on my side power, indisputable right, the wishes of nations." LAS CASES, *Memoirs*, July 15, 1816.

280 3 **another Isle of Oleron.** A remark made to Las Cases, on May 24, 1816. "England . . . would in course of time become a mere

appendage to France, had the latter continued under my dominion. England was by nature intended to be one of our Islands as well as Oleron or Corsica." LAS CASES, *Journal*, vol. II, pt. ii, p. 330. Lond., 1823. Cp. "Napoleon must have been merely jesting, at St. Helena, when he said, that four days would have enabled him to reach London, and that nature had made England one of our islands, like Oleron or Corsica. I find these words in my notes: 'Remained with the First Consul from half-past eleven to one o'clock.' During this hour and a half he said not a word bearing any resemblance to his assertions at St. Helena." BOURRIENNE, *Memoirs*, II, 474 n. Lond., 1830.

281 9 **The accomplished and distinguished.** This compliment has the rare merit of being both courtly and true. One of the 'beautiful' in the audience, thus records the close of this lecture: "He then told us that the subject which he had endeavoured to unfold in three weeks was more calculated for a six months' story; he had, however, been much interested in going through it with us, even in the naked way he had done, thanked us for our attention and sympathy, wished us a cordial farewell, and vanished." *Caroline Fox, Her Journals and Letters*, I, 195. Carlyle closed his lectures of 1838 also, with gracious words. "Nothing now remains for me but to take my leave of you — a sad thing at all times that word, but doubly so in this case. When I think of what you are and what I am, I cannot help feeling that you have been very kind to me. I won't trust myself to say how kind! But you have been as kind to me as ever audience was to man, and the gratitude which I owe you comes from the bottom of my heart. May God be with you all!" *L.L.* 215.

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